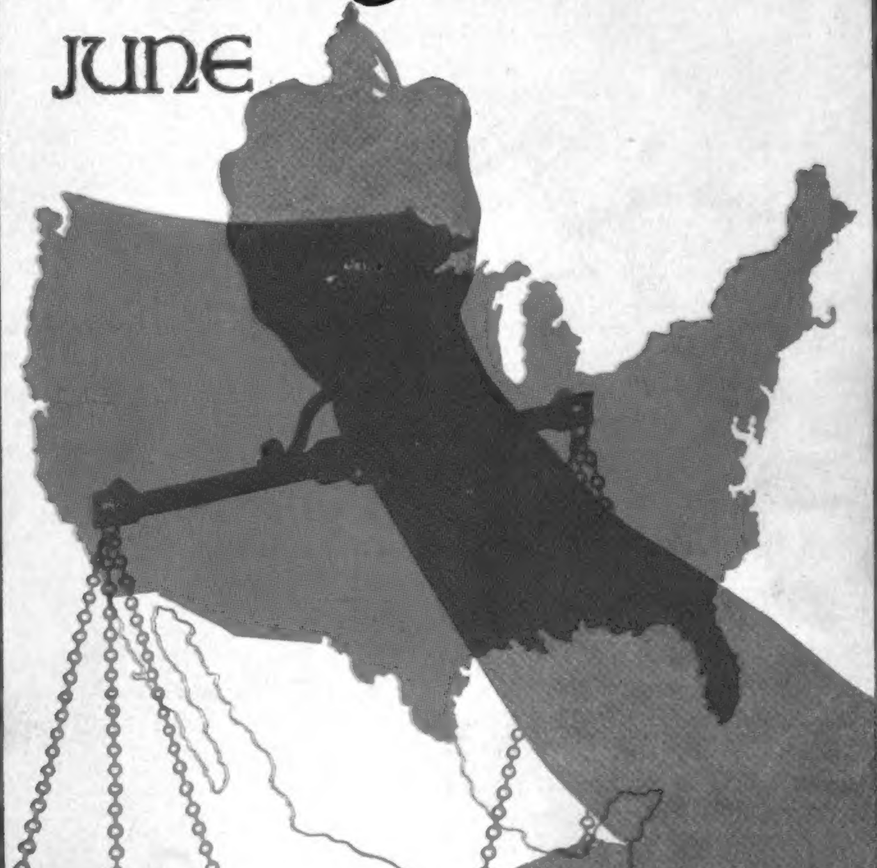
Everybody's Magazine

JUNE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EDWARD A. WILSON

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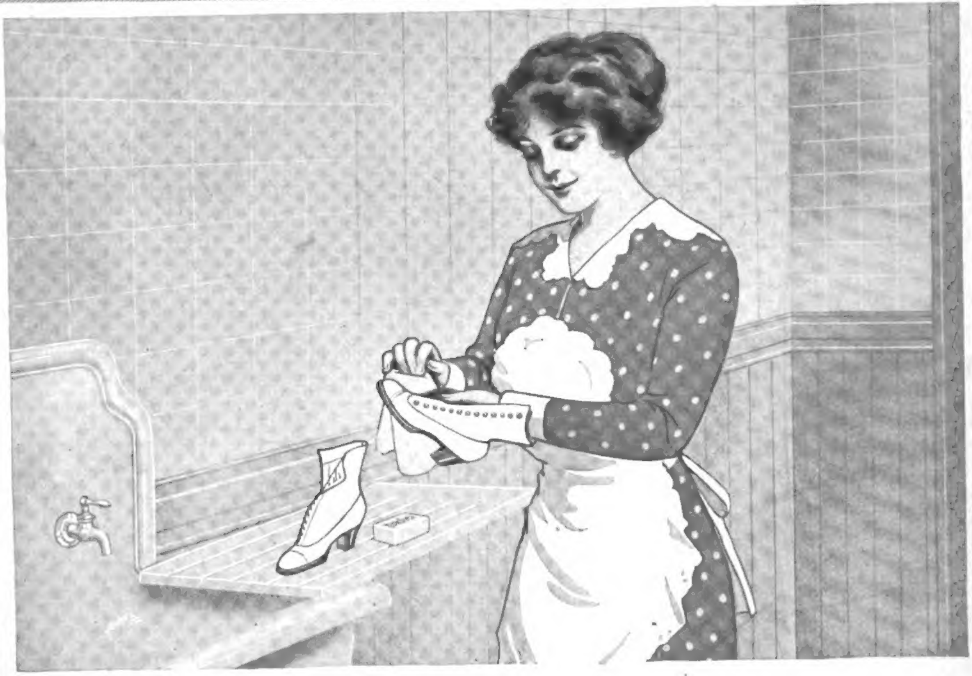


Bon Ami

Wonderful for White Shoes

The whiteness you get with Bon Ami is the *original* whiteness. It makes them look like new shoes. None of the unclean, pasty, painted-over effect given by the special whitening compounds. The Bon Ami way is the clean way. Equally good on white buckskin or canvas.

Simply scrub them with a damp brush or cloth and Bon Ami. That dissolves grass stains and takes off mud and grime. Let them dry (preferably on shoe trees) and then brush away the dried soap, and presto—the shoes are white!

A cake of Bon Ami costs 10c., and will clean as many shoes as $1.00 worth of shoe whiteners—and will clean them better, too.

By the way, don't use scratchy, coarse, scouring powders and soaps on the nice white enamel and nickel in your bathroom. Use Bon Ami!

"Like the chick
That's newly hatched
Bon Ami
Has never scratched"

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* JUNE

JUNE *hath* 30 days

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

1913

PREDICTIONS

In June, 1913, there will be some chilly weather. The first cool day will cause 218,614 editorial paragraphers to say, "What is so raw as a day in June?" The paragraphs, placed end to end, would reach from Auckland, N. Z., to What Cheer, Ia. The Boston Red Sox will take the lead in the American League pennant race, and the Pittsburgh Pirates will do the same in the National. Soap, bread, and wedding-fees will rise in price, making increases in the cost of laving, living, and loving. On Friday, June 13, 16,217 cartoons will be published about the unfortuitousness of the day.

FASCINATING FACTS

Of 176 ball-players in the American League, 7 do not affect the neck-shave style of hair-cut.

At the moment of trembling to press, our* earth is 94,062,115 miles from the sun, or almost twice as far as a man walks when directed to a Brooklyn address by a native of that city.

*And Mr. Rockefeller's.

THE WIT OF THE ANCIENTS

"Xantippe," said Socrates to Alcibiades, "has left my bed and board."

"At the summer hotels in Sparta, O master," said the great scholar's pupil, who was the original Teacher's Pet, "that would be redundancy. For the beds are but boards."

"You will yet be my death," Socrates remarked, convulsed with laughter.

HOT-WEATHER HINTS

Eat sparingly.

Avoid the use of cooling drinks.

Keep on the shady side of the street.

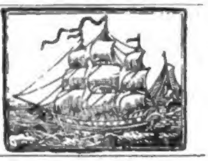
Don't take hot-weather advice seriously.

HOROSCOPE

Children born this month are likely to be great favorites with their parents. The luckiest time to be born is at 10 P. M. on the 13th.

TO JUNE

Come, O lyre, and get in tune
For a little ode to June;
Short, and with a lightsome touch—
This will answer.... Thanks so much.



1—Su. —Battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, 1813. Hugo Münsterberg born, 1863. "Ein Münsterberg ist unser Gott."—Harvard Proverb.
2—M. —John Randolph born, 1773. James J. Jeffries confident, 1910.
3—Tu.—King George V. born, 1865. C. Webb Murphy denounces manager of Cubs, 1911, 1912, 1913. *Warm,*
4—W. —Slashed skirt barred from Eden, B. C. 3984. *southwest*
5—Th.—**St. Dorotheus.** Socrates born, B. C. 468. *winds.*
6—Fr. —Socrates understands Greek irregular verbs, B. C. 468. Velasquez born, 1599.
7—Sa. —Wm. Barnes predicts Taft's election, 1912.
8—Su. —Nero died, 68. Cagliostro, first patent-medicine faker, born, 1743. W. H. Taft, second greatest living ex-president, addresses Yale students, 1913.
9—M. —W. Lilly, another* great almanackist, died, 1681.
10—Tu.—John Jacob Astor born, 1822. Chicago *Tribune*, the paper that put the ex- on ex-Senator Lorimer, first issued, 1847.
11—W. —George Wither born, 1588. Leland O. Howard, first exterminator of mosquitoes, born, 1857.
12—Th.—Charles Kingsley, author of anti-suffrage sentiment "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," born, 1819.
13—Fr. —C. J. Agricola, Roman ambassador, born, 40. W. J. Burns discovers almost anything, 1913.
14—Sa. —FLAG DAY. Battle of Naseby, 1645. Harriet Beecher Stowe born, 1811.
15—Su. —Arkansas admitted, 1836. Mrs. Potiphar discovers Joseph, B. C. 3469. *Knee-deep in June.*
16—M. —British confident of taking Bunker Hill, 1775.
17—Tu.—British lose double-header at Bunker Hill, 1775. George III. asks for waivers on Lord Howe, 1775.
18—W. —War against England declared, 1812. Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Theodore Roosevelt not nominated by Republican party, 1912.
19—Th.—Magna Charta signed, 1215. First Colonial Congress meets, 1754.
20—Fr. —First steam vessel to cross Atlantic arrives in Liverpool, 1819.
21—Sa. —William Penn arrives in New York, 1681. He declares it is a great place to visit, but that he wouldn't care to live there. ☉ enters ♋ SUMMER BEGINS.
22—Su. —Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," born, 1748. Julian Hawthorne born, 1846. Cy Warman, author of "Sweet Marie," Grand Trunk time-tables, and other fiction, born, 1855.
23—M. —Theodore Roosevelt discovers Cuba, 1898. Cuba reciprocates, 1898.
24—Tu.—MIDSUMMER DAY. Cabot discovers Labrador, 1497. Alexander Dumas born, 1803.
25—W. —Custer massacre, 1876. The painting, "Custer's Last Stand," is the favorite art-work of Chief Meyers, the Giants' catcher. He says it is the only picture where the Indians get a square deal.
26—Th.—Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK discovers Scituate, Mass., 1912.
27—Fr. —James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic with ideals, born, 1858.
28—Sa. —Henry VIII., the Nat Goodwin of his day, born, 1491. Otis Skinner born, 1858.
29—Su. —**St. Peter and St. Paul.** John B. McMaster born, 1852.
30—M. —Indian Territory established, 1834. Fiscal year ends. *Look for rain.*

*Whitaker being one.

YOU MAY BE SURE THAT THE "CAMPS OF PROVED DESIRE AND KNOWN DELIGHT" ARE ALL CLOSE TO A SHORE-LINE.

Young America in Camp

Everybody's Magazine
VOL. XXVIII
NO. 6
JUNE
1913

YOUNG AMERICA in Camp

by

CARLYLE ELLIS

"IT WAS not like this in the olden days" kept singing itself in my head all the way across the silent little lake to the silent little station. But the two bare-legged, brown-armed small boys who were paddling me over from camp were living too acutely in the delectable present to regard the sentimental reflections of a grown-up, and they sang "Row, Brothers, Row," in unrestrained treble.

Of a certainty it was not like this in the days of the childhood I remember. We boys—and you boys—knew nothing of summer camps (nor did our sisters), for summer camps did not then exist, and dream as we might, none of our imaginations could create an equal to this present reality.

Some of us have, of course, gone camping, either with those fathers of ours who went camping before us or by ourselves. It is a mode of life as old as the race. In these later days in America — in your generation and mine—it has declined astonishingly, a thing to be regretted. A recent revival is this highly organized and commercialized system of permanent camps — typical product of the age; and if it brings to our children something of the joy we had in our care-free wanderings we shall welcome it gladly.

The intimate revelation of a new generation of boys and girls at play in this up-to-date Paradise of theirs sent my memory flying back for parallels. Vividly it recalled how we fellows learned the breast stroke in the old swimming-hole, so snugly tenanted by sunken logs and pollywogs. On that same body of murky fluid came first lessons in navigation on boy-made rafts that never would stay out of water all over at the same time. We played ball in vacant lots or the big pasture on diamonds that varied freely with the topography. We went barefooted and wore blouses or just plain shirts according to circumstances over which we had no control. We played Indian without change of dress. And our wildest dissipation, short of the circus, was an all-day fishing trip or the building of a robber cave in the glen.

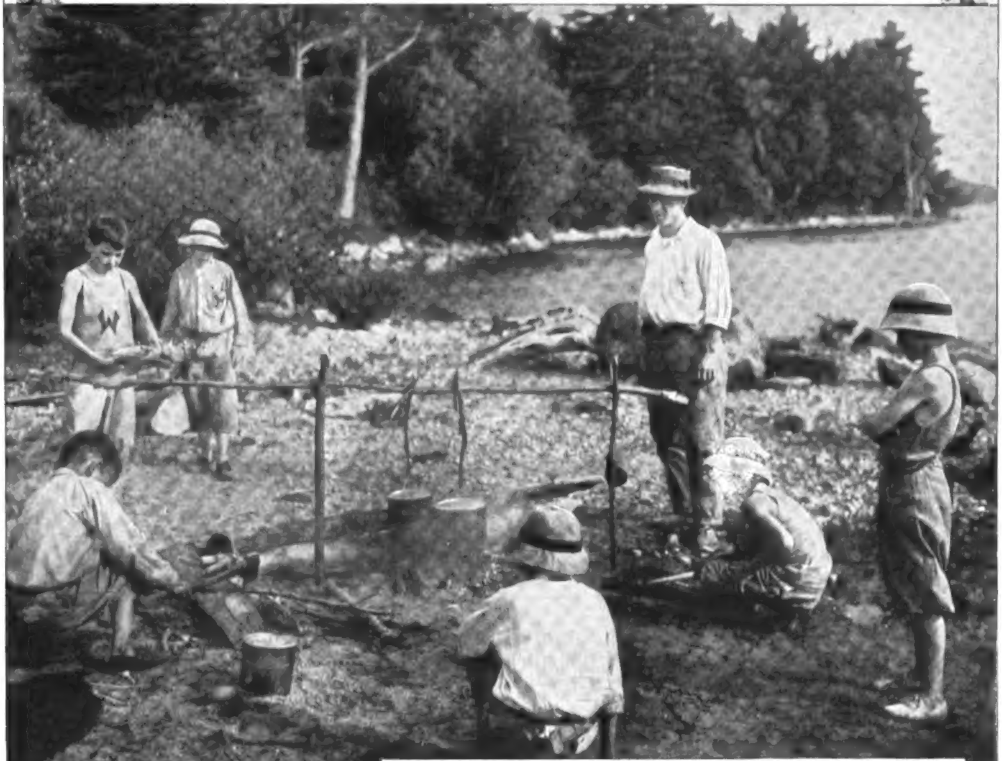
In short, we provided ourselves with nearly all the vivid boy life we had. Our parents called it "running wild;" and if their consciences smote them at times, they made little effort to provide substitutes, unless it were extra chores. On our part we were content.

Our sisters, though, seemed to live a dull life, indeed. But we hardened our hearts against their pleas to join us. To have yielded would have been the final weakness. So they stayed home to help mother or skipped the rope or had dolls' (or girls') tea-parties in the arbor, and all these occupations won our high scorn.

Those are wonderful days in retrospect;

A CANOEING PARTY THAT TRAVERSED THIRTY LAKES IN TWELVE DAYS.

A CAMP-FIRE AND CHICKEN ROAST—A HIGH FESTIVAL IN BOYS' CAMPS.



AN EXPERIENCE LESSON IN CAMPCRAFT: BUILDING A FIRE.

GIRLS WHO HAVE NEVER COOKED TAKE KINDLY TO IT IN CAMP.

and now we are to make a voyage to childhood—to the new childhood of the twentieth century in the organized summer camps, that distinctively American institution which has come into existence in hundreds within a generation. Will the voyage revivify the magic of our cherished memories or will it bring us into unrecognizable country?

One of the camp booklets—we have collected a high stack of them in preparation for our voyage, and they are most engaging literature—aptly quotes Kipling on the subject of our quest:

> Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight?
> Who hath heard the birch log burning?
> Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
> Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
> To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

The appeal sets us sniffing the wind; but there remains a problem. The camps of known delight are overwhelmingly numerous in these days. How choose? We glance

BOY "INDIANS" HOLD A TRIBAL WAR-DANCE.

again at the staggering pile of booklets. Yet these are from but a few of the three or four hundred private camps, and there are, besides, all the hundreds under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the Boy Scouts. Almost all the booklets have an Indian name on the cover and a sub-designation: "A Summer Vacation and Tutoring Camp for Boys," "A Summer Home and Camp for Girls," "A Summer Tutoring School for Young Men," "A Summer of Real Camping for Younger Boys."

Evidently the proved desires vary.

The names themselves are alluring. Here are Wabanaki, Wyonegonic, Winnisquam, Sosawagaming, Wah-Wah-Tay see, Mooswa, and Wonposet, unmistakably of Indian origin, as are the majority. Camps Wake Robin, Wildwood, and Pine Tree, of another type, still carry the lure of outdoors. A third class of names is geographical, like Chatham Woods and Moosehead, and a fourth has the scholastic suggestion, like Wellesley, Oxford, Repton.

The addresses on the booklets carry us into a score of states. We visualize boy parties climbing with pack-train among the Rockies and Sierras. We see camp boys riding the ranges of Wyoming and Texas, or skirting the shores of the Great Lakes. Others are hiking into the unbroken wilderness of northern Ontario and deep-sea fishing on the Atlantic off Maine and Florida. We run across the camps within an hour's ride of New York City and follow the widening trail northward into New England.

Cape Cod shows three, and there are a dozen more scattered through the rest of Massachusetts. In southern New Hampshire they grow thicker, especially on the shores of Lakes Winnipesaukee and Squam, where the first summer camp was started, thirty years ago; and across the line in southern Maine is a veritable swarm. Evidently this is the hub of the camping area, for to the northward the camps thin out. There is but one on the Maine coast, and five on Moosehead Lake, while to the westward they scatter out among the White Mountains and through Vermont to Lake Champlain, thence southward through the Adirondacks to Lake George, and then on to the westward through Michigan and Wisconsin—as far as we care to go.

How is one to choose?

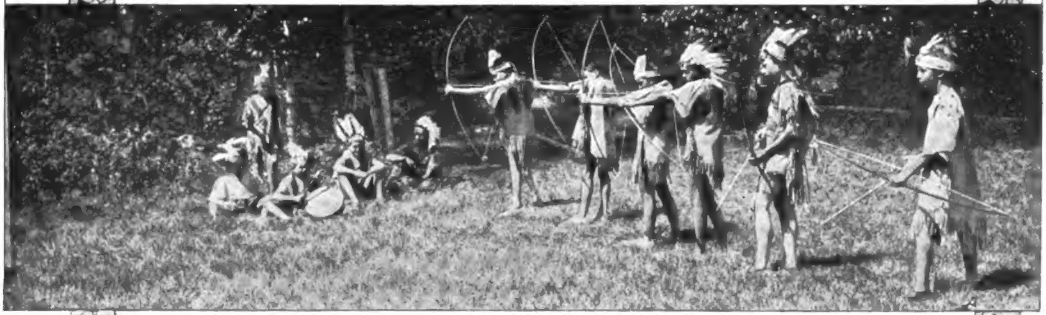
Look away to the top of the map. The last camp to the eastward, this side of the Canadian line, is on Moosehead Lake, which sits alone far up in the north Maine woods. That is our choice, for it is the outpost in the wilds. . . .

Round a cool, wooded headland the launch circles easily, and the old Maine guide, worshiped and constantly consulted by every boy in camp, points silently to a landing-stage and a flicker of white among the trees.

Boy voices come to us now across the water, and they are jolly and pleasant to hear. They are all at the landing to greet us and are instantly busy with making fast and the unloading of mail, luggage, and ourselves. Fine courtesy here and quick thoughtfulness—and an unfamiliar system and equipment. We are a little bewildered. Then a young voice says:

"Hey, Poky! You and Biscuits come on up."

Bless the kids! Poky and Biscuits! Why, we had a Biscuits in our gang too many years ago to count. And there were Red and Curly and Skeet—we are willing to bet



YOUNG BRAVES IN AN ARCHERY CONTEST FOR TRIBAL HONORS.

our best glass alley that they are all here yet. Our at-homeness now is as a tie that binds.

Facing the landing is the inevitable lodge of logs—long, low, and rambling, as lodges should be, with the unique addition of a three-story log tower at one end. Following along the shore are the sleeping-quarters, in this case attractive frame or log bungalows, in most others tents. At the landing-stage are two racks of canoes, and back in the woods are a ball-field and tennis-courts.

The thirty boys and their councilors (the assisting adults are all councilors in camp) are waiting on the broad porch for the clang of the dinner-gong. From within come the tones of a piano well played. What? It is —Brahms, and a jolly good tune at that. Then a college song, and the chorus, taken up outside, grows into harmonious volume.

The gong! And we swarm coatless into the dining-room. The director, a young Massachusetts school-man, boyish of face and sympathies, and in flannel shirt, heads one of the two long tables, his councilors at the other ends. Older boys, working their way through camp, and known as junior councilors, bring in great dishes of excellent food: vegetables, butter, and milk from neighboring farms, home-made bread and cake, and fresh meat from as far away as Boston. It is a jolly and heartening meal.

After dinner the O. D. (officer of the day, filled in turn by the councilors) is kept busy registering the boys who are taking out canoes, and the other councilors go to their posts for the remaining hours of watchfulness that end only when every boy is asleep.

The art or science of doing the most good for boys and girls in camp has been greatly advanced by a decade's experience, but it still simmers down to an old-fashioned, rough-and-ready formula:

"Keep them full and keep them tired."

Or, more explicitly: "Let them have all the wholesome food they can consume and keep them so interestingly and actively occupied every minute of every day that there will be room for nothing but healthy growth and the zest for clean, keen things."

So it was with these boys and with all the boys and girls of all the camps whose directors had the gift of understanding. They were so busy all the time that there was neither energy nor impulse left in them to be anything but cheerful, manly, and friendly. There were always so many jolly things to be done that it took all the cooperation, initiative, and energy of every one for the achievement.

Out of such conditions naturally grew a democratic form of local government, and the tardy, the shirker, the bully, and the "freshie" usually found adequate and fitting punishment among their comrades, the director acting chiefly as a court of appeals.

During our first day on Moosehead Lake a boy came to the director with this strange request:

"Mr. Brown, may we dump Muggsie?"

"What did he do? Just fresh?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

In a few seconds two boys were slipping quietly into a boat and getting between the shore and the canoe of the offending Muggsie. He evidently guessed their purpose, for he made a wild dash inshore. Not daring to run his canoe on the rocks, however, he jumped out to spoil their victory and swam ashore in the face of the laughing camp, to turn at a reminder and tow his canoe to the dock.

What these boys must do to win the privilege of canoeing was shown that afternoon at bathing hour, when two candidates took the canoe test. The boys, having first qualified as swimmers, took out a canoe each, fully clothed. Each was then upset and left to the problem of righting his canoe, getting the water out of it and himself in without upsetting it again. These tests vary in the different camps, but not even in the girls' camps are they much less severe than here. Yet by the middle of the summer season an average of more than ninety per cent. of the campers have won the coveted privilege.

Everywhere among the camps the canoe plays a leading part, for, with three exceptions, every camp in New England is directly on fresh water. These three include the two that are on salt water and one that specifically advertises—with a base appeal (says the boy in us) to the unreasoning timidity of nervous and selfish parents—a location as far as possible from chances for swimming or boating. You may be sure that the camps of proved desire and known delight are all close to a shore-line.

The third story of the little log tower, a chamber perhaps ten by ten, is equipped with a wireless set. There, when night has come down on these silent northern woods, we gather around the table with its lamp-lit burden of shiny apparatus, while the youthful operator "searches the ether for its silent voices," telephone receivers at his ears. The tuning-point clitters metallically back and forth on its path across the copper coil.

"Cape Cod's come in," he says, and a moment later: "He's relaying press stuff."

The boy begins to write, and soon we in the log tower up there in the great Maine wilderness are hearing the world's latest news across three hundred miles of sea and cities and forest-covered hills.

The boy tunes out Cape Cod, seeking farther voices, and one comes in from the sea. NH-NH-NH is the call, and he turns to the code that tells him the name of the liner that left New York three days before. A moment later comes the end of the message: "Love to mother and the boys." The world-old greeting, not one whit improved or changed! Perhaps it ought to make us laugh, but it doesn't. We have been listening in on the heart-beat of humanity. They couldn't do that when you and I were boys, but the very babes of to-day may.

The suggestion of the thing is terrific. Such messages as this have probably been charging about through the enveloping ether for uncounted ages, sent by a wireless not made with hands. Will our boys' boys be able to read *those* messages too, and will they be hushed to reverence by the shattering intimacy of the thing as we have been this night?

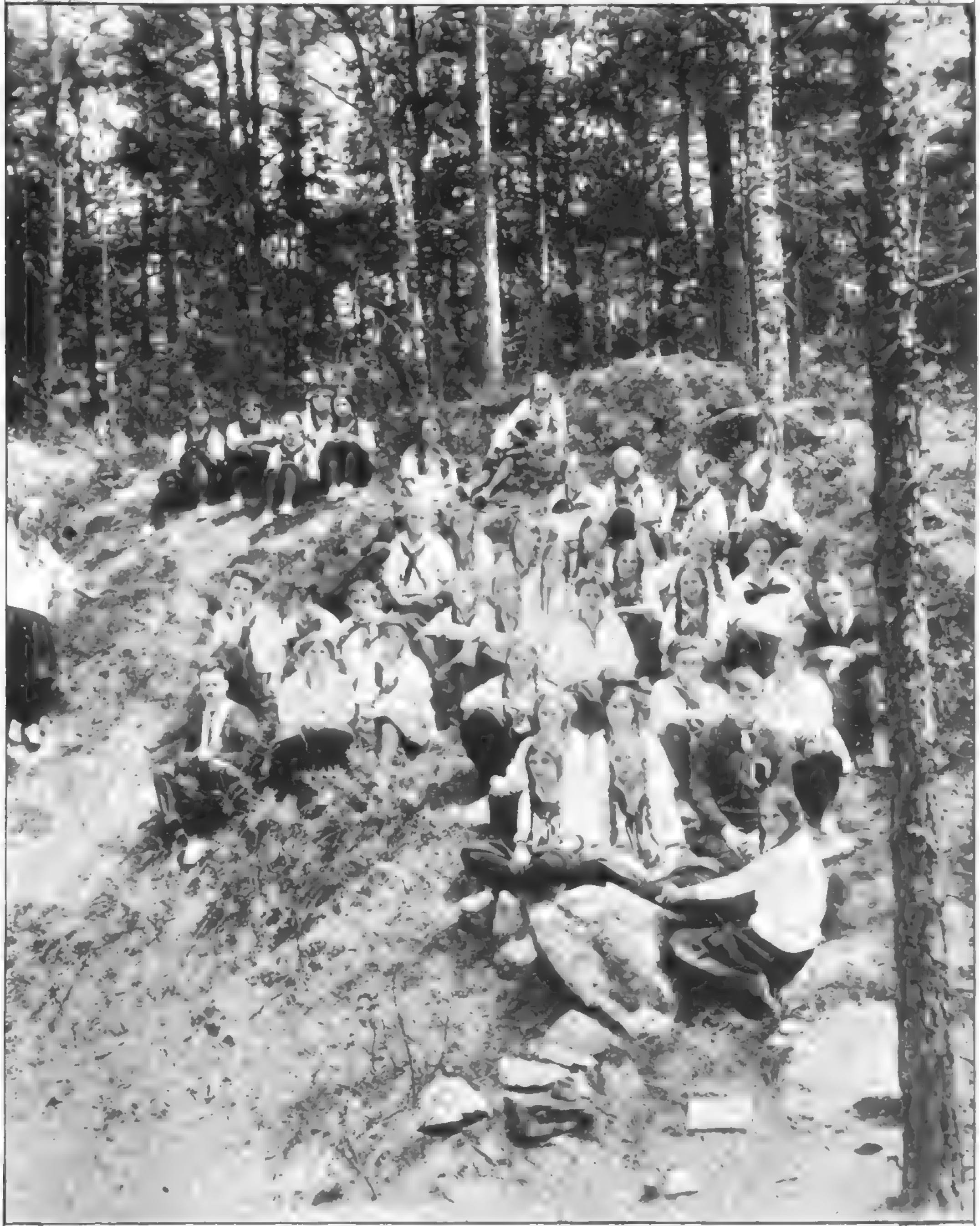
Early next morning reveille sounds clear through the camp, and in two minutes the full contingent, in open formation, is pounding its pajamaed chests and cracking its sleepy joints in the short, quick setting-up drill. A moment later and one white, slim body after another flashes out to the end of the dock and disappears without a pause, head-foremost, then darts back again to quarters, glistening pink in the early sun.

It is baseball day. Every day is baseball day in some camps, to the rather unfortuate exclusion of more characteristic and not less excellent camp work. But, rightly enough, the game is general among the boys' and not infrequent in the girls' camps. The camps play each other when they are neighbors or make matches with the village teams near by, which they generally beat easily.

The camp we are visiting has two teams and plays scientific ball, the camp's boy-hearted director taking quite naturally a place in the senior team, and a lesser place at that. The watchword of the teams and of camp is "Use your bean"—a modern boy way of inculcating the virtue of headwork and individual initiative.

One is interested here and elsewhere in the comparative physical reports made to parents by the camp physician. Each boy within three days of his arrival is thoroughly examined; a form report covering about twenty items is filled out, and a copy sent to the parents. Then, two or three days before camp-closing, the examination is repeated, and the changes of two months, in parallel columns, precede the boy to his home.

Just a glance at a few of these cards would tell about all there is to know of the physical value of systematic camp life. It is not unusual for spindly boys to put on fifteen pounds of sound muscle in the summer or for over-fat boys to work off nearly as much.



THE COSTUMES OF GIRL CAMPERS ARE BOTH PICTURESQUE AND PRACTICAL: NO HATS; THE HAIR WORN INDIAN FASHION IN TWO BRAIDS BEFORE THE SHOULDERS; AND, IN CAMP, SKIRTS DISCARDED IN FAVOR OF BLOOMERS.

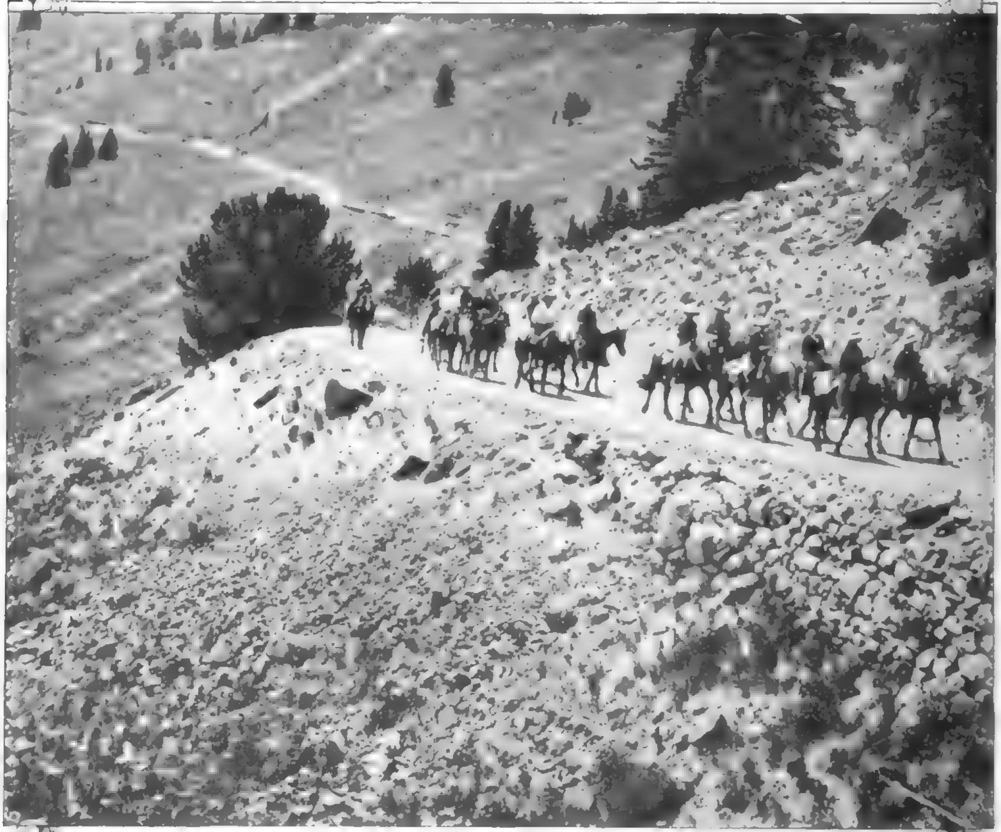
If your own boyhood included playing Indian—as whose did not?—come with me where gathers the Sebamook tribe of Seton Indians, which plays the game in modern style—with tepees, chiefs, night councils, Indian names for the campers, and a system of honor prizes for athletic prowess.

Sometimes word will be passed from brave to brave that a hostile spy is in camp seeking the scalp of his captured chief. A watch is set at once, scouts slip away into the woods, the whole camp is on its mettle. Suddenly there is a cry. The spy has dashed into the tepee, grabbed the scalp, and escaped. The alarm doubles the vigilance. A party of braves takes up the trail. The scouting parties begin to close in. All day the man-hunt keeps up, till another shout announces his capture or his successful escape.

This certainly is more realistic, better organized, and has more point than the whooping sallies of our Indian boyhood, but whether or not it had a stronger appeal than our own more imaginative flights I was at a loss to discover. One thing, the new boy Indian has learned that his models were men of silence but of mighty deeds, and that is a worth-while lesson.

This camp has a Bird Record that is notably complete. Each boy is an official observer, and the record is kept from year to year in a big table on the wall of the lodge. In 1911 one hundred and thirteen kinds of birds were seen in the neighborhood, and in the first month of last year the list had reached almost a hundred.

Another feature of this, as of a majority of the camps, is the manual-training department, where the boys work for an hour or so each morning. Did you hear anything of manual training in your boyhood, or were your first attempts at carpentry guided by a skilled instructor?



MOUNTED BOY CAMPERS TOURING THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE.

COLD WATER IS NO DETERRENT IN CAMP.

But manual training in camp is something more than this. It is the guiding of young hands into useful and joyful dexterity that otherwise might have little skill except for the dinner-table and the desk. One youngster of eleven, when the time came for him to take his turn at the bench, protested volubly:

"What do I want to learn anything like that for? I'll never have to work. My father's rich, and I'm going to be rich, too."

"But what are you going to do when you're grown up?" asked the appalled instructor.

"Oh, travel around and have a good time," was the answer.

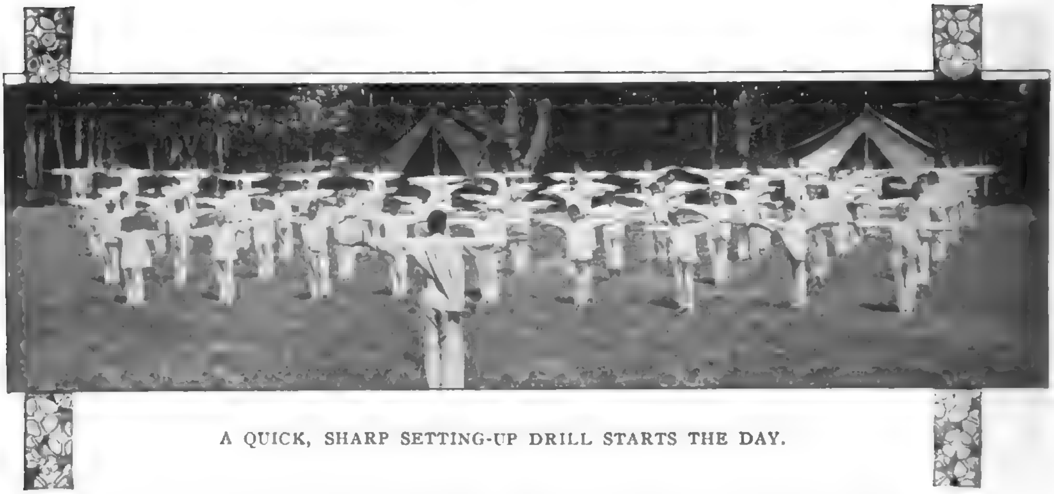
And this case is hardly exceptional among the new-comers. Indeed, the chief work of the summer camp is to save children from their parents.

It is worth recording that within a fortnight the boy with the rich father was intent on the manufacture of a book-rack and keen for a stiffer job.

One finds, too, in almost every camp boys—lads of sixteen and seventeen—to say nothing of girls of the same age, who never in their lives before had dressed or undressed themselves, and who were quite at sea when this duty was first thrust upon them in camp, as it surely was without delay. Before many days these children were keeping their own clothes in condition, making their own beds, sweeping and arranging their tents, and were liking it for the bully game camp makes it.

Doing things for oneself is a favorite pastime in boyhood and girlhood, as you well remember. It's really a part of the great game of pretend, and, thus treated, it lends charm to all the small, necessary duties of camp.

The daily tent inspection is thus a universal—and popular—camp institution; and



A QUICK, SHARP SETTING-UP DRILL STARTS THE DAY.

it is no mere empty formality, either. On it hang matters of import. The tent that gets three firsts in a week for its good housekeeping wins a box of marshmallows.

This idea of self-help for the sake of developing self-reliance runs through all the activities of camp. In some places the boys take turns in waiting on their fellows at table, and no camp duty is regarded as anything but a worthy part of the game of help-each-other.

This camp life is the nearest thing imaginable to an ideal epitome of after life out in the world, with its demands and struggles and rewards, its need for self-discipline and self-improvement. If that is true, surely it is the nearest thing to a perfect system of education in existence, and so, being immeasurably different from virtually all the accepted and practised systems of education, it is a very significant matter indeed.

There is yet one camp feature of the Moosehead Lake region to be briefly noticed, though it can not be visited. That is the long canoeing trips, star events of the summer camping world, and its closest approach to real "roughing it." These itinerant camps start early in the season from Moosehead and disappear into the northern wilderness, to come out again to civilization weeks later, after journeys of two hundred miles or more. What it means in the life of any boy to have traveled the routes of the early voyageurs, under almost precisely similar conditions, through one whole summer, you who have been reviewing boyhood memories with me need not be told—if I could tell it.

Moosehead Lake is left behind regretfully, for here we have been growing young again. But there is a mental reservation in the regret. We have not seen a camp for girls. This matter of a fellow's sisters going to camp piques our interest. Recollecting our own sisters' childhood, we are inclined to skepticism regarding this innovation for their daughters. Very pretty and wholesome and all that, you know, but, of course, not the real thing! Or we may be still more old-fashioned and consider this active outdoor life, with its charming freedoms, unmaidenly. Heaven help us if we are as stupid as that!

Anyway, to see is to be sure. An hour from Portland is Sebago Lake, and there one finds several girls' camps.

The distant sound of young voices singing leads us down a side road toward the heavily wooded shores of the lake. Presently in a little clearing shines the white of a cement tennis-court, and thereon, in middies and bloomers, is a troop of radiant young girls, wholly absorbed in the movements of a folk dance. It is elfish; it is utterly natural; it is wholly charming.

We are about to retire in quite unnecessary confusion when the dancers melt into the undergrowth and the woman director appears. It is the bathing-hour, and she leads us to the railed edge of a perpendicular ledge of rock that sheers sharply into deep, clear water fifty feet below. Offshore a little is the float, and now the girls come trooping down to it barelegged and free-armed. Without a moment's stop, in they go, head first, and such diving one will hardly see in any boys' camp, and rarely anywhere. All the well-known dives follow one another in a succession of perfection, and the swimming is not less excellent.

The director signs to one of the girls, and in a few easy strokes she is directly below us,

CAMP LUXURY: SOMETIMES THE BOYS LIVE IN ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOWS

then, sinking, begins swimming in and out and around among the rocks four, six, eight feet below the surface, easily, swiftly, surely, her long golden hair streaming out behind her—a veritable mermaid. The impressionable male person forgets all about boys' camps and girls' camps too, for that matter, in the pure beauty of this extraordinary picture.

Now the camp launch begins running madly around in circles, and we are puzzled to see half a dozen swimmers strike out for its orbit. One makes a lunge for something in the white wake, then another and another, and off they go at an eight-mile clip, strung along a tow line and keeping faces out of water by some trick of position that is beyond our knowledge.

The bathing period is wisely short, as it always is in well-conducted camps, where blue lips and shivers are not highly regarded; and while the still unsatisfied swimmers drip away to their tents, we turn with our kindly guide to the straggling line of little buildings on the rugged rock of the cliff.

Here at hand is the Craft House, charming as are all of them, and here are reminders of the Sebamooks, for the symbolism, the woodcraft, the music, and the poetry of the American Indians color all this camp life. There is a weekly fire ceremonial that rings true to the spirit of camp, and has unconscious grace and beauty, and toward this central event tend all the creative and constructive activities of the busy days. The girls choose their individual symbols and use them in conventionalized design, after the Indian manner, for the camp pin and ring, the canoe paddles, the head-bands of beads, and the ceremonial dress.

Through it all runs a system of honor awards somewhat like that of the Sebamooks, but greater than that is made the joy of the task; and besides there is the freest expression of individuality in creative handicraft. The unforgettable charm of it all, and the eager response of eager youth to its myriad suggestions, set one again pondering on systems of education, present and to come.

Exactly fitting our thought on this matter is a quotation from Bishop J. L. Spaulding's "Education and the Higher Life," reprinted in this camp's altogether admirable and distinctive booklet. We can not forbear—as they used to say long ago:

> To run, to jump, to ride, to swim, to skate, to sit in the shade of trees by flowing water, to watch the reapers at their work, to look on orchards blossoming, to dream in the silence that lies amid the hills, to feel the solemn loneliness of deep woods, to follow cattle as they crop the sweet-scented clover, to learn to know, as one learns to know a mother's face, every change that comes over the heavens, from the dewy freshness of early morn to the restful calm of evening, from the overpowering mystery of the star-lit sky to the look with which the moon smiles upon the earth; all this is education of a higher and altogether more real kind than it is possible to receive within the walls of a school; and lacking this nothing shall have power to develop the faculties of the soul in symmetry and completeness.

There is a watchword common among the camps that expresses inclusively the virtues especially aroused by camp activities. It is "Camp Spirit," which, at its best, means a cheerful self-surrender to the demands of the common good, or, more actively stated, a ready and whole-hearted participation in the life and interests of a group.

You see, Camp Spirit, which is a living, workaday religion to every boy and girl in camp, is really good citizenship, which we grown-ups are very apt to relegate to political speeches.

At the long dinner-table on the porch of our girls' camp there are many empty places, for three of the tent groups are having camp dinners at home. After repletion here, pressing invitations come to us for these three other dinners in the tent colony.

Each of the picturesquely placed tents is the summer home of four or five girls and a councilor; but it is the girls themselves who have picked a fire site among the rocks; have built outdoor fireplaces of stone; planned their menu; ordered the materials from the storehouse, and cooked over the open fire the dinners they are now contentedly consuming. For most of them, reared in homes of wealth, all but the eating is an utterly novel experience. And it is all excellently done and rapturously enjoyed. We sample (with regret at our further incapacity) several sorts of vegetable and meat dishes. One of the tent groups has found a small niche in the rocks and, building their fire in front, made of it a primitive oven in which they have just cooked a most appetizing beefsteak pie.

On Long Lake there is a camp with a distinctive field, purpose, and achievement. It is primarily a summer tutoring-school for older boys, fellows about to enter college, or university men who have been flunked in a few subjects and must make up the lost hours. Its director and councilors are all university men, experienced instructors, and the boys average about five hours a day in serious study. This leaves them, of course, a generous allowance of time for camp recreation, with short, week-end canoe trips instead of the usual longer ones, and rather more of the social amenities than is encouraged in ordinary boys' camps, as becometh men of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty.

Here, too, you will notice that there is not the usual ban on smoking. The majority of directors prohibit it altogether by either boys or councilors, and in consequence there is generally some smoking on the sly. A few camps permit councilors only to smoke.

A fertile director of a Moosehead Lake camp solves the smoking problem in a characteristically happy way. All his boys who bring written permission from parents may smoke in camp, but he and his councilors swear off on the first day. This swearing-off idea is quietly promoted until in a day or two the boys begin to join in, and soon the entire camp has stopped of its own individual choice, and in consequence it sticks. In general, it is found that the outdoor life and the keen inter-camp competition in athletics is an effective check on over-indulgence, where smoking is permitted at all.

The tutoring camp, with its well-ordered plan and pleasantly scholastic atmosphere, is charming, but one is still more interested in its singular achievements as a bracer for backward students. Its director permits us a glance at the records of previous seasons. Here are the names of the boys, with the subjects they were tutored in and, in the last column, the results of the subsequent examinations they took in these subjects. These consist almost entirely of "passed." Occasionally a difficult boy failed in one of the five or six subjects he had been flunked in before coming, but the percentage of success was not less than ninety.

Competitive athletics take a prominent place in camp affairs hereabouts, and one discovers that there is an athletic association of camps to centralize these activities. In fact, one of the several track and aquatic meets is to take place in a day or two at Bridgton, two miles away.

Bridgton is the metropolis of this smiling lake region, and it is a summer-camp center of importance, as is quickly apparent. Troops of campers, each in charge of a councilor, come marching or riding in daily. There is no mistaking them. The boys are in sleeveless jerseys, khaki knickers, and sneakers, and the camp initials radiate large in yellow, orange, or red from their chests.

The costumes of the girls' camps are even more picturesque, but not less practical. The hair is worn Indian fashion in two braids that hang before the shoulders. No camper, of course, wears a hat. In the privacy of camp, skirts are discarded for the far more sensible bloomers, and a camp of smaller girls has the bloomer equivalent of the masculine "shorts," with rolled stockings; and its bare-kneed lassies are a winsome sight. One camp, which has horses, rides over in its dark green bloomers, another is identified by the golden-yellow collars of its white middies, and still another by an all-buff outfit and tan stockings.

Quite near to Bridgton one of the smaller groups has happy seclusion among its wooded acres. The camp is exclusive; to visit it a privilege; but one catches its spirit from the lake of an early evening, when young voices in camp-fire songs come clear and sweet across the water from the fire on the beach, and the blaze lights slim girl figures against the pine woods shadows.

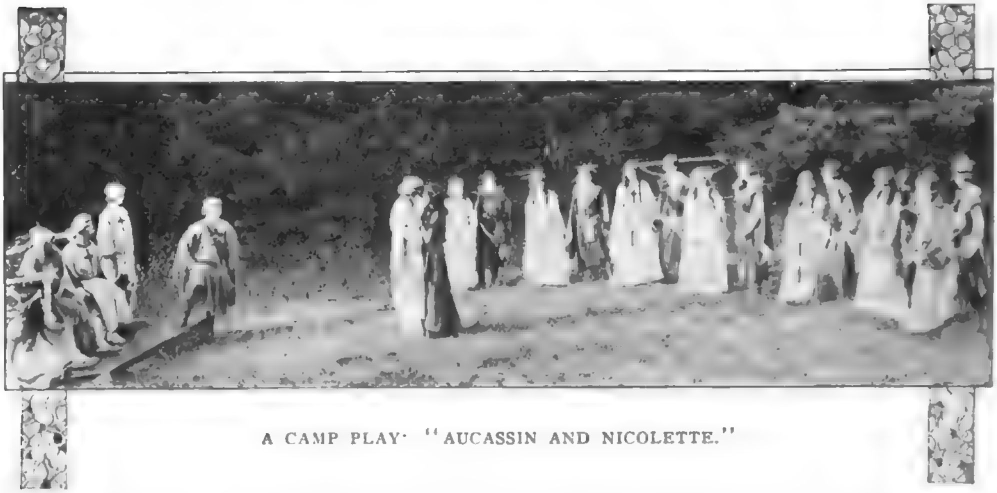
This girls' camp presents a problem or two not offered by the more remote regions; but these are happily solved. The purchase of sweets or sodas is sternly forbidden, but there is a famous maker of pies near the head of the lake, the patronage of whom is readily permitted, and is frequent and regular. To secure a slice of pie one merely walks around the lake. That is a walk of seventeen miles. Good home-made pie is judged to be safely free from regrettable after-effects when taken on the basis of a seventeen-mile hike; and so indeed it proves, to the confounding of all the antipie theorists since New England was established.

One of the four or five Jewish camps in Maine is not far from Bridgton—a camp for Jewish girls which is a model of its kind. The others, by the way, are on the Belgrade Lakes, which we have passed by, and have a high reputation for thoroughness of organization, completeness of equipment, and excellence of operation.

Like many others, this camp for Jewish girls is a rehabilitated New England farm. The old farmhouse, unlike most others, has been given over entirely to kitchen and executive duty. A big living-room was added and a great outdoor dining-porch entirely screened in. The girls live in carefully planned and well-built new bungalows, in groups of seven, and there are porcelain wash-basins within a separate chamber for each bungalow. This may not be camping, but it is undoubtedly comfort.

We whose forefathers pioneered in the great American wilderness and for whom the fine simplicities of real camping are almost a rite, and at least a matter of tradition and sentiment, are happy in our heritage. But why should "those who follow after," and who, perhaps, have not

AN INDOOR CAMP-FIRE—POPULAR ONLY IN SEVERE WEATHER.



A CAMP PLAY: "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE."

pioneered since the exodus from Egypt, be expected to feel as we do about it?

The Snake Man is a perennial institution among the summer camps. He is Allen Williams of New York, an enthusiastic naturalist who makes an annual lecture tour of the camps with a suit-case full of reptiles. His purpose is to dispel the familiar fears and fallacies about snakes. During the talks several good-natured specimens are produced, and soon boys and girls are handling eight-footers with complacency. There is a call for cameras, the campers photograph each other in the thrilling new rôle of snake-charmer, and the lecture ends with a short reptile hunt in the woods.

And now we must say good-by to the camps, for to-morrow is Old Home day in Bridgton, and the day's program is to be filled entirely by the campers. Early in the morning boys and girls for ten miles around are on the road for the hike to town. By ten the squads are arriving, and the narrow neck of the lake is filled with small craft for the water races. There is Sekokis in its canoes, and Fessenden's small boys in theirs. A dozen Accomac girls, winners of the privilege by days of high rating in camp excellence, come swinging in to look on, for no girls are to take part. Wyonegonic is represented on a troop of horse, and Eden's skirtless maidens are there in a body. Wabanaki, having been given choice between the meet and a two-days' canoeing trip, has preferred the wilds. The boys from Oxford are among the contestants, with crews from six other camps.

So, with the townsfolk, the summer visitors, and the campers, there are well-filled banks of spectators, and the town is gay with youth. But it is the campers' day, and even out at the fair-grounds in the afternoon, where every one is present, filling the grandstand to overflowing, their bright costumes and brighter faces strike the dominant note. Never was country fair like this before.

The baseball game out in the fields is between grown-up teams, and the track events are interrupted at intervals by a few old-time country trotting races. But for these, the whole track program is filled by boy campers. Squads of bare-legged lads go flashing by in the running races. Over there they are putting the shot. Under the shadow of the grandstand the little fellows are competing in the high jump. The air is filled with excited treble shouts and cheers. At the end is the presentation of cups, to the accompaniment of volley after volley of camp yells and flying flocks of camp caps —then the long hike home.

This meet is but a part of the developing inter-camp relations in the great camping region. The girls will have their own meet on a secluded lake later in the summer, and other events are planned to take place throughout the season. So the little world of the individual camp expands into a bigger, just as the world, in later life, expands for us from town and city into countries and continents. And experience broadens with the wider vista.

There are, as is apparent, many kinds of camps made to fit many tastes: large and small, deliberately primitive and absurdly citified (one girls' camp advertises electric lights, open plumbing, furnace heat, and long-distance telephone), the wholly informal and the smugly nice. ("The boy from the city needs to have careful attention paid to what he wears. . . . Boys need to be taught to pay more attention to their personal appearance rather than none at all. So at this camp," says the booklet, "boys appear at table completely dressed.")

In some camps there are religious services every day. In others the only observances are practical applications of the virtues included in Camp Spirit. Some camps specialize in athletics and baseball; others try to substitute for these over-familiar recreations the woodcraft, mountaineering, and life in the wilds that are distinctive of camp, and leave vivid and treasured memories for the later years.

Of course not all camps are efficient or successful. With fees of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five dollars for each child, and a season of but eight or ten weeks, the possibilities of large profit are a tempting bait for the mercenary. When a camp is found lacking in Camp Spirit, in all the kindly cooperative enthusiasms that blossom so richly under enlightened guidance, the lack can generally be traced to a director who loves children less and profits more. Nowhere is there greater need for inspired leadership, for a high devotion, than here. And sometimes one does not find it.

A favorite trick of the money-makers is to require that their councilors bring in three patrons. Thus is a camp ready-made. But other qualifications than success in "business-getting" are needed in councilors, and these camps usually fall to pieces at the end of each season, to be rebuilt, if possible, by the same methods in the following spring. Look out for the director who is always changing councilors.

The business is, in a sense, hazardous, of course; for a single accident to a child, however unavoidable, will kill the best-established camp in a season. Some of the money-getters, however, have little to lose, for their investment is comparatively small. They rent a farm, hire tents and boats, draw councilors and help from their own families, and put their best foot forward on advertising. A well-equipped plant, on the other hand, may mean a fixed investment of many thousands of dollars.

How is the conscientious parent to choose? The only answer is: "Know your man." The problem of educating your children is not one of plant but of personality. The right man, with a canvas lean-to, a few tin dishes, and flour, bacon, and beans, will give your boy fadeless visions of a new heaven and a new earth. Camp directors come out of the wilds in the spring, looking for you. Seek them out in their schools and colleges and get to know them. Then your question will be answered. For the right man has the right councilors and the right boys.

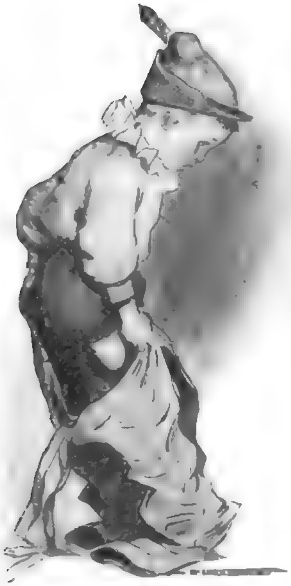
So now we are back from our voyage into the later childhood, and there is left of it only a pile of booklets and photographs and the memories they evoke—memories of vivid living and amazing growth, of experiences strange, new, and stirring, that blend oddly with those memories of our childhood so long and tenderly cherished. After all, they are fundamentally alike, and we are not nearly so grown-up as we imagined. Still, it would have been wonderful to start life with such stimulus to high thinking and true seeing as this. Our generation really has done something to make the way plainer for its children.

ICON

BY MILDRED OCKERT

Anciently, men pictured saints,
And kept the long-flamed candles
Burning at the shrines, alway.

So memory thy picture paints;
And at thy feet the heart-flame,
Leaping, ever turns the night to day.



PENROD and the PAGEANT

by BOOTH TARKINGTON

AUTHOR OF "THE FLIRT," "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. CORY KILVERT

PENROD SCHOFIELD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog.

A bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless; for Penrod approached his teens wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, pure defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impenetrable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomless as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush—an almost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations, and one of his own mother's most intimate friends.

Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The Children's Pageant of the Table Round;" and it was to be performed in public that very afternoon at the Women's Arts and Guild Hall, for the benefit of the Colored Infants Betterment Society. And if any flavor of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schofield, after the dismal trials of the school-week just past, that problematic, infinitesimal remnant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a prominent feature of the spectacle, and to declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the program the Child Sir Lancelot.

After each rehearsal he had plotted escape, and only ten days earlier there had been a glimmer of light: Mrs. Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold, and it was hoped it might develop into pneumonia; but she recovered so quickly that not even a rehearsal of the Children's Pageant was postponed. Darkness closed in. Penrod had rather vaguely debated plans for a self-mutilation such as would make his appearance as the Child Sir Lancelot inexpedient on public grounds; it was a heroic and attractive thought, but the results of some extremely sketchy preliminary experiments had caused him to abandon it.

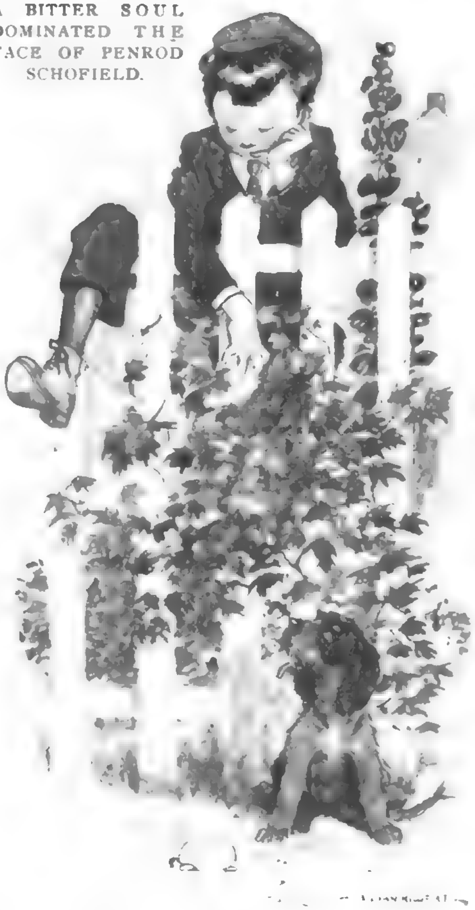
There was no escape; and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefore he brooded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke.

The dog's name was undescriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of mésalliances. He wore a grizzled mustache and indefinite whiskers; he was small and shabby, and looked like an old postman. Penrod envied Duke because he was sure Duke would never be compelled to be a Child Sir Lancelot. He thought a dog free and unshackled, to go or come, as the wind listeth. Penrod forgot the life he led Duke.

There was a long soliloquy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words: the boy's thoughts were adjectives, but they were expressed by a running film of pictures in his mind's eye, morbidly prophetic of the hideosities before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety.

> "'I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child,
> Gentul-hearted, meek, and mild.
> What though I'm *but* a littul child,
> Gentul-heartud, meek, and——' *Oof!*"

All of this except the "oof" was a quotation from the Child Sir Lancelot, as conceived by Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and thoughtful steps entered a one-storied wing of the stable, consisting of a single apartment, floored with cement and used as a storeroom for broken bric-à-brac, old paint-buckets, decayed garden-hose, worn-out carpets, dead furniture, and other condemned odds and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away.


A BITTER SOUL DOMINATED THE FACE OF PENROD SCHOFIELD.

In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself: it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The big box, so high and tower-like, so commodious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfil its legitimate function; though, providentially, it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing; an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" (he explained sometimes) of an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted and generous sawdust-box had served brilliantly in war and peace: it was Penrod's stronghold.

There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; this donjon-keep had known mercantile impulses:

The O. K. RaBiT Co.
PENROD ScHoFiELD aND Co.
iNQuiRE FOR PRicEs

This was a venture of the preceding vacation, and had netted, at one time, an accrued and owed profit of $1.38. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom was locked and guarded, but twenty-seven rabbits and Belgian hares, old and young, had perished here on a single night—through no human agency, but in a foray of cats, the besiegers treacherously tunneling up through the sawdust from the small aperture which opened into the stall beyond the partition. Commerce has its martyrs.

Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box; then, using a knot-hole as a stirrup, threw one leg over the top, drew himself up and dropped within. Standing upon the packed sawdust, he was just tall enough to see over the top.

Duke had not followed him into the storeroom, but remained in the open doorway in a concave and pessimistic attitude. Penrod felt in a dark corner of the box and laid hands upon a simple apparatus consisting of an old bushel-basket with a few yards of clothes-line tied to each of its handles. He passed the ends of the lines over a big spool which revolved upon an axle of wire suspended from a beam overhead and, with the aid of this improvised pulley, lowered the empty basket until it came to rest in an upright position upon the floor of the storeroom at the foot of the sawdust box.

"Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Ting-ting!"

Duke, old and intelligently apprehensive, approached slowly, in a semi-circular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket delicately; then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, uttered one bright bark, sat down, and looked up triumphantly. His hypocrisy was shallow: many a horrible quarter of an hour had taught him his duty in this matter.

"El-e-*vay*-ter!" shouted Penrod sternly. "You want me to come down there *to* you?"

Duke looked suddenly haggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and, upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat and gave a superb impersonation of a worm.

"You get in that el-e-VAY-ter!"

Reckless with despair, Duke jumped into the basket, landing in a disheveled posture, which he did not alter until he had been drawn up and poured out upon the floor of sawdust within the box. There, shudderingly, he lay in doughnut shape and, presently, slumbered.

It was dark in the box, a condition that might have been remedied by sliding back a small wooden panel on runners, which would have let in ample light from the alley; but Penrod Schofield had of late ceased to avail himself of this. He knelt, and from a former soap-box, in a corner, took a lantern without a chimney, and a large oil-can; the leak in the latter being so nearly imperceptible that its banishment from household use had seemed to Penrod as inexplicable as it was providential.

He shook the lantern near his ear: nothing splashed; there was no sound but a dry clinking. But there was plenty of kerosene in the can; and he filled the lantern, striking a match to illumine the operation. Then he lit the lantern and hung it upon a nail, against the wall. The sawdust floor was slightly impregnated with oil, and the open flame quivered in suggestive proximity to the side of the box; however, some rather deep charrings of the plank against which the lantern hung offered evidence that the arrangement was by no means a new one, and indicated at least a possibility of no fatality occurring this time.

Penrod turned up the surface of the sawdust at about the center of the floor, and drew forth a cigar-box in which were half a dozen cigarettes, made of hayseed and thick brown wrapping-paper, a lead-pencil, an eraser, and a small note-book, the cover of which was labeled in his own handwriting:

"English Grammar, Penrod Schofield—Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh."

The first page of this book was purely academic; but the study of English undefiled terminated with a slight jar at the top of the second: "Nor must an adverb be used to modif——"

Immediately followed:

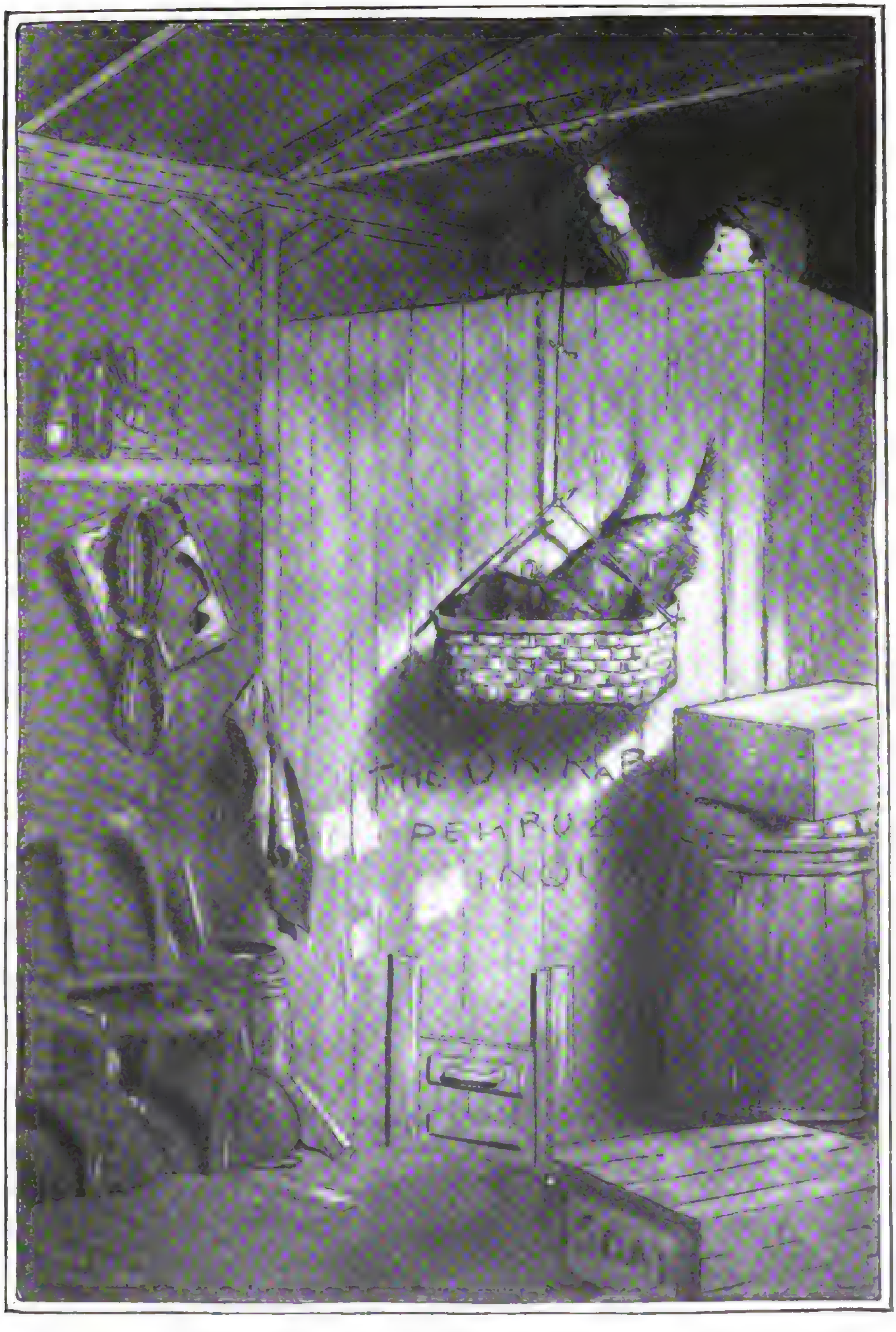
**"HaRoLD RaMoREZ THE RoaDaGENT
or Wild life among The Rockies."**

And the subsequent entries in the book appeared to have little concern with Room 6, Ward School Nomber Seventh.

The author of "Harold Ramorez," etc., lit one of the hayseed cigarettes, seated himself comfortably, with his back against the wall and his right shoulder just under the lantern, elevated his knees to support the note-book, turned to a blank page, and wrote, slowly and earnestly:

"CHAPITER THE SIXTH."

He took a knife from his pocket and broodingly, his eyes upon the inward embryos of vision, sharpened his pencil. After that, he extended a foot and meditatively rubbed Duke's back with the side of his shoe. Creation, with Penrod, did not leap, full-armed, from the brain; but finally he began to produce. He wrote very slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity; faster and faster, gathering momentum and growing more and more fevered as he sped, till at last the true fire came, without which no lamp of real literature may be made to burn.


THE UNKAB
PENRUD
INC

"ELEVA-TER!" SHOUTED PENROD. "TING-TING!" RECKLESS WITH DESPAIR, DUKE JUMPED IN.

Mr. Wilson reched for his gun but our hero had him covered and soon said Well I guess you dont come any of that on me my freind.

Well what makes you so sure about it sneered the other bitting his lip so savageley that the blood ran You are nothing but a comon Roadagent any way and I do not propose to be bafled by such, Ramorez laughed at this and kep Mr Wilson covered by his ottomatick.

Soon the two men were struggling together in the deathroes but soon Mr Wilson got him bound and gaged his mouth and went away for awhile leavin our hero, it was dark and he writhd at his bonds writhing on the floor wile the rats came out of their holes and bit him and vernim got all over him from the floor of that helish spot but soon he manged to push the gag out of his mouth with the end of his toungeu and got all his bonds off

Soon Mr Wilson came back to tant him with his helpless condition flowed by his gang of detectives and they said Oh look at Ramorez sneering at his plight and tanted him with his helpless condition because Ramorez had put the bonds back sos he would look the same but could throw them off him when he wanted to Just look at him now sneered they. To hear him talk you would thought he was hot stuff and they said Look at him now him that was going to do so much, Oh I would not like to be in his fix.

Soon Harold got mad at this and jumped up with blasing eyes throwin off his bonds like they were air Ha Ha sneered he I guess you better not talk so much next time Soon there flowed another awful struggle and siezin his ottomatick back from Mr Wilson he shot two of the detectives through the heart Bang Bang went the ottomatick and two more went to meet their Maker Only two detectives left now and so he stabbed one and the scondrel went to meet his Maker for now our hero was fighting for his very life. It was dark in there now for night had falen and a terrible view met the eye Blood was just all over everything and the rats were eatin the dead men.

Soon our hero manged to get his back to the wall for he was fighting for his very life now and shot Mr Wilson through the abodmen Oh said Mr Wilson you —— —— —— (*The dashes are Penrod's.*)

Mr Wilson stagerd back vile oaths soilin his lips for he was in pain Why you —— —— you sneered he I will get you yet——you Harold Ramorez

The remainin scoundrel had an ax which he came near our heros head with but missed him and remand stuck in the wall Our heros amunition was exausted what was he to do, the remanin scondrel would soon get his ax lose so our hero sprung froward and bit him till his teeth met in the flech for now our hero was fighting for his very life At this the remanin scondrel also cursed and swore vile oaths Oh sneered he —— —— —— you Harold Ramorez what did you bite me for Yes sneered Mr Wilson also and he has shot me in the abodmen too the —— —— —— ——

Soon they were both cursin and reviln him together Why you —— —— —— —— —— sneered they what did you want to injure us for——you Harold Ramorez you are no better than anybody else and you are a —— —— —— —— —— —— ——

Soon our hero could stand this no longer If you could learn to act like gentlmen said he I would not do any more to you now and your low vile exppressions have not got any effect on me only to injure your own self when you go to meet your Maker Oh I guess you have had enogh for one day and I think you have learned a lesson and will not soon atemp to beard Harold Ramorez again so with a tanting laugh he cooly lit a cigarrete and takin the keys of the cell from Mr Wilsons poket went on out.

Soon Mr Wilson and the wonded detective manged to bind up their wonds and got up off the floor —— —— it I will have that dasstads life now sneered they if we have to swing for it —— —— —— —— him he shall not eccape us again the low down —— —— —— —— ——

Chapiter seventh

A mule train of heavily laden burros laden with gold from the mines was to be seen wandering among the highest clifts and gorgs of the Rocky Mts and a tall man with a long silken mustash could be heard cursin vile oaths because he well knew this was the lair of Harold Ramorez Why —— —— —— you you —— —— —— —— mules you sneered he because the poor mules were not able to go any quicker —— you I will show you Why —— —— —— —— —— —— it sneered he his oaths growing viler and viler I will whip you —— —— —— —— —— —— —— you sos you will not be able to walk for a week —— —— you you mean old —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— mules

Scarcly had the vile words left his lips when——

"Penrod!"

It was his mother's voice, calling from the back porch.

Simultaneously, the noon whistles began to blow far and near; and the romancer in the sawdust-box, summoned prosaically from far mountain passes above the clouds, paused with stubby pencil half-way from lip to knee. His eyes were shining: there was a rapt sweetness in his gaze. As he wrote his burden had grown lighter; thoughts of Mrs. Lora Rewbush had almost left him; and in particular as he recounted (even by the chaste dash) the annoyed expressions of Mr. Wilson, the wounded detective, and the silken mustached mule-driver, he had felt mysteriously relieved concerning the Child Sir Lancelot. Altogether he looked a better and a brighter boy.

"Pen-*rod!*"

The rapt look faded slowly. He sighed, but moved not.

"Pen-rod! We're having lunch early just on your account, so you'll have plenty of time to be dressed for the pageant. Hurry!"

There was silence in Penrod's aerie.

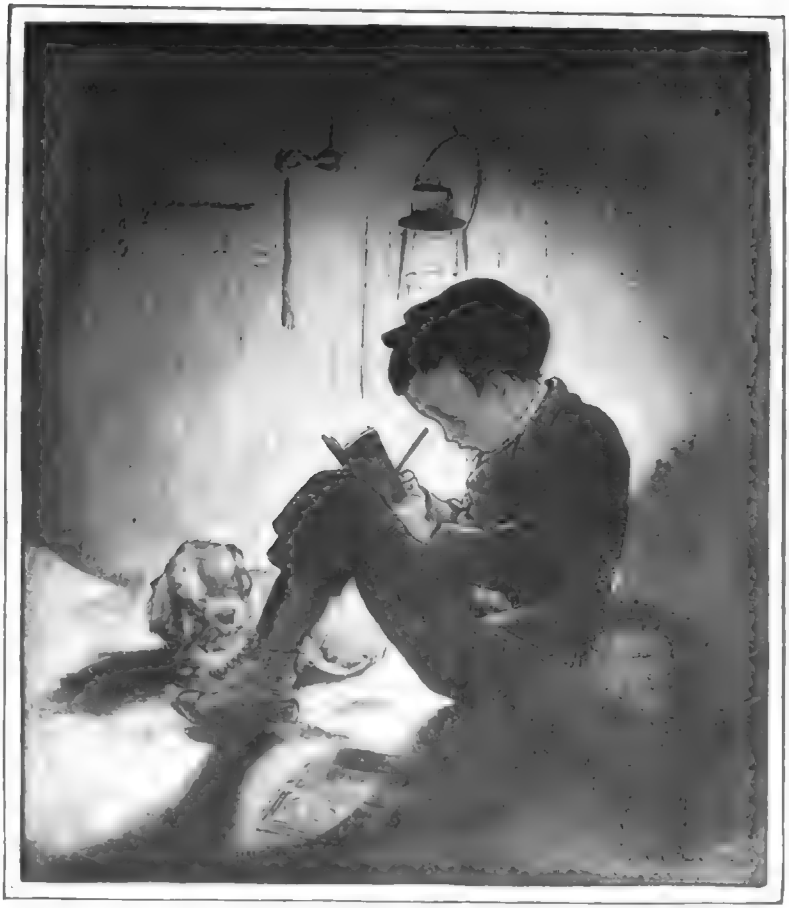
"Pen-*rod!*"

Mrs. Schofield's voice sounded nearer, indicating a threatened approach. Penrod bestirred himself: he blew out the lantern, and shouted plaintively:

"Well, ain't I coming fast's I can?"

"Do hurry," returned the voice, withdrawing, and the kitchen door could be heard to close.

Languidly, Penrod proceeded to set his house in order. Replacing his manuscript and pencil in the cigar-box, he carefully buried the cigar-box in the sawdust, put the lantern and oil-can back in the soap-box, adjusted the elevator for the reception of Duke, and, in no uncertain tone, invited the devoted animal to enter.



THE AUTHOR OF "HAROLD RAMOREZ" LIT ONE OF THE HAYSEED CIGARETTES, TURNED TO A BLANK PAGE, AND WROTE, SLOWLY AND EARNESTLY: "CHAPITER THE SIXTH."

Duke stretched himself amiably, affecting not to hear; and when this pretense became so obvious that even a dog could keep it up no longer, sat down in a corner, facing it, his back to his master, and his head perpendicular, nose upward, supported by the convergence of the two walls. This, from a dog, is the last word, the *comble* of the immutable. Penrod commanded; stormed; tried gentleness; persuaded with honeyed words and pictured rewards. Duke's eyes looked backward; otherwise he moved not. Time elapsed. Penrod stooped to flattery, finally to insincere caresses; then, losing patience, spouted sudden threats. Duke remained immovable, frozen fast to his great gesture of implacable despair.

A footstep sounded on the threshold of the storeroom.

"Penrod, come down from that box this instant!"

"Ma'am?"

"Are you up in that sawdust-box again?" As Mrs. Schofield had just heard her son's voice issue from the box, and also, as she knew he was there anyhow, her question must have been put for oratorical purposes only. "Because if you are," she continued promptly, "I'm going to ask your papa not to let you play there any——"

Penrod's forehead, his eyes, the tops of his ears, and most of his hair, became visible to her at the top of the box. "I ain't 'playing,'" he said indignantly.

"Well, what *are* you doing?"

"Just coming down," he replied, in a grieved but patient tone.

"Then why don't you *come?*"

"I got Duke here. I got to get him *down*, haven't I? You don't suppose I want to leave a poor dog in here to starve, do you?"

"Well, hand him down over the side to me. Let me——"

"I'll get him down all right," said Penrod. "I got him up here, and I guess I can get him down!"

"Well then, *do* it!"

"I will if you'll let me alone. If you'll go on back to the house I promise to be there inside of two minutes. Honest!"

He put extreme urgency into this, and his mother turned toward the house. "If you're not there in two minutes——"

"I will be!"

After her departure, Penrod expended some finalities of eloquence upon Duke, then disgustedly gathered him up in his arms, dumped him into the basket and, shouting sternly, "All in for the ground-floor—step back there, madam—all ready, Jim," lowered dog and basket to the floor of the storeroom. Duke sprang out in tumultuous relief, and bestowed frantic affection upon his master as the latter slid down from the box.

Penrod dusted himself sketchily, experiencing a sense of satisfaction, dulled by the overhanging afternoon, perhaps, but perceptible: he had the feeling of one who has been true to a cause. The operation of the elevator was unsinful and, save for the shock to Duke's nervous system, it was harmless; but Penrod could not possibly have brought himself to exhibit it in the presence of his mother or any other grown person in the world. The reasons for secrecy were undefined; at least, Penrod did not define them.

After lunch his mother and his sister Margaret, aged nineteen, dressed him for the sacrifice. They stood him near his mother's bedroom window and did what they would to him.

During the earlier anguishes of the process he was mute, exceeding the pathos of the stricken calf in the shambles; but a student of eyes might have perceived in his soul the premonitory symptoms of a sinister uprising. At a rehearsal (in citizens' clothes) attended by mothers and grown-up sisters, Mrs. Lora Rewbush had announced that she wished the costuming to be "as medieval and artistic as possible." Otherwise, and as to details, she said, she would leave the costumes entirely to the good taste of the children's parents.

Mrs. Schofield and Margaret were no archeologists, but they knew that their taste was as good as that of the other mothers and sisters concerned; so with perfect confidence they had planned and executed a costume for Penrod; and the only misgiving they felt was connected with the tractability of the Child Sir Lancelot himself.

Stripped to his underwear, he had been made to wash himself vehemently; then they began by shrouding his legs in a pair of silk stockings, once blue but now mostly whitish. Upon Penrod they visibly surpassed mere ampleness; but they were long, and it required only a rather loose imagination to assume that they were tights.

The upper part of his body was next concealed from view by a garment so peculiar that its description becomes difficult. In 1886, Mrs. Schofield, then unmarried, had worn at her "coming-out party" a dress of vivid salmon silk which had been remodeled after her marriage to accord with various epochs of fashion until a final, unskilful campaign at a dye-house had left it in a condition certain to attract much attention to the wearer. Mrs. Schofield had considered giving it to Della, the cook; but had decided against it, because you never could tell how Della was going to take things, and cooks were scarce.

It may have been the word "medieval" (in Mrs. Lora Rewbush's rich phrase) which had inspired the idea for a last and conspicuous usefulness; at all events, the bodice of that once salmon dress, somewhat modified and moderated, now took a position, for its farewell appearance in society, upon the back, breast, and arms of the Child Sir Lancelot.

The area thus costumed ceased at the waist, leaving a Jaeger-like and unmedieval gap thence to the tops of the stockings. The inventive genius of woman triumphantly bridged it, but in a manner which imposes upon history almost insuperable delicacies of description. Penrod's father was an old-fashioned man: the twentieth century had failed to shake his faith in red flannel for cold weather; and it was while Mrs. Schofield was putting away her husband's winter underwear that she perceived how hopelessly one of the elder specimens had dwindled; and simultaneously she received the inspiration which resulted in a pair of trunks for the Child Sir Lancelot, and added an earnest bit of color, as well as a genuine touch of the Middle Ages, to his costume. Reversed, fore to aft, with the greater part of the legs cut off, and strips of silver braid covering the seams, this garment, she felt, was not traceable to its original source.

When it had been placed upon Penrod, the stockings were attached to it by a system of safety-pins, not very perceptible at a distance. Next, after being severely warned against stooping, Penrod got his feet into the slippers he wore to dancing-school—"patent-leather pumps" now decorated with large pink rosettes.

"If I can't stoop," he began, smolderingly, "I'd like to know how'm I goin' to kneel in the pag——"

"You must *manage!*" This, uttered through pins, was evidently thought to be sufficient.

They fastened some ruching about his slender neck, pinned ribbons at random all over him, and then Margaret thickly powdered his hair.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," she said, replying to a question put by her mother. "They always powdered their hair in Colonial times."

"It doesn't seem right to me—exactly," objected Mrs. Schofield, gently. "Sir Lancelot must have been ever so long before Colonial times."

"That doesn't matter," Margaret reassured her. "Nobody'll know the difference—Mrs. Lora Rewbush least of all. I don't think she knows a thing about it, though, of course, she does write splendidly and the words of the pageant are just beautiful. Stand still, Penrod!" (The author of "Harold Ramorez" had moved convulsively.) "Besides, powdered hair's always becoming. Look at him. You'd hardly know it was Penrod!"

The pride and admiration with which she pronounced this undeniable truth might have been thought tactless, but Penrod, not analytical, found his spirits somewhat elevated. No mirror was in his range of vision and, though he had submitted to cursory measurements of his person, a week earlier, he had no previous acquaintance with the costume. He began to form a not unpleasing mental picture of his appearance, something somewhere between the portraits of George Washington and a vivid memory of Miss Julia Marlowe at a matinée of "Twelfth Night."

He was additionally cheered by a sword which had been borrowed from a neighbor, who was a Knight of Pythias. Finally there was a mantle, an old golf cape of Margaret's. Fluffy polka-dots of white cotton had been sewed to it generously; also it was ornamented with a large cross of red flannel, suggested by the picture of a Crusader in a newspaper advertisement. The mantle was fastened to his shoulder (that is, to the shoulders of Mrs. Schofield's ex-bodice) by means of large safety-pins, and arranged to hang down behind him, touching his heels, but obscuring nowise the glory of his façade. Then, at last, he was allowed to step before a mirror.

It was a full-length glass, and the worst immediately happened. It might have been a little less violent, perhaps, if Penrod's expectations had not been so richly and poetically idealized; but as things were, the revolt was volcanic.

Victor Hugo's account of the fight with the devil-fish, in "Toilers of the Sea," encourages a belief that, had Hugo lived and increased in power, he might have been equal to a proper recital of the half-hour which followed Penrod's first sight of himself as the Child Sir Lancelot. But Mr. Wilson himself, dastard but eloquent foe of Harold Ramorez, could not have expressed, with all the vile dashes at his command, the sentiments which animated Penrod's bosom when the instantaneous and unalterable conviction descended upon him that he was intended by his loved ones to make a public spectacle of himself in his sister's stockings and part of an old dress of his mother's.

To him these familiar things were not disguised at all; there was no possibility that the whole world would not know them at a glance. The stockings were worse than the bodice. He had been assured that these could not be recognized, but, seeing them in the mirror, he was sure that no human eye could fail at first glance to detect the difference between himself and the former purposes of these stockings. Fold, wrinkle, and void shrieked their history with a hundred tongues, invoking earthquake, eclipse, and blue ruin. The frantic youth's final submission was only obtained after a painful telephonic conversation between himself and his father, the latter having been called up and upon, by the exhausted Mrs. Schofield, to subjugate his offspring by wire.

The two ladies made all possible haste, after this, to deliver Penrod into the hands of Mrs. Lora Rewbush; nevertheless they found opportunity to exchange earnest congratulations upon his not having recognized the humble but serviceable paternal garment now brilliant about the Lancelotish middle. Altogether they felt that the costume was a success. Penrod looked like nothing ever remotely imagined by Sir Thomas Malory or Alfred Tennyson; for that matter, he looked like nothing ever before seen on earth; but as Mrs. Schofield and Margaret took their places in the audience at the Women's Arts and Guild Hall, the anxiety they felt concerning Penrod's elocutionary and gesticular powers, so soon to be put to public test, was pleasantly tempered by their satisfaction that, owing to their efforts, his outward appearance would be a credit to the family.

The Child Sir Lancelot found himself in a large anteroom behind the stage—a room crowded with excited children, all about equally medieval and artistic. Penrod was less conspicuous than he thought himself, but he was so preoccupied with his own shame, steeling his nerves to meet the first inevitable taunting reference to his sister's stockings, that he failed to perceive there were others present in much of his own unmanned condition. Retiring to a corner immediately upon his entrance, he managed to unfasten the mantle at the shoulders and, drawing it round him, pinned it again at his throat so that it concealed the rest of his costume. This permitted a temporary relief, but increased his horror of the moment when, in pursuance of the action of the "pageant," the sheltering garment must be cast aside.

Some of the other child knights were also keeping their mantles close about them. A few of the envied opulent flung their mantles back from their shoulders airily, showing off hired splendors from a professional costumer's stock. One or two were insulting examples of parental indulgence, particularly little Maurice Levy, the Child Sir Galahad. This shrinking person went clamorously about, making it known everywhere that the best tailor in town had been dazzled by a great sum into constructing his costume. It consisted of blue velvet knickerbockers, a white satin waistcoat, and a beautifully cut little swallow-tailed coat with pearl buttons. The medieval and artistic triumph was completed by a mantle of yellow velvet, and little white boots, sporting gold tassels.

All this radiance paused in a brilliant career and addressed the Child Sir Lancelot, gathering an immediately formed semi-circular audience of little girls. Woman was ever the trailer of magnificence.

"What *you* got on," inquired Mr. Levy, after dispensing information, "under that ole golf cape?"

Penrod looked upon him coldly. At other times his questioner would have approached him with deference, even with apprehension. But to-day the Child Sir Galahad was somewhat intoxicated with the power of his own beauty.

"What *you* got on?" he repeated.

"Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The elate Maurice was inspired to be a wit. "Then you're nakid!" he shouted exultantly. "Penrod Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on under that old golf cape! He's nakid, he's nakid!"

The indelicate little girls giggled delightedly, and a javelin pierced the inwards of Penrod when he saw that the Child Elaine, amber-curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the ghastly jest. Other boys and girls came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, he's nakid!" shrieked the Child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's nakid! He's *na-a-a-kid!*"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Lora Rewbush, pushing her way into the group. "Remember, we are all little knights and ladies today. Little knights and ladies of the Table Round would not make so much noise. Now children, we must begin to take our places on the stage. Is everybody here?"

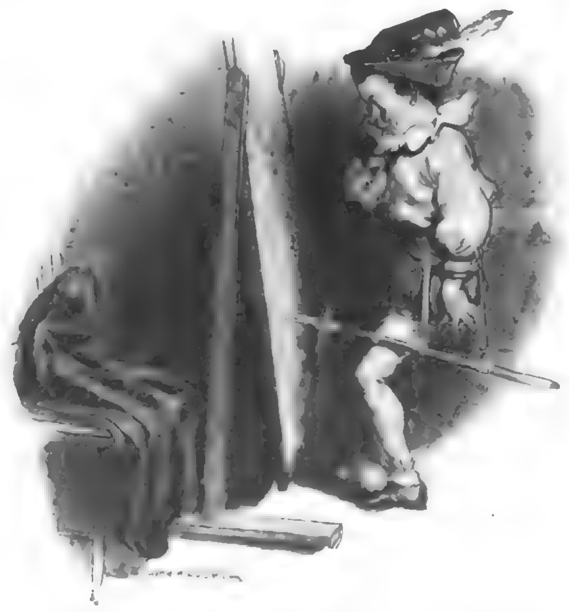
Penrod made his escape under cover of this diversion: he slid behind Mrs. Lora Rewbush and, being near a door, opened it unnoticed and went out quickly, closing it behind him. He found himself in a narrow and vacant hallway which led to a door marked "Janitor's Room."

Burning with outrage, heart-sick at the sweet, cold-blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows upon a window-sill and speculated upon the effects of a leap from the second story. One of the reasons he gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account: already he was forming educational plans for the Child Sir Galahad.

A stout man in blue overalls passed through the hallway muttering to himself petulantly. "I reckon they'll find that hall hot enough *now!*" he said, conveying to Penrod an impression that some too feminine women had sent him upon an unreasonable errand to the furnace. He went into the Janitor's Room and, emerging a moment later, minus the overalls, passed Penrod again with a bass rumble—"Dern 'em!" it seemed he said—and made a gloomy exit by the door at the upper end of the hallway.

The conglomerate and delicate rustle of a large, well-bred audience was heard as the janitor opened and closed the door; and sudden stage-fright seized the boy. The orchestra began an overture and, at that, Penrod, trembling violently, tiptoed down the hall into the Janitor's Room. It was a cul-de-sac: there was no outlet save by the way he had come.

Despairingly he doffed his mantle and looked down upon himself for a last sickening assurance that the stockings were as obviously and disgracefully Margaret's as they had seemed in the mirror at home. For a moment he was encouraged: perhaps he was no worse than some of the other boys. Then he noticed that a safety-pin had opened; it was one of those connecting the stockings with his trunks. He sat down to fasten it and his eye fell for the first time with particular attention upon the trunks. Until this instant he had been preoccupied with the stockings. Slowly recognition dawned in his eyes.



THE STOCKINGS WERE OBVIOUSLY AND DISGRACEFULLY MARGARET'S.

The Schofields' house stood on a corner at the intersection of two main-traveled streets; the fence was low, and the publicity obtained by the washable portion of the family apparel, on Mondays, had often been painful to Penrod; for boys have a peculiar sensitiveness in these matters. A plain, matter-of-fact washerwoman, employed by Mrs. Schofield, never left anything to the imagination of the passer-by; and of all her calm display the scarlet flaunting of his father's winter wear had most abashed Penrod. One day Marjorie Jones, all gold and starch, had passed when the dreadful things were on the line: Penrod had hidden himself, shuddering. The whole town, he was convinced, knew these garments intimately and derisively.

And now, as he sat in the janitor's chair, the horrible and paralyzing recognition came. He had not an instant's doubt that every fellow actor, as well as every soul in the audience, would recognize what his mother and sister had put upon him. For as the awful truth became plain to himself it seemed blazoned to the world; and far, far louder than the stockings, the trunks did fairly bellow the grisly secret: *whose* they were and WHAT they were!

Most people have suffered in a dream the experience of finding themselves very inadequately clad in the midst of a crowd of well-dressed people; and such dreamer's sensations are comparable to Penrod's, though faintly, because Penrod was awake and in much too full possession of the most active capacities for anguish.

A human male whose dress has been

damaged, or reveals some vital lack, suffers from a hideous and shameful loneliness which makes every second absolutely unbearable until he is again as others of his sex and species; and there is no act or sin whatever too desperate for him in his struggle to attain that condition. Also there is absolutely no embarrassment possible to a woman which is comparable to that of a man under corresponding circumstances; and in this a boy is a man. Gazing upon the ghastly trunks, the stricken Penrod felt that he was a degree worse than nude; and a great horror of himself filled his soul.

"Penrod Schofield!"

The door into the hallway opened, and a voice demanded him. He could not be seen from the hallway, but the hue and the cry was up; and he knew he must be taken. It was only a question of seconds. He huddled in his chair.

"Penrod Schofield!" cried Mrs. Lora Rewbush angrily.

The distracted boy rose and, as he did so, a long pin sank deep into his waist. He extracted it frenziedly, which brought to his ears a protracted and sonorous ripping, too easily located by a final gesture of horror.

"Penrod Schofield!" Mrs. Lora Rewbush had come out into the hallway.

And now, in this extremity, when all seemed lost indeed, particularly including honor, the dilating eye of the outlaw fell upon the blue overalls which the janitor had left hanging upon a peg. Inspiration and action were almost simultaneous . . .

"*Penrod!*" Mrs. Lora Rewbush stood in the doorway, indignantly gazing upon a Child Sir Lancelot mantled to the heels. "Do you know that you have kept an audience of five hundred people waiting for ten minutes?" She also detained the five hundred while she spake further.

"Well," said Penrod contentedly, as he followed her toward the buzzing stage, "I was just sitting there thinking."

Two minutes later the curtain rose on a medieval castle hall richly done in the new stage-craft made in Germany, and consisting of pink and blue cheese-cloth. The Child King Arthur and the Child Queen Guinevere were disclosed upon thrones, with the Child Elaine and many other celebrities in attendance; while about fifteen Child Knights were seated at a dining-room table round, which was covered with a large Oriental rug, and displayed (for the knights' refreshment) a banquet service of silver loving-cups and trophies, borrowed from the Country Club and some local automobile manufacturers.

In addition to this splendor, potted plants and palms have seldom been more lavishly used in any castle on the stage or off. The footlights were aided by a "spot-light" from the rear of the hall; and the children were revealed in a blaze of glory.

A hushed, multitudinous "*O-oh*" of admiration came from the decorous and delighted audience. Then the children sang feebly:

"Children of the Tabul Round,
  Lit-tul knights and ladies we.
Let our voy-siz all resound
  Faith and hope and charitee!"

The Child King Arthur rose, extended his scepter with the decisive gesture of a semaphore, and spake:

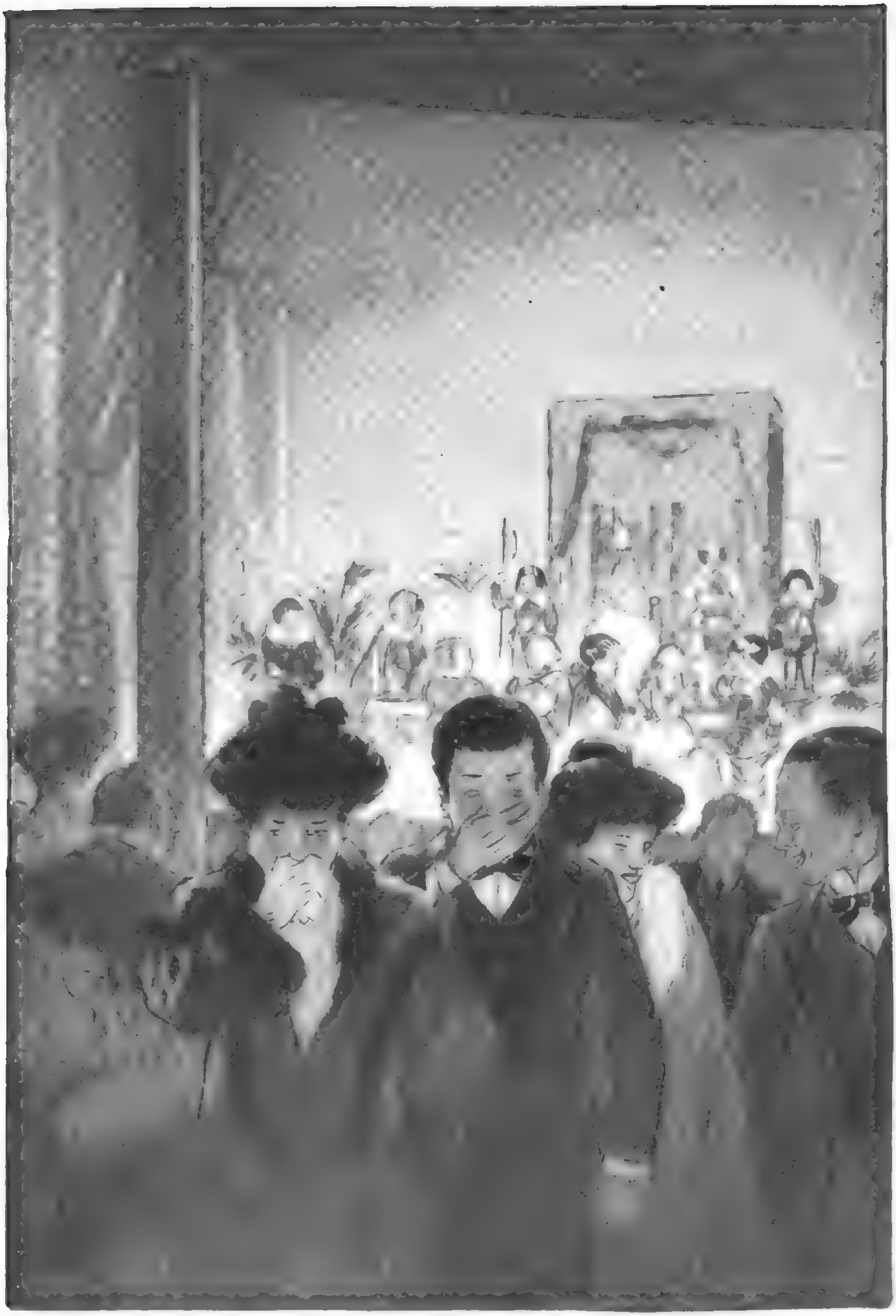
"Each little knight and lady born
Has noble deeds *to* perform
In *thee* child-world of shivullree,
No matter how small his share may be.
Let each advance and tell in turn
What claim has each to knighthood earn."

The Child Sir Mordred, the villain of this piece, rose in his place at the table round, and piped the only lines ever written by Mrs. Lora Rewbush which Penrod Schofield could have pronounced without loathing. George Bassett, a really angelic boy, had been selected for the rôle of Mordred. His perfect conduct had earned for him the sardonic sobriquet, "The Little Gentleman," among his boy acquaintances. (Naturally he had no friends.) The other boys supposed that he had been selected for the wicked Mordred as a reward of virtue. He declaimed serenely:

"I hight Sir Mordred the Child, and I teach
Lessons of selfishest evil, and reach
Out into darkness. Thoughtless, unkind,
And ruthless is Mordred, and unrefined."

The Child Mordred was properly rebuked and denied the accolade, though, like the others, he seemed to have assumed the title already. He made a plotter's exit. Whereupon Maurice Levy rose, bowed, announced that he highted the Child Sir Galahad, and continued with perfect *sang-froid:*

"I am the purest of the pure.
  I have but kindest thoughts each day.
I give my riches to the poor,
  And follow in the Master's way."



HE FINISHED HIS SPEECH UNHEARD. THE AUDIENCE HAD RECOVERED BREATH, BUT HAD LOST SELF-CONTROL, AND THERE ENSUED A SORT OF CULTURED RIOT.

This elicited tokens of approval from the Child King Arthur, and he bade Maurice "stand forth" and come near the throne, a command obeyed with the easy grace of conscious merit.

It was Pengod's turn. He stepped back

from his chair, the table between him and the audience, and began in a high, breathless monotone:

> "I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child,
> Gentul-hearted, meek, and mild.
> What though I'm *but* a littul child,
> Gentul-heartud, meek, and mild
> I do my share though but—though but—"

Penrod paused and gulped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was heard from the wings, prompting irritably, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated:

> "I do my share though but—though but a tot.
> I pray you knight Sir Lancelot!"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Galahad at the throne. As he crossed the stage, Mrs. Schofield whispered to Margaret:

"That boy! He's unpinned his mantle and fixed it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!"

"Never mind; he'll have to take the cape off in a minute," returned Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly, narrowing her eyes to see better. "What *is* that thing hanging about his left ankle?" she whispered uneasily. "How queer! He must have got tangled in something."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Schofield, in alarm.

"His left foot. It makes him stumble. Don't you see? It looks—it looks like an elephant's foot!"

The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their Child King. Penrod was conscious of a great uplift: in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage-fright had passed, for the audience was but an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the dazzling lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed himself a "tot") was over and done with; and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Craftily his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declaimed in concert:

> "We are two childrun of the Tabul Round
> Strewing kindness all a-round.
> With love and good deeds striving ever for the best,
> May our littul efforts e'er be blest.
> Two littul hearts we offer. See
> United in love, faith, hope, and char—*Owl*"

The conclusion of the duet was marred. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened, and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contortionist's art. (*"He's twistin' my wrist! Dern you, leggo!"*)

The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was again heard from the wings; it sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim; and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:

> "Sweet child-friends of the Tabul Round,
> In brotherly love and kindness abound.
> Sir Lancelot, you have spoken well,
> Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell.
> So now pray doff your mantles gay.
> You shall be knighted this very day."

And Penrod doffed his mantle.

Simultaneously, a thick and vasty gasp came from the audience, as from five hundred bathers in a wholly unexpected surf. This gasp was punctuated irregularly, over the auditorium, by imperfectly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy, and by two dismal shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it. It was almost as unforgettable as the sight which caused it; the word "sight" being here used in its vernacular sense, for Penrod, standing unmantled and revealed in all the medieval and artistic glory of the janitor's blue overalls, falls within its meaning.

The janitor was a heavy man, and his overalls, upon Penrod, were merely oceanic. The boy was at once swaddled and lost within their blue gulfs and vast saggings; and the left leg, too hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly, the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a sight.

It is probable that a great many in that hall must have had, even then, a consciousness that they were looking on at History in the Making. A supreme act is recognizable at sight: it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

> "I first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake,
> Will volunteer to knighthood take,
> And kneeling here before your throne
> I vow to——"

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self-control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.

The actors in the Pageant were not so dumfounded by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions; and these were profoundly impressed: they regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and aspiring criminals for a jail-mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but not startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the Pageant.

They made a brief, manful effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience confused them; every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth, the great, shadowy house fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went out into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became, tactfully, a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rewbush; they said, afterward, that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while; but they led her away.

The sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a considerable distance) as Penrod Schofield approached that fence, and looked thoughtfully up at the top of it, apparently having it in mind to climb up and sit there. Debating this, he passed his fingers gently up and down the backs of his legs; and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly, and gazed at Duke, his wistful dog.

The sigh was reminiscent: episodes of simple pathos were passing before his inward eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, insatiate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an onslaught delivered the precise instant the curtain began to fall upon the demoralized Pageant. And then—oh, pangs! oh, woman!—she slapped at the ruffian's cheek, as he was led past her by a resentful janitor; and turning, flung her arms round the Child Sir Galahad's neck. Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work.

At home the late Child Sir Lancelot was consigned to a locked clothes-closet pending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came and, shortly after, there was put into practise an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom of inconceivable antiquity: probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the Republic.

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and sighed.

His case is comparable to that of an adult who could have survived a similar experience. Looking back to the sawdust-box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer, engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virile passages of a Work dealing exclusively in red corpuscles and huge primal impulses. We see this thoughtful man dragged from his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and, himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulsive sentiments of an author not only personally distasteful to him but whose whole method and school in *belles lettres* he despises.

We see him reduced by desperation and modesty to stealing a pair of overalls. We conceive him to have ruined then his own reputation, and to have utterly disgraced his family; next, to have engaged in the *duello* and to have been spurned by his lady-love, thus lost to him forever. Finally, we must behold: imprisonment by the authorities; the third degree—and flagellation.

We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too eventful. Yet Penrod had condensed all of it into eight hours.

It appears that he had at least some shadowy perception of a recent fulness of life, for, as he leaned against the fence, gazing upon his wistful Duke, he sighed again and murmured aloud:

"*Well, hasn't this been a day!*"

But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part of the sky, and Penrod, looking up, noticed it casually and a little drowsily. He yawned. Then he sighed once more, but not reminiscently: evening had come; the day was over.

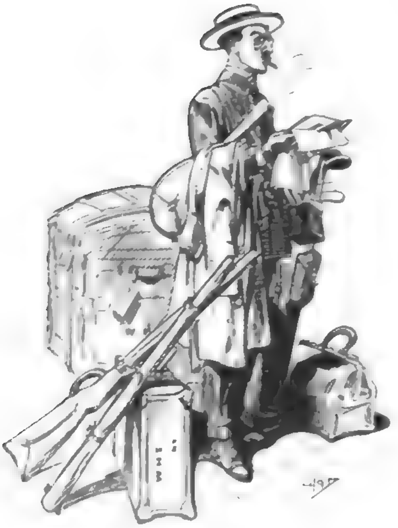
It was a sigh of pure ennui.

"I Hear You Calling Me"

by Hugh Pendexter

AUTHOR OF "TIBERIUS SMITH," "CAMP AND TRAIL SERIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY GRANT DART



ACCORDING to the latest census returns, there are more than two hundred thousand Lovers' Leaps in this country. I have visited some eighteen hundred of them, and was early convinced that the principal occupation of the aboriginal American females was to hurl themselves from a stern and rock-bound coast or overhanging cliff rather than to embrace the hazards of matrimony. So far as I can figure out, the primeval landscape was continuously cluttered up with dusky maidens scurrying to the highlands in search of good jumping-off places. In some cases, I have no doubt, the menfolks did the jumping.

Be that as it may, I now know why the Indians are so scarce. If the precipitous territory had held out, there wouldn't be enough redskins alive to-day to furnish a Wild-West show.

I also kept a running total of the various Devil's Washbowls, Devil's Bath-tubs, Devil's Basins, till my adding-machine broke down; and I can confidently assert that they are to-day trotting the Lovers' Leaps a dead heat, while incidentally revealing that his Unwholesome Majesty spent much of his time in the old days in natatorial pursuits or in performing his ablutions.

There are skeptics who will jeer at this, and aver that many a Lover's Leap was known as "McCarty's Quarry" or "Bean's Ledge" till the invasion of summer company demanded a bit of euphonic catering to the romantically inclined, and that the legend of La-la-ha-ha leaping from leap to leap till she found the best leaping-place in the county is but a recent invention of the transportation company's publicity bureau. And similar lese-majesty is daily being committed anent divers Devil's diving-places.

But let that be as it may or otherwise: I hear the railroad and steamboat booklets calling me—although the tracery of last summer's sunburn has not yet worn away—and I will persist in believing what I read in the advertisements. I pride myself on putting up a good fight against this migratory dementia. I did all a prudent man could do once he had learned the nature of his disease. I have been vaccinated and insured against it; I have taken quarts of anti-vacation toxin. Useless! I bestirred myself too late. The doctor persons found the walls of the *Erie* canal were hopelessly infected, and that the *Ore. Short Line* ganglion showed an abnormal reflex action, while the *Atch. Top.* peduncle was all out of proportion.

With a sweep and surge the fever returns each midwinter, and by spring I am fairly engulfed, sinking for the third time with a bunch of transportation literature clutched in either hand. Then I embrace the village station-agent and fare forth to snare the Ethiopian in his native Pullman. The haughty person in blue condescends to mutilate my brand-new ticket, jams a laundry check in my eye, and I'm off for the newly railroad-discovered Eden.

I have known men to withstand the disease for years by sternly chucking aside unread the insidious and highly lithographed circulars, only to succumb once they forgot and opened a fervid description of

"Nature's Rest Cure,"

"The Playground of the Nation,"

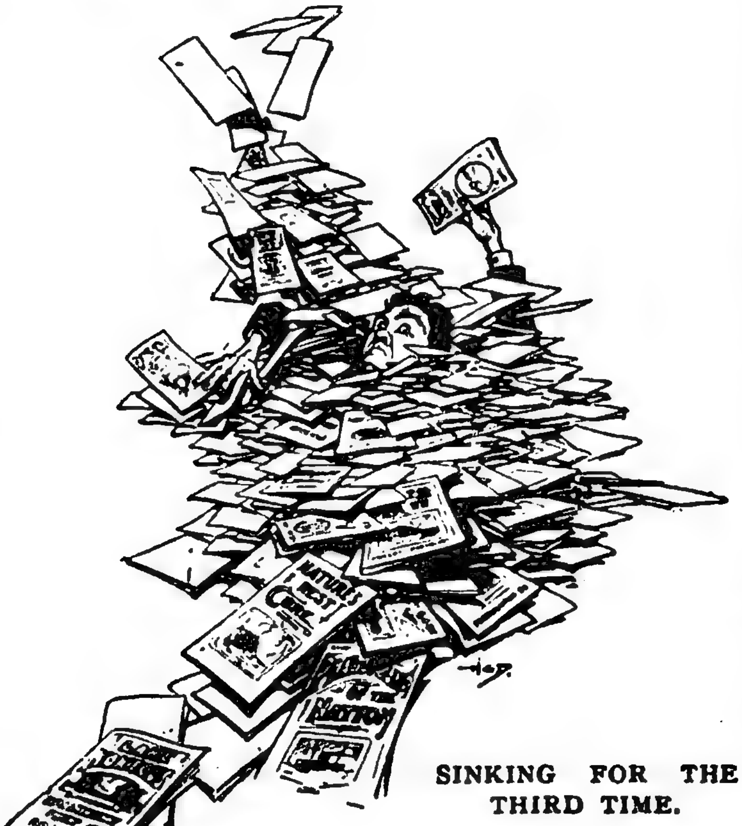
"Everybody Lives to be a Hundred in the Mussussussupicook Region."

Yes, sir! Just one tiny glance and the travel germ has secured a toe-hold. Only a blind man is immune.

The finishing stroke is usually a chromatic debauch, rioting in high lakes, depicting the **"Inside Route to Fairyland,"** with a brunette man in peek-a-boo anklets good-naturedly allowing his spouse to tote a load of yams on her head, one hand gracefully draped on high like a bunch of grapes. Then is the conquest completed, and the railroads and steamboats own that man heart and soul.

Poor fool! He may not believe it. He may not even suspect the truth. He may think he is dwelling upon the question of a vacation in an indifferent, tentative sort of way. During April and May he may even publicly pooh-pooh the idea of taking a "rest." But subconsciously and submarinely he has memorized:

> **"Don't you hear Mother Nature calling you? Don't you hear the melodic tinkle of the mountain brook? Can't you feel the cool spray of the health-giving ocean wave? Don't you taste the balsamic aroma of the cathedral-pines?**



SINKING FOR THE THIRD TIME.

And he's a goner. Not even the world-series could hold him. He recks not that the circuses have been plundered of their best word-building artists. He only knows his travel temperature has zipped some thirty degrees above normal by June fifteenth, and that as soon as he can secure his laundry he's off for Broad View Farm, Cundy's Harbor, or the Wild River Region.

That's the great beauty of a railway or steamboat booklet. Every region the engine snorts through or the boat coughs by is "God's country." However, if you are comfortably located hence, you must hasten thither before you can feel the "lure." There something all-powerful will hold you till September comes to the rescue and you've wired home for money. It's great! Of course beauty-spots are laid away in lavender on the approach of fall, for the transportation people know the kiddies must be back in school and the men at work. Broad View Farm pays off the Echo, the tame bear in the Wild River country joins the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the hardy salts at Cundy's Harbor drop the price of clams some fifty per cent. per peck, and the country returns to normal.

Dear, dear! How I used to puzzle and fret over it all! How I sought to pry into the psychology of the dementia and ascertain by rule of three why the man on the Allagash should find pleasure's climax in buying pop-corn at Nantasket, while the average Jerseyite could sigh only for the wild, black-fly reaches of the Ontonagon.

Families snugly ostermoored on the Maine coast proclaimed at Moosehead Lake that they "couldn't stand the coast." At the same time an old man at Kineo confided to me that his life-long ambition was to quit the virgin forests of his ideal environment and haste to Lake Maranacook (an eighth of an inch long on the map), "jest to git a sniff of the salt water." As he thus confessed, he slyly produced a worn folder and with tremulous finger pointed out the meager Mecca of his desire and softly read aloud the railway's eulogy on the same. Geographically he was wrong, logically and artistically he was wrong; but enthusiastically, migratorially, and time-tabley he was right.

Up among the Oxford hills in the Pine Tree State (mostly spruce trees now) are enchanting chains of lakes and amiable mountains. Travelers from all quarters of the globe have halted their world-wide pilgrimages there to linger by the pellucid waters and sing their praises, while they envied those who possessed the daily companionship of such a variety of natural perfections. But when the loco months of July and August (clerks go in July, bosses in August) snoop down upon those fortunate people, do they joyously hike to the aforesaid pellucid waters for their outings?

Not to pay an election bet!

And why? Because their quaint and pleasing villages have been flooded with posters and circulars and booklets setting forth the charms, the health-manufacturing germs, of some other place down the line—and away go the natives to a stretch of burnt sand, smelly of clams and fish, where the neighbors are as gregarious as a boiled dinner.

And so it unwinds. A family in Lubec, after reading a "Big Game" pamphlet, flee from the grand old coast and succulent fogs, to visit a cousin on Dead River. Then they hurry home to entertain their impatient host in turn; for he has been brooding and sighing over the coastwise summer schedule. It's much like taking in each other's washings.

Before I had diagnosed my disease, when I innocently took travelogues to my bosom, one and all, I would say in May, "Ah, spring has came!" By the first of June I would find myself frequenting the railway station, feverish to obtain more travel literature.

Then followed fitful slumbers, with diagrams of the country's railways ever dancing through my dreams. July first found me madly fighting for a seat on an outgoing train and greatly peeved to discover the track blocked for a few hours by an influx of incomers.

At last came that maturer moment when I took a mental bird's-eye view of the entire nation, and beheld the whole people (or all who held the price of a ticket) surging to the crest of mountains, ebbing and creeping into the hollows of the hills, or flowing steadily down to the coast. The truth seeped in slowly. No flash, no inspiration, no quick intake of the breath; rather a steady, sluggish conviction, and I was awake—but hopelessly committed.

Then, at last, I knew why the man from the Bay State hastens to the deep blue of Ontario, while a native of the Adirondacks snatches passage on a south-bound fruit steamer, humming betimes, "Robbed in the Cradle of the Deep."

At last I knew why folks up in northern Vermont, where they don't consider it good sleighing till they've used the snow for three years, should shed their lethargy with their woolen socks, and with glittering eye scan the company's half-tones of the rugged haunts of a Nova Scotia tide. The hypnotic spell exuded from the Painted Pamphlets! *I knew!*

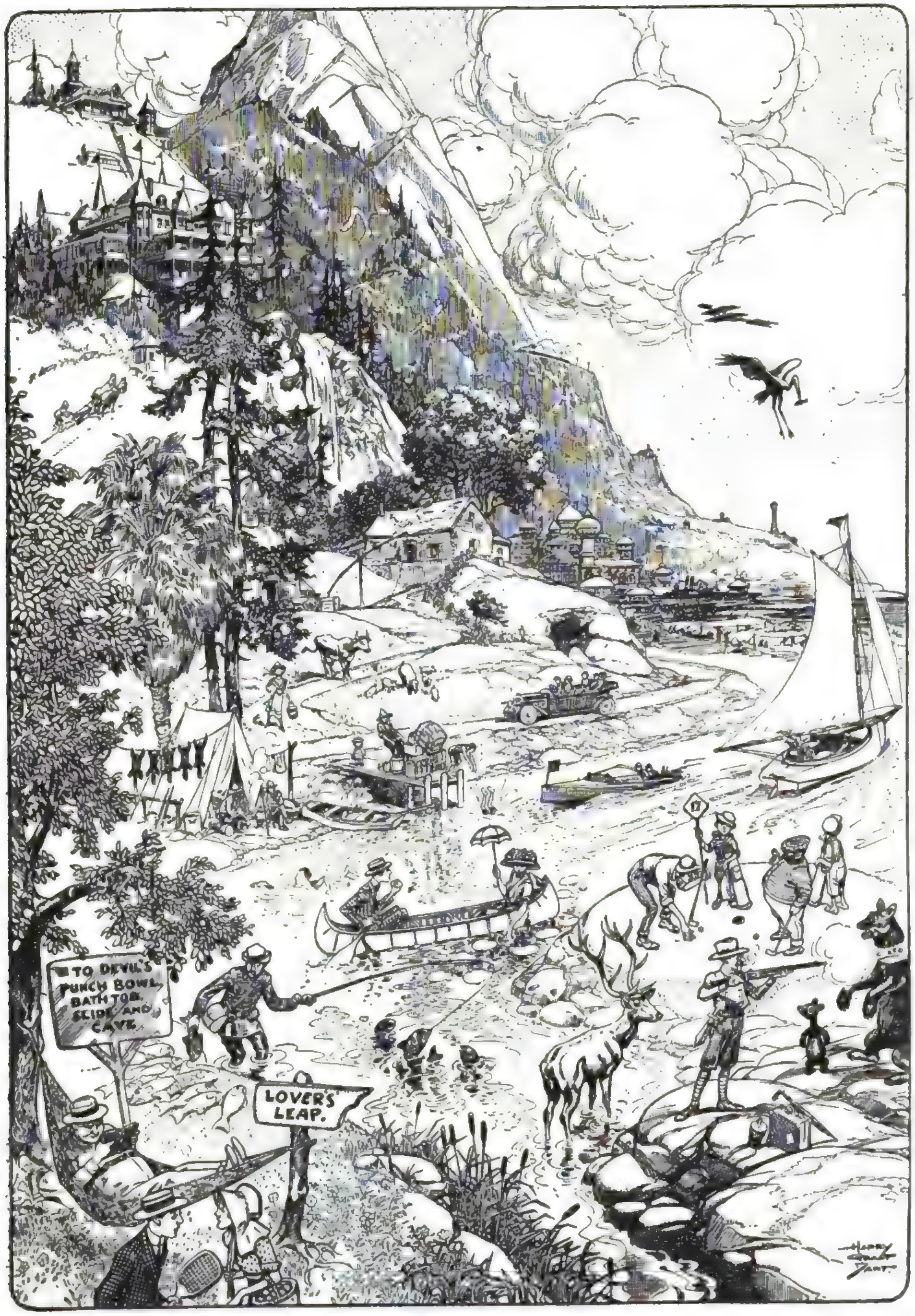
It was far different in the old days, when father would hitch up a span and take the whole family for a carriage-drive for a couple of weeks, covering on an average ten miles a day and finding his way home on a magnificent hundred-mile circle, with no traveling done on Sunday. A few of the neighbors would keep up a clip of twenty miles a day, but they were joy-riders and were held in disrepute. No; a hundred miles was going *some*, with frequent stops along the way.

One always planned such a trip where kinsmen grew thickly, and we called it "cousining."

That modicum of nomading would let us out for a year. And believe me, the time Herm Whitten ventured as far as Boston and took the next train home without leaving the station, it excited no laughter when he swung limply off at our little station and, pointing in mild wonder at the agent's canine, queried, "Same old dog?"

Gone are those times and those manners, together with the buffalo and the wild-whiskered Populist; gone hand in hand with the rare old days when the butcher slung in a piece of liver for the dog. Vanished are they, taking their exit arm in arm with the days when the Dakotas were "Out West," and Lem Tibbetts used gravely to inform the village oracles that his son (somewhere in Montana) was "'way out beyond the West." Never again will the annual Sunday-school picnic at Hobbs Pond suffice. Never again will the county cattle-show assuage the Wanderlust of the Haley Neighborhood. *Vale!* and enter the time-table.

I do not say those were the halcyon days. They were simply days. The map of the United States did not then resemble a Martian canalscape, nor were the picture post-card and the Sunday newspaper then in our midst. And dear, dear! To think all the changes have been pulled off in less than a hundred years. It simply makes me dizzy when I pause to contemplate what terrific feeding the three hundred thousand


TO DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL, BATH TUB, SLIDE AND CAVE
LOVER'S LEAP.
17
Harry Grant Dart

"DON'T YOU HEAR MOTHER NATURE CALLING YOU? DON'T YOU HEAR THE MELODIC TINKLE OF THE MOUNTAIN BROOK? CAN'T YOU FEEL THE COOL SPRAY OF THE HEALTH-GIVING OCEAN WAVE?"

miles of railroads and the innumerable coastwise steamboats in this country demand.

When statistics tell me that back in 1904 nearly eight hundred million passengers were carried hither and yon by the railroads alone, I submit and prepare to keep on contributing my share. They need the money. And so we box the compass in our hegiras, and many a hoss-hair trunk from the Kennebec gives up the ghost among the fronded flora of the South. A man who doesn't change cars as often as he shifts his summer underwear is now classified as a vegetable. For life is on the wing—away, away.

As children we read about "Where rolls the Oregon," and always pictured a fearsome grandeur and isolation. Now we slap the Oregon on the wrist and tell it to be good till we come again. How beautifully prophetic become the words of that grand old excursion agent, Virgil:

Armed with a trunk-key, canoe—Hullygee! why style us abnormous?

"D'ye know where I wish I was to-day?" gloomily inquired a native as I stood on the wharf of one of the fairest, coolest, cleanest isles in the Sheepscot River. "I wish I was in Boston."

"Merciful heavens, man!" I shuddered. "Take back your reckless words before some one wishes the trip on you. Don't you know all the cities are tied for first place in the number of heat prostrations? Don't you know that even the policemen have been driven to drinking beer to keep cool? Don't you know that right now you're enjoying more ozone to the square breath [see coastwise steamer-folder] than you could inhale elsewhere on earth? Don't you know——"

"Ding bust yer ozone," crossly broke in the native. "I want to go to Boston and see them historic places before they've all been proved to be dern lies. I've been reading of 'em in this here writing." And he solemnly produced **"Sightseeing in Boston,"** as published by an enterprising road.

"Bah and tush," I chided. "This place is a million miles ahead of Boston, or I would have remained there. I know—you want to see Paul Revere's Ride and the Old South Church and the Massacre on the Common, and *ad infinitum*."

"I don't care about the last," eagerly cried the native. "But the others—seeing as how ye've been there, s'pose ye tell me about 'em."

Well, my wife has hunted up all those places, so he had no legitimate cause to grin so derisively. Besides, I explained to him that I knew a man in Buffalo who had seen Niagara Falls. As he left me, to dig up additional colonial literature from the hotel time-table rack, I fingered a steamboat-published monograph on the coast aborigines and framed some stinging remarks about his neglecting to explore the clam-shell deposits back of his barn.

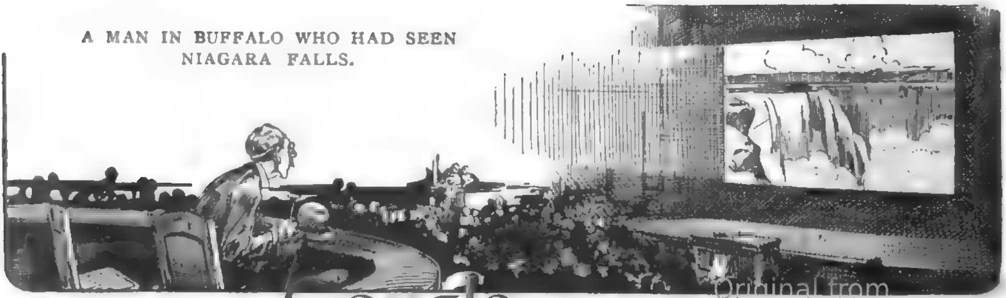
Yes; it's due entirely to the advertising of various locales by transportation companies that the necessary billion passengers are being shot from coast to coast.

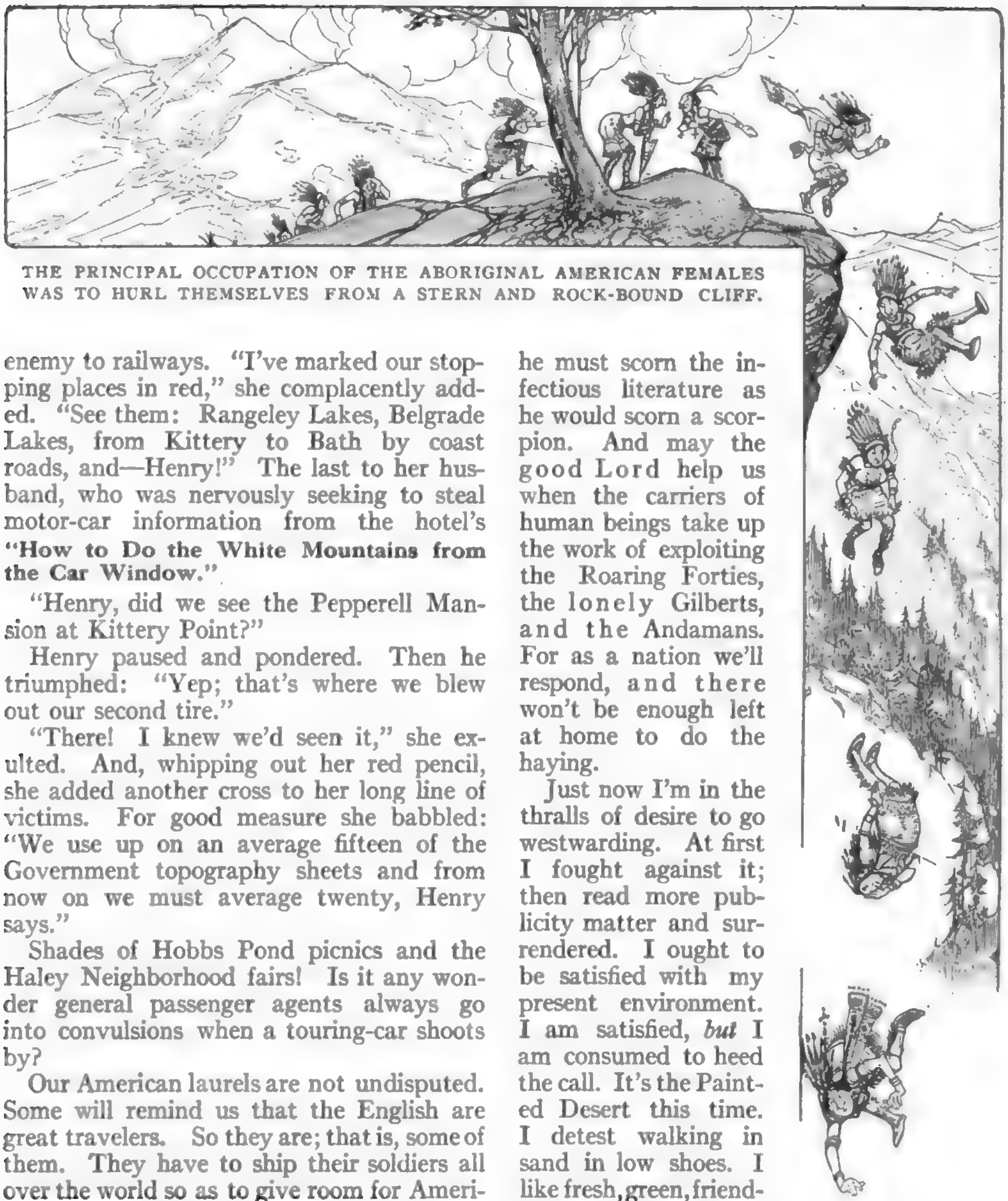
"Every summer I do the mountains, the lakes, and the coast," an elderly lady informed me.

"How long does it take you?" I anxiously inquired, studying her enviously.

"Two weeks from the time we leave town," she proudly replied. "I tried on this trip to squeeze out enough time to do the northern part of the state—I do so dote on the Big Woods. We drove through the edge of them one evening. I couldn't see anything; but the smell of the fir! We've been to all these places this summer."

Bless you, I knew she was searching for the inevitable folder, although she is an


A MAN IN BUFFALO WHO HAD SEEN NIAGARA FALLS.



THE PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION OF THE ABORIGINAL AMERICAN FEMALES WAS TO HURL THEMSELVES FROM A STERN AND ROCK-BOUND CLIFF.

enemy to railways. "I've marked our stopping places in red," she complacently added. "See them: Rangeley Lakes, Belgrade Lakes, from Kittery to Bath by coast roads, and—Henry!" The last to her husband, who was nervously seeking to steal motor-car information from the hotel's **"How to Do the White Mountains from the Car Window."**

"Henry, did we see the Pepperell Mansion at Kittery Point?"

Henry paused and pondered. Then he triumphed: "Yep; that's where we blew out our second tire."

"There! I knew we'd seen it," she exulted. And, whipping out her red pencil, she added another cross to her long line of victims. For good measure she babbled: "We use up on an average fifteen of the Government topography sheets and from now on we must average twenty, Henry says."

Shades of Hobbs Pond picnics and the Haley Neighborhood fairs! Is it any wonder general passenger agents always go into convulsions when a touring-car shoots by?

Our American laurels are not undisputed. Some will remind us that the English are great travelers. So they are; that is, some of them. They have to ship their soldiers all over the world so as to give room for American tourists to land and spend their money. They simply have to get out and travel. Again, our pioneers used to ramble round quite a bit. Our commercial travelers venture up and down the land throughout the winter. But all these are instances of deliberate, cold-blooded travel. Such wanderers can't lay claim to migratory dementia. They're not "called": they're pushed.

Yes, Mister Railroad and Mister Steamboat, we go because we hear you calling us. If the forewarned would escape the microbe, he must scorn the infectious literature as he would scorn a scorpion. And may the good Lord help us when the carriers of human beings take up the work of exploiting the Roaring Forties, the lonely Gilberts, and the Andamans. For as a nation we'll respond, and there won't be enough left at home to do the haying.

Just now I'm in the thralls of desire to go westwarding. At first I fought against it; then read more publicity matter and surrendered. I ought to be satisfied with my present environment. I am satisfied, *but* I am consumed to heed the call. It's the Painted Desert this time. I detest walking in sand in low shoes. I like fresh, green, friendly, cordial slopes and hills, where you can lead a little child and feel perfectly free to give three cheers for the poor stay-at-homes without starting an avalanche. I don't like big, sharp, naked spurs of rock, where the Indianesses could close both eyes and find good leaping-places. I like up in Maine . . . and yet the pamphlet has clinched me. I don't know whether the Painted Desert is in Mexico or in Painted Post. I only know I hear it calling me.

The "LIFE-PRESERVER"

A CRIME DOCTOR *Story*

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

***Editor's Note**—This is another story in the series which Mr. Hornung, creator of the fascinating gentleman burglar, "Raffles," is writing for* EVERYBODY'S. *Each is a distinct story in itself; each is an incident in the career of Dr. John Dollar, pioneer in the new profession of crime-doctoring.*

HE Lady Vera Moyle had made herself notorious in a cause that scored some points through her allegiance.

She it was who cajoled the Home Secretary outside Palace Yard, and sent him about his weighty business with the colors of a hated union pinned to his unconscious back. It is true that some of her excesses had less to redeem them; but all were committed with a pious zest which recalled the saying that the Moyles were a race of Irish rebels who had intermarried with the saints. It was reserved for Lady Vera to combine the truculence of her forefathers with the serene solemnity of their wives, and to enact her devilments, as she took their consequences, with a buxom austerity all her own.

But she was not at her best when she went to see Dr. Dollar on Christmas Eve; for it was just two months after the autumn raid, which had caused the retirement of Lady Vera Moyle, and some of her political friends, for precisely that period.

Otherwise, the autumn raid had been a triumph for the raiders, thanks to a fog of providential density, which had fought on their side as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera for the earliest militant. Never had private property been destroyed on so generous a scale, with fewer casualties on the side of the destroying angels. And yet there had been one unnecessary blot on the proceedings, which they were the first to repudiate and condemn.

A vile male of the common criminal classes had not only taken occasion to loot a jeweler's window, broken by some innocent lady, but had coolly murdered a policeman who interfered with him in the perpetration of his selfish crime. Fortunately, the man had been traced through the stolen trinkets, expeditiously committed and condemned, and was on the point of paying the supreme penalty.

No sane person could doubt his guilt, and yet there were those who sought to fix a certain responsibility on the ladies! The charge of moral complicity had disgraced and stultified both press and platform; and the Home Secretary, pestered for a reprieve, had sealed the murderer's fate only at the eleventh hour. Even the steel nerves of Topham Vinson had suffered under the complex strain. It was just as well that he was on the point of departure for the holidays.

A deplorable circumstance was the way in which the minister's last hours in town had been embittered by his implacable tormentor, Lady Vera Moyle. That ingrate had celebrated her release by trying to invade the Home Office, and by actually waylaying the Secretary of State in Whitehall. An unobtrusive body-guard had nipped the annoyance in the bud; but it caused Topham Vinson to require champagne at his club, whither he was proceeding on the arm of his latest ally and most secret adviser, Dr. John Dollar of Welbeck Street.

And before dark the doctor had been invaded in his turn.

"You must blame the Home Secretary for this intrusion," began Lady Vera, with all the precision of a practised speaker who knew what she had to say. "He refused, as you heard, to listen to what I had to say to him this morning; but the detective-in-waiting informed me that you were not only a friend of Mr. Vinson's, but yourself a medical expert in criminology. I have therefore a double reason for coming to you, Dr. Dollar, though it would not have been necessary if Mr. Topham Vinson had treated me with ordinary courtesy."

"I am very glad you have done so, Lady Vera," rejoined the doctor in his most conciliatory manner. "Mr. Vinson, to be frank with you, is not in a fit state for the kind of scene he was afraid you were going to make. He is in a highly nervous condition for a man of his robust temperament. Truth, Lady Vera, compels me to add that you and your friends have had something to do with this; but the immediate cause is a far more unhappy case which he has just settled."

"*Has* he settled it?" cried Lady Vera, turning paler than before between her winter sables and a less seasonable hat.

"This morning," said Dr. Dollar, with a very solemn air.

"He isn't going to hang that poor man?"

No breath came between the opened lips that prison had bleached and parched; but neither did they tremble as the doctor bowed.

"If you mean Alfred Croucher," said he, "convicted of the murder of Sergeant Simpkins during the last Suffragette disturbance, there would be an end of capital punishment if he had been reprieved."

"Dr. Dollar," returned Lady Vera, under great control, "it was about this case, and nothing else, that I wanted to speak to the Home Secretary. I never heard of it until this morning, for I have been out of the way of newspapers, as you may know; and it is difficult to take in a whole trial at one hurried reading. Do you mind telling me why everybody is so sure that this man is the murderer? Did anybody see him do it?"

The Crime Doctor smiled as he shook his head. "Very few murders are actually witnessed, Lady Vera. Yet this would have been one of the few, but for the fog. Croucher was plainly seen through the jeweler's window — helping himself, one moment—then struggling with the unfortunate sergeant."

"Was the struggle seen as plainly as the robbery?"

"Not quite, perhaps; but the evidence was equally convincing about both. Then the stolen goods were found, some of them, still in Croucher's possession; and the way he tried to account for that, in the witness-box, was only less suicidal than his fatal attempt at an *alibi*."

"Poor fool!" exclaimed Lady Vera, with perhaps less pity than impatience. "Of course he was there. I saw him!"

Dollar was not altogether unprepared for this. "You were there yourself then, Lady Vera?"

"I should think I was!"

"It—it wasn't you who broke the window for him?"

"Of course it was! Yet nobody tried to find me as a witness; it is only by pure chance that I come out in time to save an innocent man's life—for innocent he is of everything but theft. *I* know—too well!"

Her voice was no longer under the inhuman control she had been exercising; and there was something in its passionate pitch that sent a cold thrill of conviction down Dollar's spine. He gazed in horror at the proud girl, in her luxuriant sables, drawn up to her last inch in the pitiless glare of his electric light; and even as he gazed—and guessed—all horror melted into the most profound emotion that had ever filled his soul. It was she who first found her voice, and now it was calmer than it had been as yet.

"One more thing about the trial," she said. "What was the weapon he is supposed to have used?"

"His knife."

"Yet it seems to have been a small wound?"

"The knife had a small blade."

"But was there any blood on it?"

She had to press him for these details; any squeamishness was on his side, and he a doctor!

"There was," he said. "Croucher had an explanation, but it wasn't convincing."

"The truth often isn't," said Lady Vera bitterly. "You may be surprised to hear that the blow wasn't struck with a knife at all. It was struck with—this!"

Her right hand flew from her glossy muff; in it was no flashing steel, but a short, black, round-knobbed "life-preserver," which she handed over without more words.

"But his skull wasn't smashed!" exclaimed John Dollar; and for an instant he looked at his visitor with the eye of the alienist. "It was a puncture of the carotid artery; and you couldn't do that with this, if you tried!"

"Hit the floor with it," said Lady Vera, "but don't hold it quite by the end."

Dollar bent down and did as directed; at the blow a poniard flew out of the end opposite the round knob; the point caught in his sleeve.

"That's how it was done," continued Lady Vera. "And I am the person it was done by, Dr. Dollar!"

"It was an accident?" he said hoarsely. He could look at her as if the accident had not been fatal; he had less command of his voice.

"I call it one; the law may not," said she resignedly. "Yet I didn't even know that I possessed such a weapon as this; it was sold to me as a 'life-preserver,' and nothing else, out of a pawnbroker's window where I happened to see it on the very morning of the raid. I thought it would be just the thing for smashing other windows, especially with that thong to go round one's wrist. I thought, too, I don't mind telling you, that, if I were roughly handled, it was a thing I could use in self-defense as I couldn't think of using a hammer!"

And here she showed no more shame than a soldier need feel about his bayonet after battle; and Dollar met her eyes on better terms. He had been making mechanical experiments with the 'life-preserver.' Some spring was broken. That was why it became a dagger at every blow, instead of only when one gave it a jerk.

"And you were roughly handled by Sergeant Simpkins?" he suggested eagerly.

"Very," she said, with a certain reluctance. "But I expect the poor fellow was as excited as I was when I tried to beat him off."

"I suppose you hardly knew what you were doing, Lady Vera?"

"Not only that, Dr. Dollar, but I didn't know what I had done."

"Thank God for that!"

"But did you imagine it for a moment? That's the whole point and explanation of everything that has happened. The worst was over in a few seconds, in the thick of that awful fog; but, of course, I never dreamt what I had done. I did think that I had knocked him down. But that was all that ever entered my head until this very morning."

"Were you close to your broken window at the time?"

"Very close, and yet out of sight in the fog."

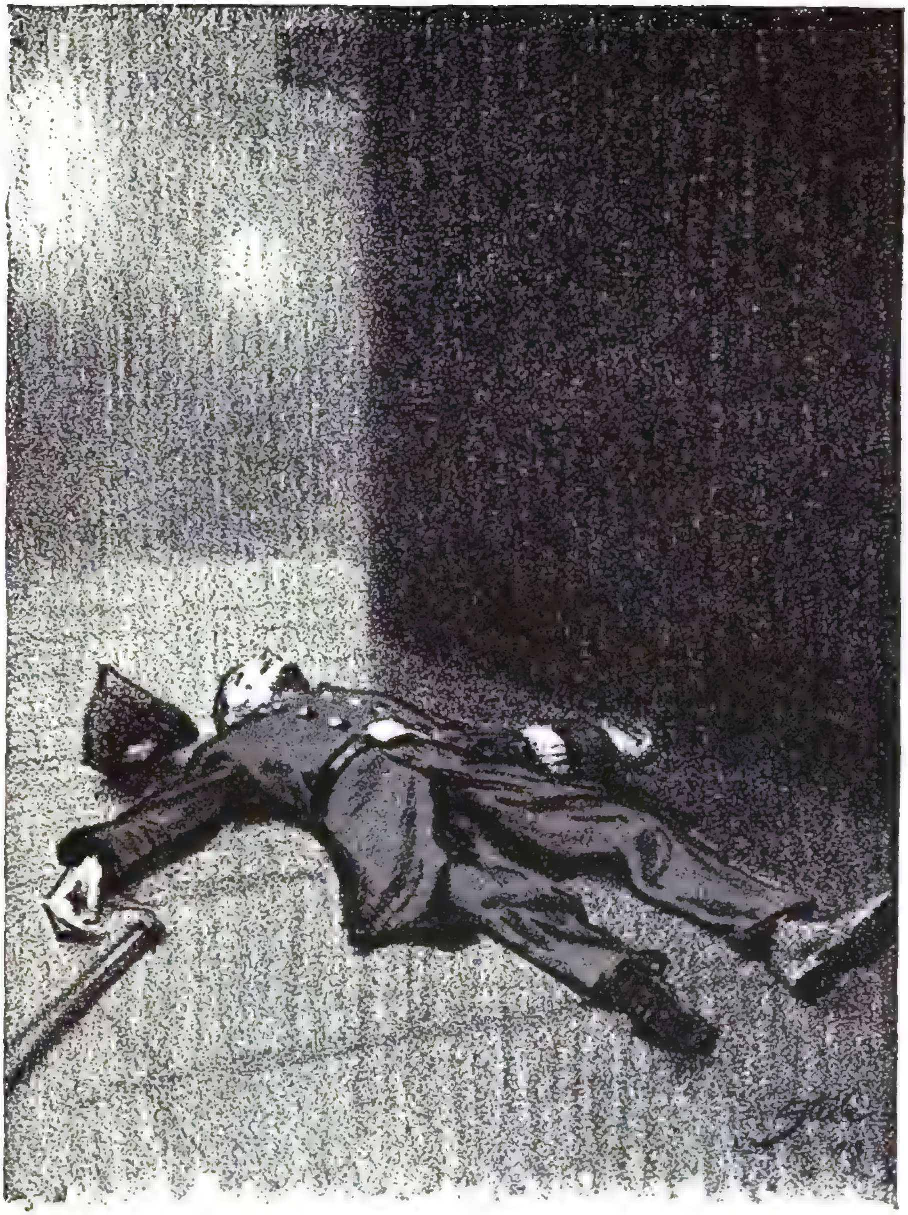
"And you had seen nothing of this man Croucher, and his hand in the affair?"

"Not after I'd done my part. I did just before. I'm certain it was the same huge man that they describe. But I heard the whole thing while we were struggling. They were blowing a police-whistle and calling out 'Thieves!' I remember hoping that the policeman would hear them and let me go. But I suppose his blood was up as well as mine."

"And after you had—freed yourself?" said the doctor, trying not to set his teeth.

"I ran off, of course! I knew that I had done much more than I ever intended; but that's all I knew, or suspected, even when I found this horrid thing open in my hand. I tried to shut it again, but I couldn't. So I hid it in my dress, and ran up Dover Street to my club, where I put it straight into a bag that I had there. Then I made myself decent and—turned out again with a proper hammer!"

The doctor groaned; he could not help it. Yet it was his first audible expression of disapproval; he had restrained himself while all the worst was being told; and the



A VILE MALE OF THE COMMON CRIMINAL CLASSES HAD COOLLY MURDERED A POLICEMAN WHO INTERFERED WITH HIM IN THE PERPETRATION OF HIS SELFISH CRIME.

girl's face acknowledged his consideration. Her color had come at last. Thus far, in recounting her intentional misdeeds, as if they were all in the great day's work, she had shown a complete indifference to his opinion of her or her proceedings. There had been nothing aggressive about it; he merely doubted whether the question of his views had ever entered her mind. But now he could see that it did; he had shown her something that she did not want to lose, and her fine candor hid that fact as little as any other.

"I didn't know what I'd done, remember!" she said, with sharp solicitude. "I never did know until this morning, when I heard of the case for the first time, and for the first time saw the stains on the dagger, at which you've been trying so hard not to look! Do look at them, Dr. Dollar. Of course there can be no doubt what they are; but I shall be only too glad for you to prove it to everybody's satisfaction."

"'Only too glad,' Lady Vera?"

They gazed at each other for several seconds. Her face was tragic to him now; but emotion, apparently, was the one thing she would condescend to hide. Except for her eyes, she might have been incredibly callous and cold-blooded; her blue Irish eyes were great and glassy with a grief not soluble in tears.

"Dr. Dollar," she said tensely, "nothing can undo this hideous thing, though I hope to live long enough to make such poor amends as a human being can. But in this other direction they must be made at once. It's no use thinking of what can't be undone till we *have* undone what we can—if we are quick! That's why I tried to go straight to the Home Secretary, and why I have come straight to you. Take me to him, Dr. Dollar, and help me to convince him that what I have told you is the whole truth and nothing else! If you think it will make it easier, satisfy yourself about those blood-stains. Then we can take the dagger with us."

The doctor applied a crude test on the spot: he stooped over the fire, heated the stained steel between the bars, cooled it at the open window, picked off a scale, and examined it briefly under a microscope. All this was done with tremendous energy tempered by extreme precision and nicety. And Lady Vera followed the operation with an impersonal interest that could not but include the operator, so intent upon his task, so obviously thankful to have a task of any sort in hand. But when he rose from his microscope it was with a shrug of the shoulders, an almost angry shake of the head.

"Of course, this is all no good, you know!" he cried, as if it were her test. "It would take hours to make the analysis that's really wanted."

"But as far as you have gone, Dr. Dollar?"

"As far as I have gone—which isn't a legal or medical inch—it certainly does look like blood, Lady Vera."

"Of course it is blood. There's another thing that will help us, too."

"What's that?"

"One of the best points in the defense, so far as I've had time to make out, was about the prisoner's knife. Now, if we take this with us, either to the Home Secretary, or, if he still refuses to see me, to New Scotland Yard——"

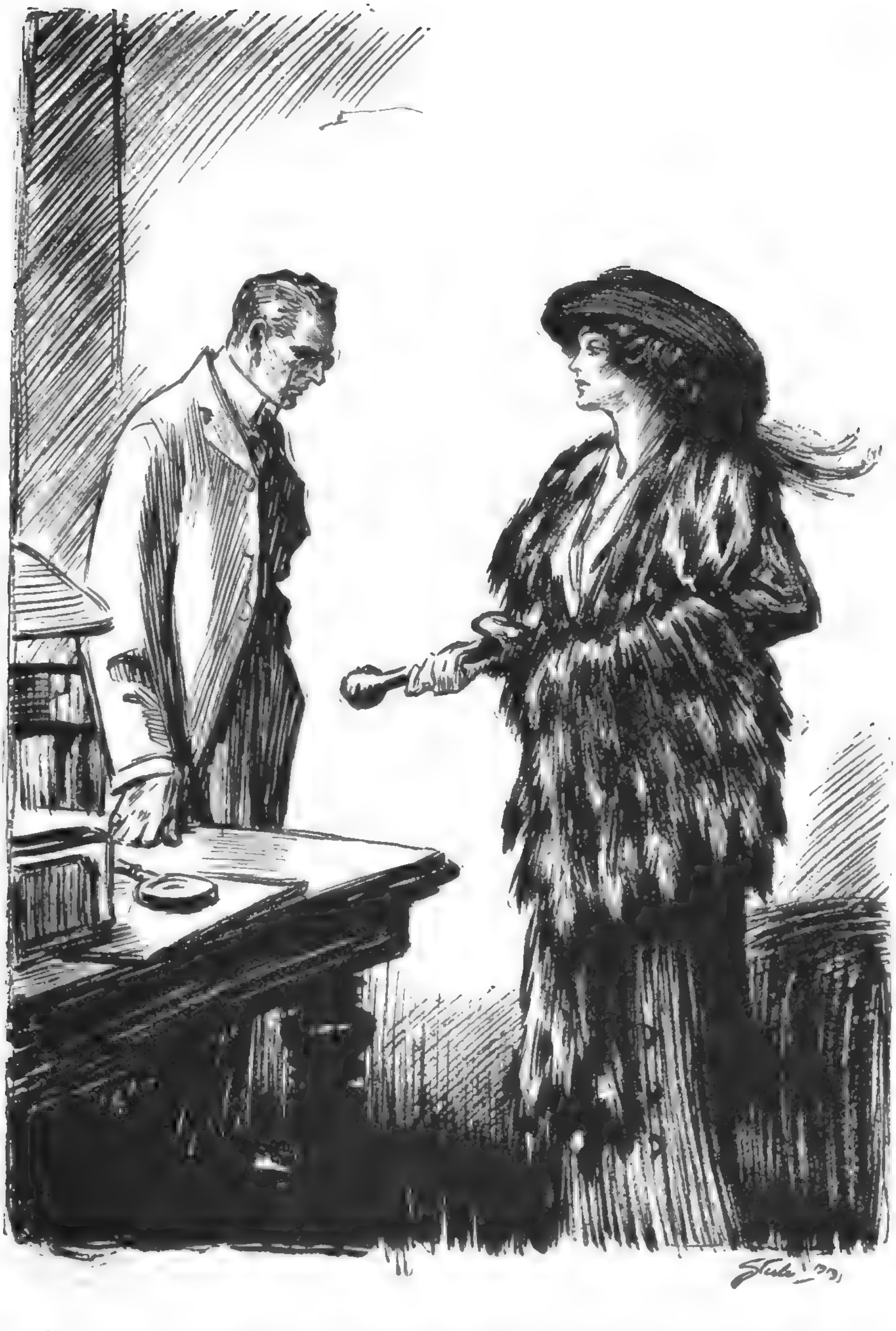
"Lady Vera!" the doctor interrupted, aghast at her suicidal zeal. "Is it possible that you realize the position you are in? It isn't only a situation that you've got to face; that you have already done, superbly! But have you any conception of the consequences?"

"I think I have," said Lady Vera, smiling. "I don't believe they will hang me; it would be affectation to pretend I did. But, of course, that's their business—mine is to change places with an innocent man."

"That you will never do," replied the doctor warmly. "There's no innocent man in the case; this Croucher is a thief and a perjurer, besides being an old convict who has spent half his life in prison! He would have had five years for the other night's work, without any question of a murder; they'll simply pack him off to Dartmoor or Portland when we've saved his miserable neck. And save it we will, no fear about that; but at what a price—at what a price!"

"I don't see that you need trouble about it," said Lady Vera, concerned at his distress, "beyond putting me in touch with Topham Vinson. The rest will be up to him, as they say; and, after all, it won't be anything so very terrible to me. I am an old prisoner myself, you must remember, Dr. Dollar!"

There was a gleam of her notorious audacity with all this; but it was like the glow of flowers on a grave. The horror of things to happen had never possessed her valiant eyes, and yet it must have been there, for all at once Dollar missed it. He read her look. He had relieved her mind about the man in the cell, only to open it at last to the man in his grave. Grief crippled her as horror had not; prisons could be broken, but not the prison to which her hand had



"YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT THE BLOW WASN'T STRUCK WITH A KNIFE AT ALL. IT WAS STRUCK WITH—THIS!"

sent a fellow creature. . . . Yet her grief was mastered in its turn, forced out of sight before his eyes, even while her flippant speech rang through him as the bravest utterance he had ever heard.

It blew a bugle in the man's brain, and the call was clear and definite. He knew his own mind only less instantaneously than he had penetrated hers. Never in all his days had he known his mind quite so well as when she went on, in another k y:

"So now, Dr. Dollar, will you crown all your great kindness by taking me to see the Home Secretary at once?"

"Lady Vera," he exclaimed with unreasonable irritation, "what is the good of asking impossibilities? I couldn't take you to Topham Vinson even if I would. He would begin by doubting your sanity; there would be all manner of silly difficulties. Moreover, he's not in town."

She showed displeasure at the statement of fact only. "Dr. Dollar, are you serious?"

"Perfectly."

"Have you forgotten that I saw you together at almost two o'clock?"

"I think not quite so late as that. The Home Secretary left Euston at 2:45."

"Where for?" She looked panic-stricken.

"I'll tell you, Lady Vera, if you promise not to follow him by the next train."

"When does it go?"

"Not for some time. There's only one more; we debated which he should take. But you mustn't take the other, Lady Vera; you must leave that to me. I want you to leave the whole thing to me from this very moment till you hear from me again."

"When would that be, Dr. Dollar?"

"As soon as I have seen Mr. Vinson."

"You would undertake to tell him everything?"

"Every detail, exactly as you have told me."

"Will it seem credible at second-hand?"

"Quite enough so to justify a respite. That's the first object; and this is the first step to it, believe me, Lady Vera. There's plenty of time between this and — and Tuesday!"

"Oh! I know that," she returned, bluntly disdainful of a well-meant hesitation. "But there's still not a moment to lose while that poor man lies facing death."

"I'm not sure that he does, Lady Vera. The decision's only just been made; it won't be out till the day after to-morrow. I don't believe they would break it to Croucher on Christmas Day."

"They can break the good news instead. Where is Mr. Vinson? It's all right, I won't attempt to tackle him till you have. That's a promise—and I don't break them like windows!"

John Dollar ignored that boast with difficulty. He saw through her tragic levity as through a glass, and his heart cried out with a sympathy hard indeed to keep to himself; but it was obviously the last thing required of him by Lady Vera Moyle. He gave her the required information in a voice only less well managed than her own. And he thought her eyes softened with the faintest recognition of his restraint.

"I thought the duke had washed his hands of his notorious nephew," she remarked, when Dr. Dollar told her that Vinson had gone to his uncle for the holidays. "Well, we shall have to spoil the family gathering, I'm afraid."

"That's my job, Lady Vera."

"And I never thanked you for taking it on! Nor will I, Dr. Dollar; thanks don't meet a case like this!" Very frankly she took his hand instead; it was hotter and less steady than her own. "And now what about your train?"

"I'm afraid there's not one till seven o'clock."

The time-table confirmed his fear; he threw it down and plunged into the telephone directory instead. Lady Vera watched him narrowly. He had dropped into his *caqueteuse* chair, and the sheen of age on the Tudor gaming-table betrayed his face as if it were bent over clear brown water. She could see its anxiety as he had not allowed her to see it yet.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to face it in a motor?" She was faltering for the first time.

"That's exactly what I mean to do," he answered, without looking up from the directory. "I'm just going to telephone for a car."

"Then you needn't!" she cried joyfully. "We have at least two eating their bonnets off in our mews! I'll go home in a taxi and send one of them straight round with a driver who knows the way—and a coat that you must promise to wear, Dr. Dollar! All my people are away except my mother, and she won't know; she isn't strong enough to use the cars. But I mustn't speak of poor mother, or I shall make a fool of myself yet! It's partly my fault as it is, you see, and of course all this will make her worse. But I'm not so sure of that, either! My mother is the kind of person who has all the modern ailments and no modern ideas; but she could show us all how to play the game at a pinch. She will be the first to back me up in the only conceivable course."

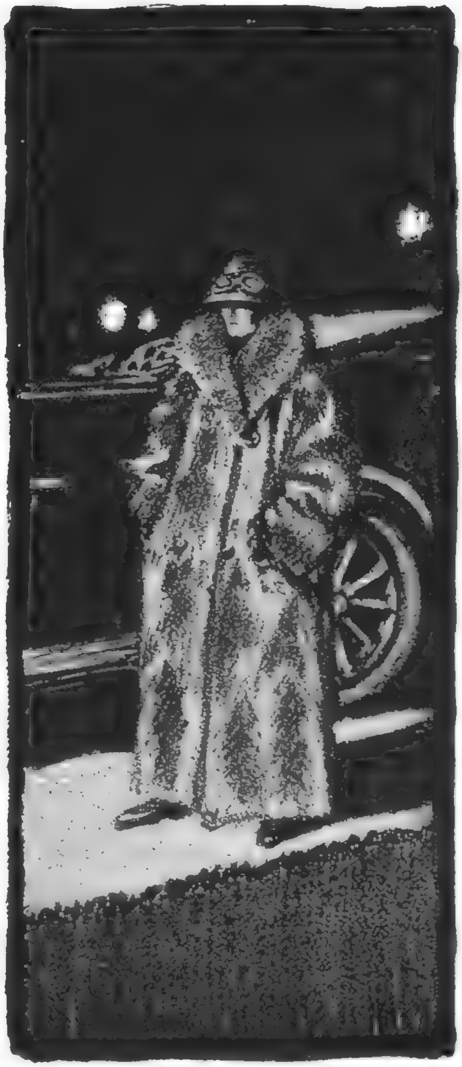
This speech had not come quite as fluently as might be supposed, though Dollar had only interrupted it to send for a taxicab. It had interrupted itself more seriously when Lady Vera Moyle was betrayed into speaking of poor Lady Armagh, whose heartfelt disapproval of her daughter's escapades was public property. Dollar had heard from Topham Vinson (that very day at lunch) that the last one had made her actually ill; then what of Lady Vera's present resolutions, and the nine days' tragic scandal which was the very least that could come of them unless——

"Unless!"

In the doctor's mind so many broken sentences began with that will-o'-the-wisp among words, that others really spoken fell upon stony ears, and he knew as little what he said in reply. In a dream he saw a small hand wave as the taxicab vanished round the corner to the right; in a dream he sprang up-stairs, hiding under his coat the weapon with which that little hand had dealt out death; and awoke in his wintriest clothes, his greatest coat, to find himself called upon to top the lot with another of unkempt fur, sent with the car.

That aluminum clipper—a fifty horse-power Invincible Talboys—was indeed at the door in incredibly quick time. Twin headlights lit long wedges of London mud; two pairs of goblin goggles mounted up behind them — one sent to Dr. Dollar with a message that was more than law. The dapper chauffeur huddled down behind the wheel; the passenger sat bolt upright at his side; the Barton family, his faithful creatures, carried out an impromptu tableau in the background.

Mother and son appeared as immaculate cook and page, at the top of the area steps and on the lighted threshold respectively. Barton himself leaned out of an upper window, still in his white suit (for it was the typically muggy Christmas of a degenerate young century), but with all the black cares of the strange establishment quite apparent on his snowy shoulders.



THE DAPPER CHAUFFEUR.

The dapper driver gave his horn a spiteful pinch. And then they were off, only to be held up in Oxford Street by the Christmas traffic, but doing better in the Edgware Road, and soon were on the way to Edgware itself, and Elstree and St. Albans, and all the lighted towns and pitch-dark roads that lie by night between the capital of England and her smallest county.

"Least trem-lines this wye," said the dapper chauffeur, a mile or two out, and said no more for another fifty. But he drove like a little genius, and the car responded to his cunning hands as a horse that knows its master. She proved to be a sound roadster, whose only drawback was a lack of racing speed; the lad had her in prime condition, and the good road ran from under her like silk from a silent loom.

Dollar sat beside him, in the shelter of a wind-screen that glazed and framed a continuous study in nocturnal values. Now the fine shades would be broken by a cluster of lights, soon to scatter and go out like sparks from a pipe; now only by the acetylene lamps that kept the foreground in a blaze between villages. Often a ghostly portent appeared hovering over the road ahead; but that was only the doctor's own anxious face, seen dimly in the screen.

And yet he was not really anxious for these first fifty miles; at the start he was too thankful to be under way, and the road was never empty of exciting and diverting possibilities. But at Bedford they stopped for supper; it was Dollar's sudden idea, the hour being now between eight and nine. The treasure at the wheel professed his readiness to push on, and it would have been better for Dollar to have taken him at his word. For the break in the run also broke up the dreamy lull induced by the keen air and the low, smooth hum of the car; in the warm hotel, all holly and Christmas cheer, he came back to real life with a thud, and its most immediate problem beset him all the rest of the way.

Hitherto his one anxiety had been to get at the Home Secretary that night; henceforth he was having the interview, over and over again, with a different result every time. He knew, indeed, what he meant to say himself; he had known that before he said good-by to Lady Vera Moyle. But what would the Home Secretary say? Was it conceivable that the blood-stained "life-preserver" would be enough for him? It would be supported by the sworn statement of a man whom he had learned to trust. But was such utterly indirect evidence in the least likely to upset a decision already taken, if not already communicated to the man in the condemned cell?

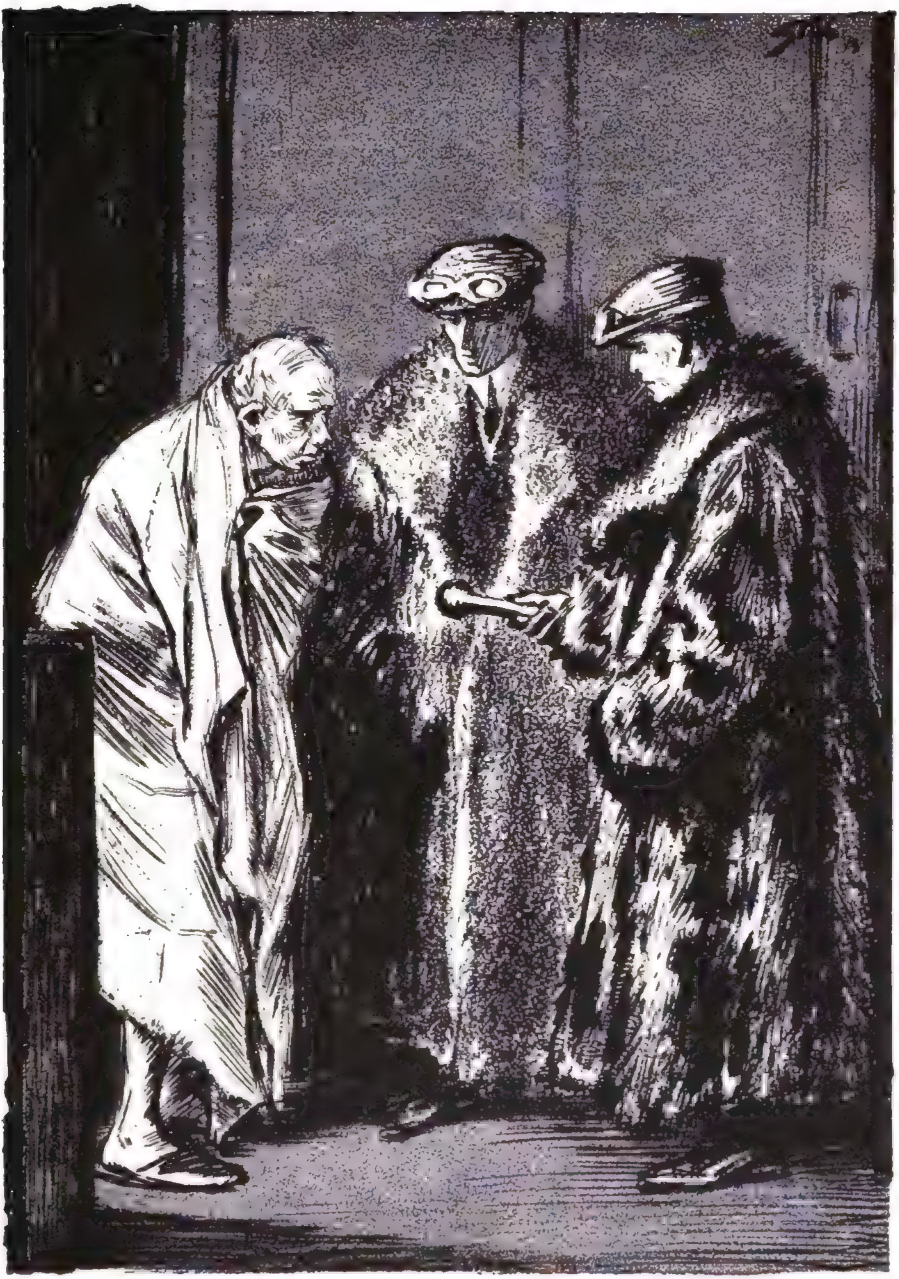
The very thought of that hapless wretch was fraught with definite and vivid horror. The crime doctor had once seen the inside of a condemned cell; he could see it still. The door was open, the pitiful occupant at exercise in an adjacent yard. He had looked in. It was not as gloomy as it should have been. Texts on the walls, sunlight through the bars, and on the fixed flap of clean, worn wood an open book. Dollar recalled every detail with morbid fidelity. He had gone in to look at the book, and found it a bound volume of *Good Words*, open at a laudable serial by a lady then in vogue with the virtuous.

Yet that particular reader had cut a woman's throat over a quarrel about a shilling, and Dollar had seen him striding jauntily up and down the narrow yard, cracking some joke with the attendant warders, with a smile on his scrubby lips and in his bold blue eyes. He could see the fellow still as he had seen him for ten seconds years ago. Yet his pity for one in the same awful case for a crime that he had not committed, was as nothing to his infinite sorrow and compassion for her who had committed it unawares, comparatively light as the punishment for such a deed was bound to be!

But was it? Not for Lady Vera Moyle, at all events! Either she would go scot-free, or her punishment might well be worse than death. It might easily kill her mother; then the tragedy would be a double tragedy, after all, and Lady Vera would still be its author! Supposing she had not discovered her own crime! Croucher would have been no loss to the community; lifelong criminals like Croucher were best out of the way, murderers or no murderers. The Crime Doctor was convinced of that. They were the incurables; extermination was the only thing for them.

"I would shut up my penitentiaries, but enlarge my lethal chamber," he sometimes said, and would be quite serious about it.

Yet not for a moment could he have carried his ideas to their logical conclusion in the concrete case of Alfred Croucher and Lady Vera Moyle. He could have let a man of that stamp go technically innocent to the gallows—or he thought he could just then. But he could not have allowed



"I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER SELLING THIS 'LIFE PRESERVER.'"

the greatest monster to suffer for Lady Vera's sins—and that he felt in his bones. It was the personal equation as supplied by her that made the thing impossible. Such a load on such a soul! Better any punishment than that!

At Kettering a right-hand turn led up hill and down dale into little Rutland, and Dollar ceased glaring at his own ghost in the wind-screen; a healthily immediate anxiety kept him peering at his watch instead. But now they were skirting one of the longest and stumpiest stone walls in feudal England, and all of a sudden it parted in twin turrets joined by triple gates. Over the central arch heraldic monsters pawed the stars; underneath, an arc-light hung resplendent; all three gates were open, and the drive beyond was a perspective of guiding lights. It was evidently a case of Christmas festivities on a suitable scale at Stockersham Hall.

Miles up the drive a semicircle of motor-cars fringed a country edition of the Horse-guards Parade, dominated by an escaped hotel; and the car that really was from London had becoming palpitations in the zone of light. Before a comparatively simple portico a superlatively splendid menial looked askance at the doctor's borrowed furs, but was not unimpressed by a curt inquiry for Mr. Topham Vinson, and undertook to inquire in his turn.

"Be quick and quiet, and give him this card," said the doctor, slipping half a sovereign underneath it. "I want to see Mr. Vinson—no one else—on urgent business for the Home Office."

Less than a minute brought forth an imposing personage whom the dapper driver did not fail to salute; even Dollar was not positive whether it was the duke or his butler until summoned indoors with the subtle condescension of the supreme servitor. He went as he was, in hirsute coat and goggles; the butler stalking at arm's length, with an air of personal repudiation happily not lost upon the little London lynx in charge of the car.

That artist would have been an endless joy to eyes not turned within. His silent endurance and efficiency, his phlegmatic zest in an adventure which might have a professional interest for him, but obviously did not engage his curiosity, were qualities which even the tormented Dollar had appreciated at intervals on the road. But now he missed a treat. The little Cockney ran his engine till the first flunky returned and said things through the noise. Then he looked under his bonnet, as a monkey into its offspring's head.

But the climax arrived with sandwiches on a lordly tray, when a glass of beer was sent back and one of champagne brought instead to this choice specimen of a contemporary type. It was scarcely down before the passenger reappeared, accompanied by another swollen figure in motoring disguise, as well as by my lord duke, who saw them off himself, and did look less ducal than the butler, after all.

The many lights of Stockersham dwindled and disappeared into the night; and one lone wave of incandescence flowed back as it had come, by fine-spun hedge and wirework thicket, through dead villages and sleeping towns, like phosphorescent foam before a vessel's bows. And in the torpedo body of the Invincible Talboys where Dr. Dollar now sat behind his companion of the outward trip, and the Home Secretary of England behind a fat cigar, there was a strained silence through two entire counties, but something like an explosion on the confines of the third.

"Do you still refuse to give her name?" demanded Topham Vinson, exactly as if they had been talking all the time. The stump of his second cigar was so short that angry light and angry mouth were one.

"I must," said Dollar in a muffled voice; and he pointed to the hunched shoulders within a yard of their noses.

"In that case we have no secrets," replied the Home Secretary with a sneer. "But why must you, Dollar? She seems to have made no reservations with you, yet you would make this enormous one with me!"

"It's a secret of the consulting-room, Mr. Vinson; those of the confessional are not more sacred, as you know perfectly well."

"And you expect me to eat my decision on the strength of a hearsay anonymous confession?"

"I do—in the first instance," said Dollar decidedly. "An immediate respite would commit you to nothing; but I don't ask even for that on the unsupported strength of what I told you at Stockersham. You know what you've got in your overcoat pocket! Hand it over to your own analyst; have an exhumation, if you like, and see if the weapon doesn't actually fit the wound; if it doesn't, hang your man."

"I'm much obliged for your valuable advice. But it's got to be one thing or the other, once for all; the poor devil has been on tenterhooks quite long enough."

"And have you forgotten how nearly you decided in his favor, Mr. Vinson, without all this to turn the scale?"

It was perhaps an ominous feature of their mushroom intimacy that the younger man had not yet been invited to drop the formal prefix in addressing his senior by a short decade. But this would not have been the moment even for a familiarity encouraged in happier circumstances. And yet Dollar dared to pat the great man's arm as he spoke; and the gesture was as the button to the foil: it prevented a shrewd thrust from drawing blood, and, if anything, it improved Topham Vinson's temper.

"It's no good, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed in friendly settlement of the general question. "I must have the lady's name, unless she's determined to defeat her own ends."

"Do you mean to say that it's her name or Croucher's life?"

Topham Vinson had not meant to say any such thing—in so many words—and it was annoying to have them put into his mouth. But he had decided not to be annoyed any more. It did not pay with this fellow Dollar; at least it had not paid on that occasion; but anybody might be at a disadvantage after a heavy political strain, a lengthy journey, an admirable dinner, and a development as untimely as it was embarrassing. Mr. Vinson relapsed into silence and an attitude unconsciously modeled on that of the gallant little driver. His body sunk deep into the rugs, his head as deep between his shoulders. It was almost Hertfordshire before he spoke again.

"Vera Moyle was one of the Oxford Street division," he remarked at last. "I know all about her movements on the night of battle; otherwise I should want to know about them now. If I thought *she* was the woman——"

"What's that?" said Dollar lethargically. "I was almost asleep."

The remarks did not gain weight by repetition, but the broken sentence was finished with some effect. "I'd let her drain the cup!" said the Home Secretary, really savagely.

"I don't wonder," rejoined Dollar, sympathetically.

"Yet you would have me risk my political existence for one of her kidney!"

"I don't follow."

"You would reprieve the apparent murderer, and let the real one continue militant here on earth?"

"I believe she has had her fill of militancy."

"Not she!"

"I'll go bail for her, if you like. It was an accident. She is heart-broken about it—and you don't know her—I do! I'd back her not to run the risk of such another accident!"

"And what if she rounded on me? However such a thing came out, it would be my ruin, Dollar."

"It wouldn't come out through her!"

A certain fervor crept into the doctor's voice. It was obviously unconscious, and Topham Vinson was far too astute a person to engender consciousness and caution by so much as a rallying syllable. But he did hazard a leading question, subtly introduced as nothing of the sort.

"I'm not trying to get at what I want in a roundabout way," he had the nerve to state. "I've given up trying to pump you, Dollar; but—would it make a *very* great scandal if we had to fix this thing on this particular young lady?"

"I can't answer about scandals," replied the still not unwary doctor. "It would break hearts—probably cause death—make her a double murderer in her own eyes, and God knows what else as a result! And it wouldn't do anybody the least bit of good, because you would still have to give Croucher a suitable term for his authentic offenses."

It was three o'clock on Christmas morning when they saw the lights of London from the top of Brockley Hill; a minute later they were on the tram-lines at the foot, and almost immediately in the purlieus of the town.

The trip did not end without a telling taste of Mr. Vinson's very individual quality. In Maida Vale he suddenly announced his intention of having the "life-preserver" identified in those very small hours by the pawnbroker who had sold it on the morning of the autumn raid. The Crime Doctor was terrified; for aught he knew, the man might be well aware that he had sold it to Lady

Vera Moyle. She was notorious enough, in all conscience; his only hope lay in the fact that he himself had not known her by sight before that day. In vain he raised various objections; they were well met by his own previous arguments for the immediate reprieve of Alfred Croucher; and he feared to press them.

He knew only the name of the pawnbroker's street, but here the chauffeur's Cockney sharpness came in again, and they were pounding on the right shutters by half-past three. An up-stairs window flew alight, up went a sash, and out came an angry head.

"My name is Topham Vinson," said one of the swaddled men in a sepulchral voice. "I'm the Home Secretary, but I can't force you to come down and speak to me because of that. I can only make it more or less worth your while."

He was fishing for his sovereign case as he spoke. In another minute the private door had shut behind him and Dr. Dollar, and an obsequious sack of humanity shuffled before them into a sanctum still redolent of a somewhat highly seasoned meal.

"I remember having it in the thop," said the unkempt head protruding from the sack. "But I can't thay how it came here—that I can thwear in a court of juthtith, my lord! It'th a narthty, beathly thing, but I thwear it wath here when I took over the bithneth!"

"I don't care how or when it came here," said Topham Vinson, counting the sovereigns in the gold case attached to his watch-chain. "I want to know if you remember selling this 'life-preserver.'"

"Yeth, I do!"

"When?"

"It would be—let me thee—thometime lartht October or November."

"Do you remember who bought it?"

"Yeth—a young lady!"

Dollar breathed again. The man did not know her name; at first he was extremely shaky on the point of personal appearance. But the doctor assisted him by unscrupulously suggesting a number of marked characteristics which Lady Vera Moyle did not happen to possess. The man fell straight into the trap, recalled every imaginary feature, and finally earned big gold by quite convincingly connecting the sale of the "life-preserver" with the date of the great women's raid. Mr. Vinson looked very stern as he led the way out into the street; and it was he who sharply woke the little chauffeur, who was drooping heavily over his wheel.

"I like that lad," he muttered in the doctor's ear. "He does nothing by halves. No more do I! Do you mind dropping me first at Cavendish Square?"

Dollar gave the order, and they slid through the empty streets as if man and car were fresh from the garage. There was not a soul in Cavendish Square, or a light in any of the houses except the Home Secretary's. They had telephoned through from Stockersham after his departure, and the door opened as he emptied his remaining sovereigns into the chauffeur's hand, before taking Dollar's, with no lack of warmth.

"I can't ask you in this time," said Topham Vinson, smiling. "Apart from the hour, I've got to go straight to the telephone, get through to Pentonville, and spoil the Governor's night!"

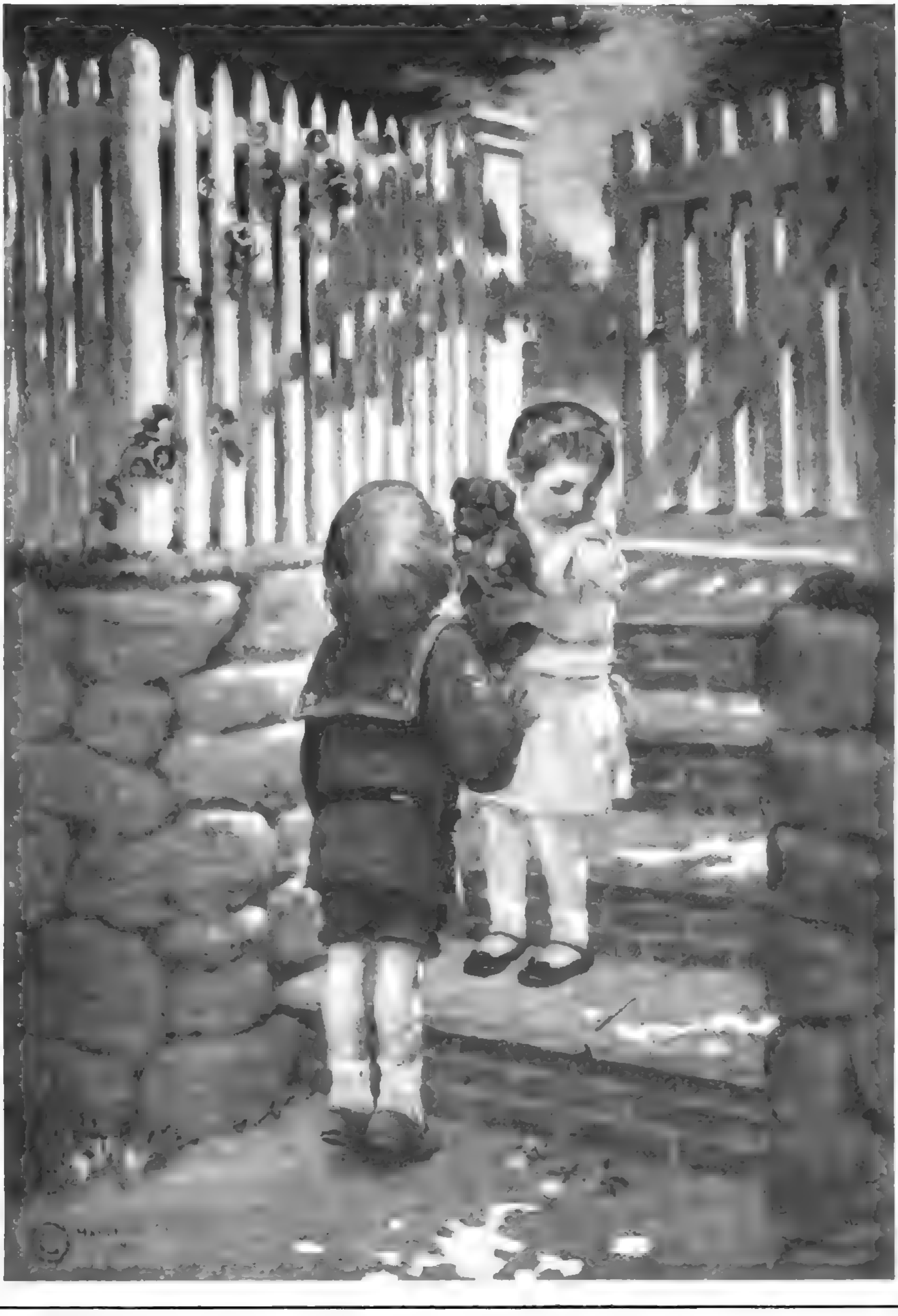
"Reprieved?" gasped the doctor. It was the one word that would come.

The Home Secretary nodded rather grimly, but he was smiling as he shut the door almost on the hand with which John Dollar would have seized his once more. There was a shooting of bolts inside.

Dollar turned slowly round, wondering if at last he could tell the little driver something about the night's enterprise in which he had played so heroic a part. There was no need. The driver had kept eyes and ears wide open—and collapsed once more over the wheel. This time it was not in sleep, but in a dead faint; and the driving goggles were all awry, the driver's hat had tumbled off, the driver's hair had broken bounds.

It was a girl's hair, and the girl was Lady Vera Moyle.

*Another "**Crime Doctor**" story will appear in the August number.*



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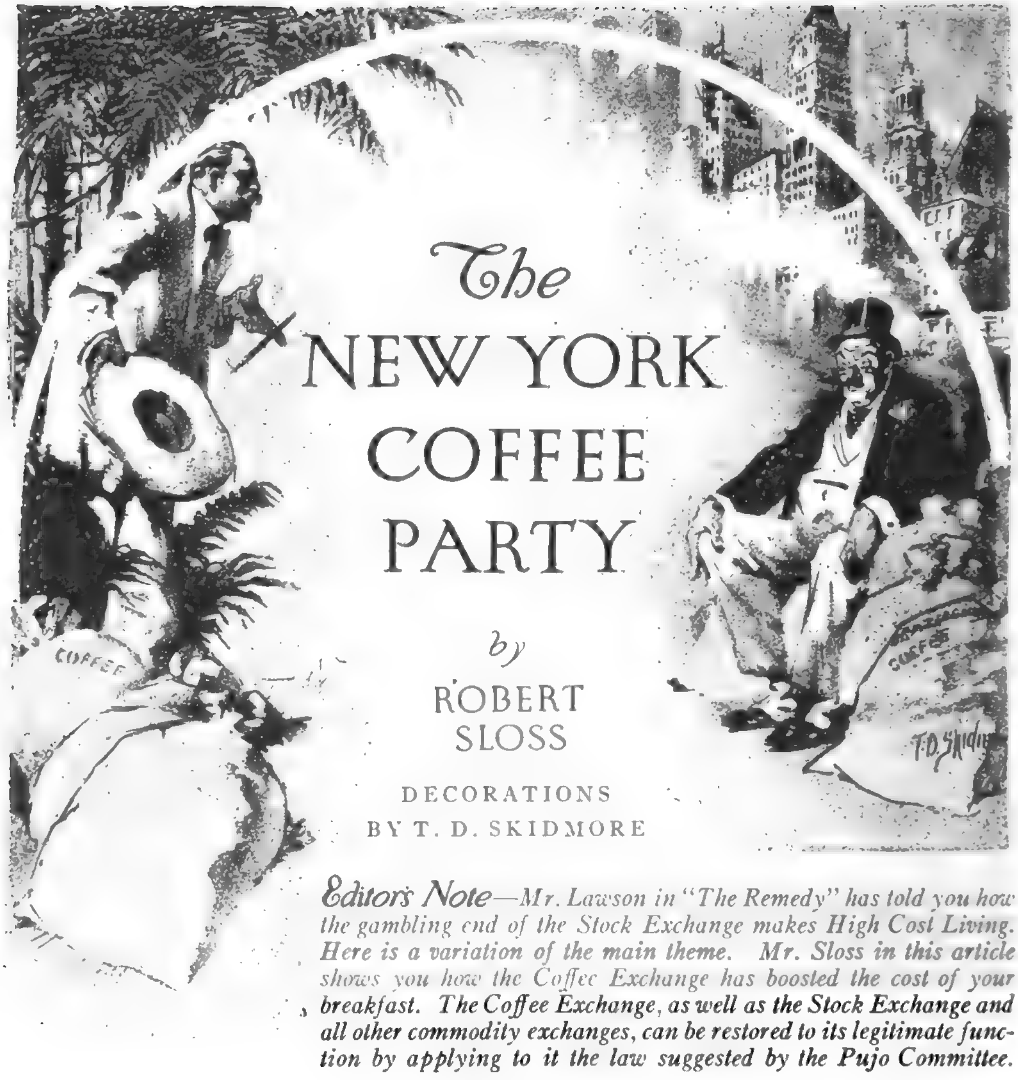
THE NEXT BEST THING

from a painting by

MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



The NEW YORK COFFEE PARTY

by
ROBERT SLOSS

DECORATIONS
BY T. D. SKIDMORE

Editor's Note—Mr. Lawson in "The Remedy" has told you how the gambling end of the Stock Exchange makes High Cost Living. Here is a variation of the main theme. Mr. Sloss in this article shows you how the Coffee Exchange has boosted the cost of your breakfast. ***The Coffee Exchange, as well as the Stock Exchange and all other commodity exchanges, can be restored to its legitimate function by applying to it the law suggested by the Pujo Committee.***

> If the United States makes a law that the merchant should not speculate, it decrees the merchant to be a shoemaker or a tailor, and shoemakers and tailors are not fit to make the country great.
> HERMANN SIELCKEN.

A SHOEMAKER, a tailor or two, perhaps, were in the crowd that kicked up the "Boston Tea Party" rumpus. Not Boston's first citizens—we are now told—but a lot of tavern loafers acted hastily on that occasion. Still, it is admitted that George III, by tacking a tax on tea, stirred a pretty pot of patriotism in this country—patriotism *against* the tax, although it was "such a little tax." It was strenuously opposed, on *principle*, by the American people.

Yes, the American People—shoemakers and tailors and all. Never mind the Boston affair. Before that, a shipload of tea, down in New Jersey, was chucked into the Delaware River. There isn't the shadow of a doubt that the young fellows who chucked it were of the best blood of the land—nor that the first families, all over the thirteen colonies, were giving "tea parties" at which tea was enthusiastically omitted—*on principle.*

And the principle was: *Pay no tax imposed without your consent, for the benefit of somebody else than the American people.*

That's still taught in the public schools. But some grown-ups may have forgotten it. It all happened about one hundred and forty years ago, and times have changed.

In the twentieth century, a tax has been put upon our coffee—a tax exactly the same in principle as the one we would not tolerate on our tea in the eighteenth century. Yet, for more than three years now, we have stood for this coffee tax. The joke of it is that what no foreign "tyrant" could do to us in the old days, has at last been "put over," entirely through the efforts of a little band of "patriotic" American citizens.

At least, they talk patriotically—especially their presiding genius, who defines himself and them as "merchants in the best sense." To him also we are indebted for the sweet sentiment at the head of this little narrative of speculation.

Of course there has always been speculation in coffee. Last year on the New York Coffee Exchange the "sales" amounted to 22,523,250 bags of 133 pounds each. Only 247,500 bags actually were transferred from seller to buyer.

So all but a few hundred thousand sales were mere gambling transactions.

Mr. Sielcken will tell you that you ought not to object to the tax this gambling puts on coffee, because it is "such a little tax"—about one-fifth of a cent on each cup. If we continue to pay that till the end of this year, it will have cleaned up from our tables enough to pay for our annual pension roll. But not one cent of this tax is being spent for the benefit of the American people.

Some of it goes to benefit Brazilian governments. More goes to benefit an international syndicate of bankers. The rest is the reward of the patriotic merchants who impose this tax on the American people.

Now, don't get excited. Don't disguise yourselves as Indians and throw shiploads of Brazilian coffee into the harbor.

Back in 1909, it was formally proposed by Brazil and the bankers and merchants aforesaid, to dump a tenth of the Santos coffee crop into the sea, and they would all now be tickled to death to have you do that for them at any time: it would simply raise the price by diminishing the supply.

Last year, "by due process of law," the Attorney-General tried to seize about as much Santos coffee as would comfortably load the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*. His idea was to sell it to you at public auction. He failed. Later we shall see why.

Don't blame Brazil, either—even though for the past three years you've been helping to pay a big share of her federal taxes, enabling her to build battleships and to buy a better aeroplane fleet than we can afford. Brazil didn't make you pay that extra fifth of a cent on your coffee.

This article is to tell you who did make you pay—who will continue to make you pay, unless YOU wake up.

"As a merchant, I wish to state," says Hermann Sielcken, "that nobody is responsible for the advance of the market except the weather clerk, and I think he is entirely out of reach of the Attorney-General." So we must see about the weather clerk.

Ever drink Rio No. 7 coffee? That's the lowest grade Brazil officially allows to be exported. Its wholesale price on the New York Coffee Exchange is the basis for all coffee prices. Selling Rio No. 7 roasted and done up in neatly lithographed pound-packages was the specialty of two large American concerns before the beginning of this century. Consider, therefore, the following:

Figures of the Coffee Exchange of the City of New York

COFFEE CROPS				SUPPLY AND PRICES ON JULY 1.			
Year	Total Brazil, Rio & Santos	All Others	Total for World	Total World's Visible Supply *	Spot Price Rio No. 7 on N.Y. Exchange	Lowest Roasted at Retail	July 1.
1898-9	8,771,000 bags	4,985,000 bags	13,756,000 bags	6,200,013 bags	6¼c	15c	1899
1902-3	12,324,000 bags	4,340,000 bags	16,664,000 bags	11,900,000 bags	5 3/16c	11c	1903
1911-12	12,491,000 bags	4,918,000 bags	17,409,000 bags	11,048,311 bags	14¾c	22c	1912

*World's visible supply includes only the coffee ready for distribution in the market.

AT BOSTON, IN 1773, A PRETTY POT OF TEA WAS BREWED.

It doesn't look as if that elusive weather clerk were so directly responsible for prices in any particular year, does it? Midway between harvesting seasons stands July 1. Theoretically, on that date the price of coffee on the Exchange should reflect pretty closely the size of the last crop and the amount of coffee known to be on hand for distribution in the world. Yet you will notice that it is impossible to figure out any constant relation between prices, the size of the crop, and the world's visible supply for the years cited. For instance, production in 1911-12 was almost a million bags greater than in 1902-3. But at the close of the larger-crop year, with the "world's visible" almost identical, the wholesale price of coffee was nearly three times as high and the retail price twice as high as at the close of the smaller-crop year.

That's all due to the "law of supply and demand," Mr. Sielcken and the merchants will tell you. Of course, the world drinks more coffee, just about four million bags more than it drank ten years ago. But the world doesn't yet *demand* more coffee than is grown in the world. Better take a Brazilian estimate on that. (You can bank on Brazil's keeping closer tabs on the coffee situation than does your own Government.) Experts down there have figured out that the demand for coffee in the world will not exceed production till 1915. So, whatever the weather clerk may have done, he hasn't yet failed to turn out more coffee than we actually want.

Again, notice that on July 1, 1899, the roasters and retailers of those two cheapest brands of Rio No. 7 were apparently cleaning up a gross profit of nearly nine cents a pound, over and above the wholesale price of the green berries. On July 1, 1903, they seemed content with a profit of less than six cents a pound. On July 1, 1912, you were paying a profit of more than seven cents a pound to the same roasters and retailers for the same service. A cent a pound advance on fifteen thousand bags of coffee —one day's drinking for the United States —means almost twenty thousand dollars more in the till. These two well-advertised cheap brands of package coffee are put out by two of the largest and most progressive roasters in the country. Can you figure out what the weather clerk had to do with the fluctuations in their profits?

More coffee in the world than the world wants to drink.

Cost of roasting, wrapping, etc., reduced by machinery.

Price of low grade coffee up one hundred per cent. in the grocery in ten years.

Where's the trouble?

Wise and successful merchants will tell you that the system of "distribution" of all the things you need has necessarily grown more complex and expensive in ten years. You can't expect to buy your coffee by parcels post direct from the planter in Porto Rico or the Philippines, even if the production in those islands were considerable.

It might have been possible for you to do that very thing, if you had put your Department of Agriculture on the job ten years ago, to encourage coffee-planting in our island possessions. The Philippines are perfectly capable of producing all the good coffee the American people want to drink. That may be done some day—but not till at least five years *after* you wake up. It takes that long for a coffee plant to bear.

BRAZIL HAS TRAINED US TO DEMAND HER COFFEE

As it is, we have formed the habit of importing nearly five times as much coffee from Brazil as we do from all the rest of the world. That's partly because Brazil's supply has been abundant and cheap, relative to others which are meager and dear, and partly because our national taste has learned to like the strong Brazilian coffees either straight or blended with the milder growths preferred in Europe. Thus we have been buying more than half of Brazil's coffee, and under the stimulus of our being her best customer she has been raising 85 per cent. of the world's coffee during this century.

You see, as a nation, we are rather "up against" Brazilian coffee, since our neighbor's crop occupies the position economically of controlling the American market, and through it—since we drink as much coffee as all the rest of the world—of controlling the markets of the world. It is well worth your while, therefore, to make a little list of all the factors that enter into the distribution of Brazilian coffee. It will help you to understand why you are paying twice as much as you did ten years ago for Brazil's lowest export grade.

Here is your list: The Brazilian Planter—the Commissario—the Brazilian Railroads—the Exchanges, Brokers, and Exporters at Brazilian ports—Brazilian Governments—the Steamship Lines from Brazil to New York—the Importers, Jobbers, and Brokers that do business on and around the New York Coffee Exchange—the New York Dock Company and other warehousing companies—the New York Forwarding Agents—the American Railroads, Roasters, and Retailers—and *Hermann Sielcken.*

But the factors of distribution to-day are neither more nor less numerous and complex than they were ten years ago. *All put together do not account for a one hundred per cent. advance on coffee in the grocery*—until you appreciate the versatile part played by that last factor—Hermann Sielcken.

Before the dawn of this century, Arbuckle Brothers had made themselves famous through a brand of good cheap coffee which sold for about fifteen cents a pound in the grocery. In connection with their coffee business they had also worked up a trade for sugar packed in small bags. They bought the sugar from the Havemeyers, in barrels, and repacked it themselves. This meant a heavy loss on the cost of the barrels. One day the Arbuckles, as large customers, asked the Havemeyers to save them this barrel waste by putting up their sugar in the refinery in bags ready for the market. The Havemeyers refused this request—rather unpleasantly. The Arbuckles promptly built a sugar refinery of their own.

Then the Havemeyers as promptly bought the Woolson Spice Company, which had excellent facilities for roasting and retailing coffee. The Havemeyers didn't know the coffee business. So they employed as buyers a firm that did know — Crossman & Sielcken. This firm was powerful in the New York wholesale coffee market. Al-

ready they had demonstrated their ability to "hammer hell out of it."

In 1900, with Havemeyer money behind them, their skill in forcing down prices on the New York Coffee Exchange proved them the best possible buyers for the Woolson Spice Company, who required a large supply of cheap coffee for the brand with which they proceeded to cut the price of Arbuckles'. The Arbuckles met the cut and retaliated by cutting the Havemeyers' price for sugar.

Those were pleasant days for the consumer, but you see that "the law of supply and demand" had very little to do with the fact that you could buy a pound of Rio No. 7, roasted, for eleven cents in 1903.

It would be "un-American" to expect "merchants in the best sense" to go on thus casting profits to the winds. It was rumored that thrifty Standard Oil was hovering around, hoping to absorb both combatants.

Suddenly, in 1905, the Arbuckles ceased selling cheap sugar. The Havemeyers sold out the Woolson Spice Company to Crossman & Sielcken. The war was over. The price of Rio No. 7 in the grocery became "normal." Roasters and retailers resumed unmolested the division of more than one hundred per cent. gross profits.

Ten years before the Arbuckle-Havemeyer fight, there had been an actual shortage of coffee in the world. 'Way back in 1894, the wholesale price of Rio No. 7 was 16½ cents a pound. Planters of Rio coffee were getting rich. Seeing this, the people of Sao Paulo, who had previously raised little coffee, started in. (All their coffee is known to the trade as Santos.) The weather clerk was kind to them, and in a few years they began to harvest over twice as much coffee as all the rest of the world.

The only trouble was that the market dropped steadily down to 5 cents a pound by 1903. A lot of the planters of Rio coffee who were used to prosperity, quit, and went into other lines. Not so the Sao Paulans. They went right on making Santos coffee a drug on the market. They also began deviling their state government to furnish them with prosperity. At last the government promised to buy the next Santos crop from the planters direct and to pay nearly a cent a pound above the market for it.

That was the beginning of VALORIZATION—"Brazil's Coffee Corner," the newspapers call it. But "valorization" is merely the term applied to the Brazilian government's paternal effort to help the coffee planter, by buying his entire crop at a price slightly above the normal market.

You may have read, last January, that it had "come to an end" so far as this country is concerned.

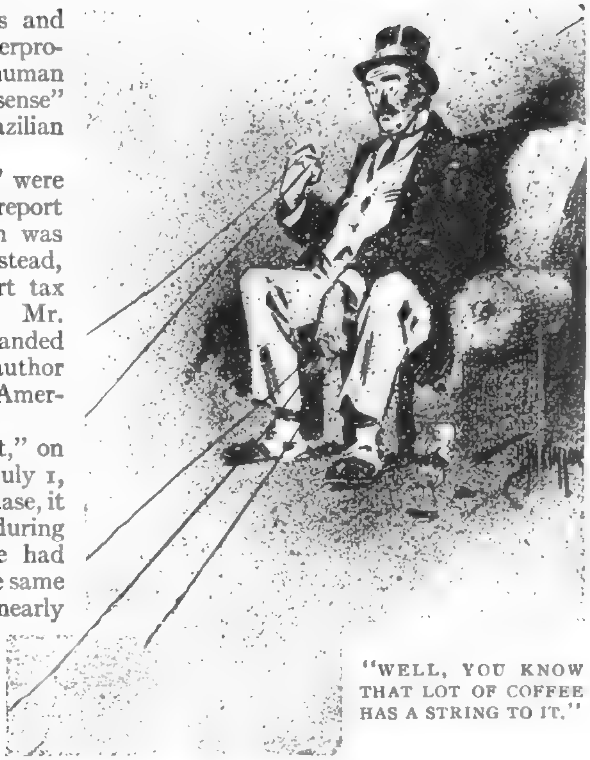
A "corner," says the dictionary, is "the condition of the market with respect to a commodity that has been largely bought up with a view to monopoly." Sao Paulo did buy, before the end of 1907, about 10,000,000 bags of coffee at a price above the market, as promised. Crossman & Sielcken, Arbuckle Brothers, and a number of other merchants lent the state the money.

Why? Oh well, it wasn't a bad financial proposition, and then it might be useful later on. But you have the word of these reputable merchants that there was no "view to monopoly." Valorization, they said, means "equalization," not "corner." Sao Paulo merely wanted to see the market go above 7 cents, so that her planters "could live"—just as a former Secretary of the Treasury wanted to "help the price of

silver" by buying it from our miners and holding it in the Treasury till "overproduction should cease." It was human nature that "merchants in the best sense" should lend a hand to benefit Brazilian planters.

The "merchants in the best sense" were annoyed, therefore, when a consular report from Santos stated that Valorization was not benefiting the planters at all! Instead, they were saddled with a new export tax to help repay the merchants' loan. Mr. Sielcken was so vexed that he demanded of Secretary Root the removal of the author of the report, in the interest of Pan-Americanism.

As for "the condition of the market," on July 1, 1908, it stood at 6¼ cents. July 1, 1906, a year before Sao Paulo's purchase, it had stood at 7 15-16 cents. Thus, during two years of valorization, the price had dropped over a cent and a half. In the same two years the world had harvested nearly 40,000,000 bags of coffee, and Sao Paulo had purchased less than a fourth of it. Her withholdings hadn't added a jot to the price of coffee in your grocery.



"WELL, YOU KNOW THAT LOT OF COFFEE HAS A STRING TO IT."

Nobody regarded Valorization as a corner in 1908. The world's political economists and financiers were laughing at Sao Paulo's scheme. It hadn't prevented the market from going down below the point at which she said her planters "could live."

You would hardly expect, therefore, to find—after the benevolent merchants had finished lending Sao Paulo upward of $80,000,000, after she had purchased and held her coffee for over a year without "helping the price" at all, while the market was the lowest since the purchase, while there was not the slightest prospect that "overproduction would cease" in Brazil, and while the government itself was going bankrupt—to find an international syndicate of very shrewd financiers formed to lend Sao Paulo $75,000,000 more for ten years on a new bond issue. This second benevolence actually took place on December 10, 1908.

On that date, Sao Paulo's purchased coffee, which had never given her the suspicion of a monopoly in the market, passed out of her possession and control. The fate of Valorization was placed entirely in the hands of seven men—the Valorization Committee. To them Sao Paulo turned over 6,994,420 bags of Santos coffee. The state itself had sold the rest of the original purchase.

During the four years in which these seven men have controlled this stock of coffee, the world's crops have totaled just 67,976,000 bags. And if you can show how the mere holding of about a tenth as much coffee as was grown in that period gave the *Valorization Committee* a Coffee Corner, you are more skilful than was your Attorney-General.

Neither Brazil nor the Committee ever bought any more coffee. On the contrary, the Committee has sold in four years more than half its stock—and thereby "liquidated" the entire $75,000,000 Sao Paulo loan and all its expenses, on half the collateral, in less than half the time agreed upon, and has still left "to the good" more than 3,000,000 bags of coffee worth more than $58,000,000. The Committee agreed to guarantee Sao Paulo about eight cents a pound.

Now we will see what the Committee actually got for this coffee by a system of restrictive sales and exchange manipulation.

On November 1, 1908, of that year, just before the Committee took charge of affairs, the market stood at 6½ cents. On November

1, 1911, it was 15¾ cents—*a rise of almost 150% in three years* in the cost of raw coffee. From that day to March, 1913, the market never failed to show an advance of at least 100% over November, 1908. During the past two months, the market has been "easier"—but never less than 70% higher than in November, 1908.

Yet the Valorization Committee says it has done nothing to affect the market, *except sell coffee.*

The way to corner a market is to buy. Joseph used that method most successfully down in Egypt—but Joseph had inside information from the weather clerk. "The market conditions depend upon crops," reiterates Mr. Sielcken; "the small crop reaps a higher price in itself."

Indeed, in August, 1906, when Sao Paulo besought Mr. Sielcken to finance Valorization for her, he said:

"Until I know what the next crop is, it will be impossible for me to take a hand in it."

We know what the next crop was. You can see for yourself that the seven years of Valorization have been by no means "lean years" in coffee production:

World's Coffee production for the seven crop-years to July 1, 1906		110,523,000 bags
Wholesale market price at close of period	**7 15-16c**	
World's production for seven years ending July 1, 1913. Present year, estimated same as 1911-12		124,033,000 bags
Excess of production of past seven years over preceding		13,510,000 bags
Deduct:		
Increase in world's consumption during latter period — 400,000 bags yearly	2,800,000	
Quantity still unsold by the Valorization Committee	3,100,000	
Total deductions		5,900,000 bags
Net excess available for distribution during latter period		7,610,000 bags
Wholesale market price Feb. 1, 1913	**13½c**	

You can see also that during the four years of "liquidation" by the Valorization Committee, the crops even in Brazil alone were greater, year for year, than during the four years just before Sao Paulo's purchase.

RIO AND SANTOS COFFEE CROPS

	BAGS	PRICES JULY 1 FOR RIO NO. 7	
1902-3	12,324,000	1903	5 3-16
1903-4	10,408,000	1904	7⅛
1904-5	9,968,000	1905	7¾
1905-6	10,227,000	1906	7 15-16
1908-9	12,419,000	1909	7¾
1909-10	14,944,000	1910	8⅝
1910-11	10,548,000	1911	13⅛
1911-12	12,491,000	1912	14¾

So, since we have failed, like our former Attorney-General, to fix the responsibility for that 100% rise in coffee prices on Brazil or on the Valorization Committee or even on the weather clerk, we'll have to fall back on—Hermann Sielcken.

It was quite natural, of course, for the Valorization Committee to look for a favorable market on which to "liquidate." As that market almost immediately appeared on the New York Coffee Exchange, it was natural that the Committee should at first "allot," at each annual sale, as much coffee to the United States as it alloted to all the rest of the world.

Nor is it strange that Mr. Sielcken, the one American member, had no difficulty, at New York, on a steadily rising market, in dispos-

ing of much more coffee than was sold abroad.

Note the quantities actually sold:

SALES OF VALORIZATION COFFEE BY THE COMMITTEE

YEAR	IN U. S. BAGS	IN EUROPE BAGS	RULING PRICE FOR RIO NO. 7 IN N. Y. MARKET
1909	250,000	250,000	8⅞
1910	300,000	300,000	8 11-16
1911	800,000	400,000	13½
1912	350,000	350,000	14½
1913	913,000	300,000	13⅞
	2,613,000	1 600,000	

Mr. Sielcken's excellent salesmanship has induced us to buy nearly twice as much Valorization coffee as all the rest of the world. You will observe, too, that in 1911, after the market on the New York Coffee Exchange had achieved its remarkable 150% rise in three years, the Committee used its "discretion" to sell double the regular quantity for that year. The official "allotment" was 600,000 bags to America, but 200,000 bags that failed to sell in Europe were brought to New York, and there also sold by Mr. Sielcken.

Just after those 200,000 bags were brought to New York a large jobber met a roaster who had bought 25,000 of them.

"Will you take a quarter of a cent a pound more than you paid for that coffee?" asked the Jobber. He wanted it for delivery on the Exchange.

"Well, you know that lot of coffee has a string to it," said the Roaster.

"Never mind about any strings; will you take a quarter advance for it?" persisted the Jobber. "You'll make exactly $8,250—you won't clean up that much, if you roast it and market it."

"I'll tell you," said the Roaster; "you be in Delmonico's at lunch around noon tomorrow, and I'll come in and drop over at your table and give you an answer."

Next day the Jobber was lunching per agreement. The Roaster appeared, strolled indifferently to the bar, ordered a drink, turned casually, and glanced about the room. He caught the eye of the Jobber, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, shook his head.

COFFEE
MARKET

What was this talk about "strings"? Why was so much secrecy required of the purchasers of Valorization coffee—to all of whom, according to Mr. Sielcken, the coffee was "legally sold and properly sold"?

The American coffee trade was given distinctly to understand that *Valorization coffee, when purchased, was not deliverable on the New York Coffee Fxchange.* Furthermore, only certain merchants were "invited" by Mr. Sielcken to the official sale. Uninvited merchants found that they could not buy Valorization coffee even with certified check.

The purpose of the Committee, it was explained, was to pass Valorization coffee directly to the roasters, so that it would go by the shortest route to your table. Jobbers would be likely to interfere with its distribution, by "speculating" with it on the Exchange. In January, 1910, a second annual sale was announced by the Committee, and the American end of it was conducted under precisely the same conditions by Mr. Sielcken in New York.

Don't run away with the idea that these sales caused higher coffee prices. Your Government would have to agree with the Committee and Mr. Sielcken that their preventing "speculation" in Valorization coffee was entirely commendable and should tend to reduce prices to you by cutting out several steps in distribution. Up to the end of 1910, Mr. Sielcken had sold officially but 750,000 bags of Valorization coffee. Keeping these off the Exchange could not have inflated prices, as Brazil's crops had shown an increase of 4,000,000 bags in the two years. Yet, on January 2, 1909, the market on the New York Coffee Exchange stood at 6⅝ cents; on January 2, 1911, at 13½ cents. And prices to you in the grocery were the highest in twenty years.

It will illuminate the situation for you to know that, from the moment the junior partner of Crossman & Sielcken entered the innermost councils of Valorization, in 1906, his firm ceased forever to "hammer hell" out of the New York coffee market. They became rampant bulls on the Exchange. Arbuckle Brothers, among the first merchants "in on" the original Sao Paulo loan,

THE ROASTER GLANCED ABOUT THE ROOM, CAUGHT THE
SHOOK HIS HEAD. WHY WAS

followed suit. The combined efforts of these merchants did not bear fruit till after the Committee had begun work. Then what became well recognized as the Sielcken-Arbuckle Ring on the New York Coffee Exchange began to bid and buy in a way that had a distinct "view to monopoly."

Note a second illuminating fact. By January, 1910, there had been sold by Mr. Sielcken 750,000 bags of Valorization coffee in America, and presumably it had gone by the quickest route to your table. We drink more coffee than that in two months. Yet six months and more after the official sale there were being offered in the New York coffee market—not on the Exchange, but in "the Street"—various lots of Valorization coffee.

Any jobber or broker could buy them, provided he would agree to ship his purchase out of New York or guarantee its non-delivery on the Exchange in perpetuity. Such sales were easily traceable to their original sources—Crossman & Sielcken and Arbuckle Brothers. The latter firm exacted the restriction by written contract.

In numerous instances it sought to enforce such contracts by refusing to relinquish coffee which other people had bought and paid for, but which was still actually in the Arbuckle warehouse. During 1910 these practises were formally brought to the attention of the New York Coffee Exchange—and suddenly ignored by it.

So the restricted sales in the New York coffee market went merrily on. By the end of 1910 more so-called Valorization coffee had thus been sold than had originally been officially offered by Mr. Sielcken at both the regular annual sales by invitation. In fact, there was very little unrestricted coffee of any kind to be had in the Street. It was almost impossible to get any on the Exchange, where the ring was buying about everything in sight, and all the coffee they bought was for sale subsequently only under the same restrictions as governed Valorization coffee.

Thus was effected an artificial scarcity of coffee on the Exchange, that kept boosting prices without reference to the world's visible supply.

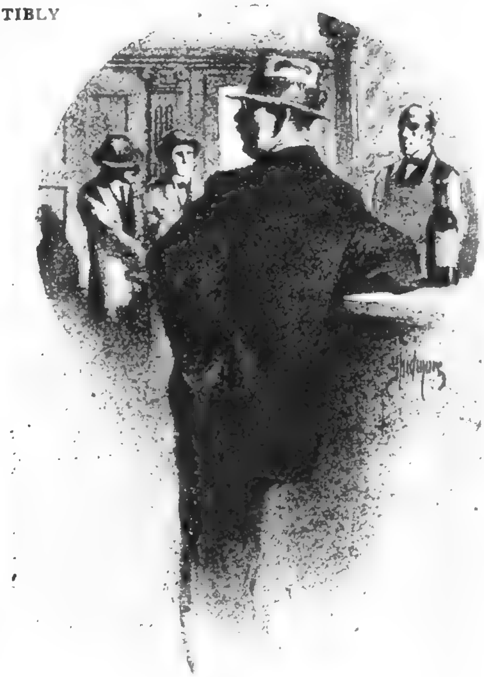
Such was the "condition of the market" at the beginning of 1911, when there came into it a young man named Burroughs. He had grown up in the organization of Lewissohn Brothers. For years they had been the largest importers of Brazilian coffee, but by the tactics of the ring they had been driven to trading chiefly in "Eastern" and "mild" coffees, none of which is grown in Brazil.

Burroughs was young, but no amateur. He knew conditions in the coffee trade for ten years back. From time to time he had successfully interfered with the grip that the Sielcken-Arbuckle ring had been acquiring on the Exchange. He had done so from the main office of his firm, to their distinct advantage. Now he was sent down to the Street to do the actual trading.

Burroughs was shrewd, but unusually straightforward. Most of the traders, trying to do business under the new conditions imposed on the market by the ring, made a fist in their pockets, while they either knuckled under or got out. Burroughs struck from the shoulder for "straight business."

It was no time before he ran into an offer of restricted coffee. The seller began to explain why. "Never mind why," said Burroughs; "and I'll tell you right now that no one in this Street can sell me any coffee

EYE OF THE JOBBER, AND ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY SO MUCH SECRECY REQUIRED?



with a string to it—and if any one does without my knowing it, I'll promise you it'll be slapped back on the Exchange."

The Street soon found that Burroughs wasn't bluffing. He bought a lot of Eastern coffee. When he attempted to deliver it on the Exchange, he was informed that it was restricted—though it couldn't possibly ever have had anything to do with Valorization. Burroughs demanded his property, and it turned out to be in the Arbuckle warehouse. Arbuckle Brothers refused to give it up till Burroughs called on the seller with his lawyer.

Burroughs bought another lot of coffee, and when he tried to deliver it on the Exchange, the seller refused to relinquish it. "Are you or are you not going to let me have my coffee?" asked Burroughs. "I'll have to see Crossman & Sielcken, and let you know to-morrow," was the reply. On the morrow the coffee was delivered.

That was enough—and there was much more—to develop opposition to Burroughs. Opposition merely made him fight. He finally got hold of about a million dollars' worth of so-called Valorization coffee through a roaster in Richmond, Va., and promptly slapped it on the Exchange, while Arbuckle Brothers and their crowd were in a furor of bidding up the price. This time the sale was swallowed without a word—Arbuckle Brothers and Crossman & Sielcken taking half and half of the deliveries.

But Burroughs found that it was being made difficult for him to do business through the Exchange at all. When he needed a few bags of coffee to replace damaged ones in some shipment that he wished to deliver, he could not get them, though plenty of the kind of coffee required was known to be in New York. He was interfered with in petty ways, while communicating with his brokers in the smoking-room of the Exchange, although he was there as the guest of a member. He had put the banking transactions for that Richmond deal through the Guaranty Trust Company. An officer of the Trust Company sent for him and made it clear to him that he must not put any more such transactions through his bank. Burroughs learned a lot about Big Business and interlocking directorates in 1911.

Before this, some roasters who had never been "invited" to any sort of Valorization sale, and who found that the high market had doubled their cost of doing business and cut their profits, got Representative Norris (now Senator), of Nebraska, to poke up the trust-busting Department of Justice.

Four different members of that Department had studied conditions in the New York Coffee market before the fall of 1911. They were told all that has been told here and much more. Importers, jobbers, and roasters spent days with them—especially Burroughs. He gave them some of the written contracts under which restricted sales had been made. He offered to have various lots of restricted coffee purchased for them under similar contracts, in such a way that the goods would enter into interstate commerce, and so that the origin of the restriction could be traced to Crossman & Sielcken or Arbuckle Brothers.

The investigators mused on the Sherman Law, and expressed satisfaction. The case against the ring looked simple.

"You know," said Burroughs, "nobody has any idea who got any of the last 'official' sale of six hundred thousand bags this year. In this little street an ordinary trader can't sell even fifty bags without the price and all the details leaking out and becoming common knowledge in twenty-four hours. The theory here is that Crossman & Sielcken and Arbuckle Brothers took care of that whole lot between them, and have been feeding it out under restrictions to suit themselves. You see, since you've been investigating down here, the Valorization Committee has publicly announced the removal of all restrictions on its so-called public sales. So the game is being worked under cover."

The Government investigators smiled knowingly. "Wait," they said; "when the proper and exactly psychological moment arrives, the Department of Justice will swoop down here and say to Crossman & Sielcken and Arbuckle Brothers, 'Show us your books'." So Burroughs and the independent jobbers and roasters in New York waited.

THE "END" OF VALORIZATION

In Chicago, during November, 1911, the newly formed National Coffee Roasters' Traffic and Pure Food Association held its first convention, while the wholesale market was flaring up to sixteen cents. The main incentive to this association had been the continued "unnatural high price of coffee." In the opening sessions a strong feeling was manifested against it. A large roaster named Webb, in a fiery speech, arraigned Valorization. He called upon the association to demand action. A resolution finally passed, calling upon the Department of Justice.

A couple of days later, as the convention sat down to its final dinner, there was a buzz of excitement when Hermann Sielcken took his place upon the dais as the guest of honor. He came unannounced and unexpected, and almost to this day it has been a question in the Association who was to "blame" for inviting him. The President introduced him as his "best friend on earth," and Mr. Sielcken in a lengthy speech explained the history and harmlessness of Valorization. He referred to his sale of those six hundred thousand bags that year, and said: "The Attorney General wanted to know the names of our buyers in detail, and I said, 'No, the names of our buyers are not ours to give; that is a secret.' "

Then, assuring the convention that the Valorization Committee "will not try to break the market at the expense of the Brazil planter," Mr. Sielcken departed to join his Committee in London. Thence, in January, 1912, was cabled the announcement of its fourth annual coffee offering, and the news that half of it had already been "taken" in America.

Nevertheless, in January the market remained high and firm at New York. Independent jobbers and roasters couldn't get coffee. They had grown weary of waiting, and some of them had failed. Even Burroughs had quit. He had shown his firm that more capital would be required in their coffee business to go on fighting conditions. He was already handling millions. "Well, Burroughs," he was told, "if things are as bad as that, the best thing for us is to get out of the market." And they did. And thus was removed the last thorn in the side of the Sielcken-Arbuckle ring.

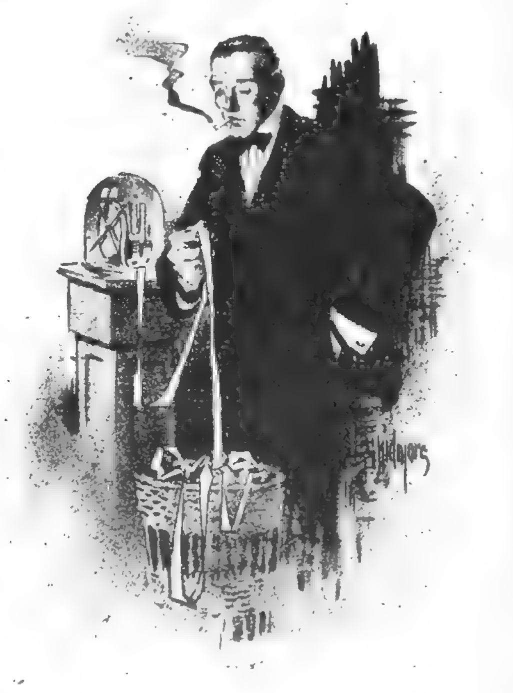
"The end of Valorization in this country" came quickly. In May, 1912, the Attorney-General sued the Committee for "conspiracy" under the Sherman Law. He asked the court's permission to seize and sell nine hundred thousand bags of Valorization coffee then in Mr. Sielcken's custody in New York. Mr. Sielcken was the only defendant within the jurisdiction of the court, and the court refused to enjoin him from removing the coffee in question, pending trial. Mr. Sielcken courteously assured the Attorney-General that the coffee would not be removed, stating also that the Government had considerably overestimated the quantity. Court adjourned for the summer.

The retiring Attorney-General said that he might have sold those nine hundred thousand bags to us on the open market, if the law had allowed him to seize first and argue afterward. Senator Norris of Nebraska promptly presented the necessary amendment. Despite the fact that the New York Coffee Exchange called a meeting and appointed a delegation to go to Washington to lobby against the amendment, it became a law.

The year 1913 arrived with coffee at 13⅞ cents, wholesale, in New York. No more had been heard of the Government suit. Brazil had assured the State Department, it was said, that those nine hundred thousand bags would be sold in a manner satisfactory to us. Suddenly, on January 15, came the cable from the Valorization Committee in London that 913,000 bags of Valorization coffee had already been disposed of through Mr. Sielcken's salesmanship in New York. As usual, the names of the buyers, the price paid, and the terms of sale remained "a secret."

The newly appointed Attorney-General, last April, discontinued the futile Government suit, upon *assurances from Brazil* that the sale of the 913,000 bags of Valorization coffee last January was to *bona-fide purchasers!*

Still—there is much to learn about coffee sales in this country, and the new Attorney-General will need something more than assurances from Brazil to enable him to penetrate the exclusive circle of the New York Coffee Party, and to find out why the sale of ten million dollars' worth of coffee last January did not cause a substantial break in the market, and why the roasters are still daring each other to raise prices to you.



Perhaps you can see now how even "a shoemaker or a tailor" might speculate if he could sell his goods "with a string to them." Perhaps you see how that tax of one-fifth of a cent a cup has been put on your coffee—not by Valorization, but under the cloak of Valorization. In this way:

In addition to the Valorization coffee that was restricted originally to prevent its delivery on the Exchange, Hermann Sielcken and his associates bought all the coffee offered in the open market and tied it up in the same manner. Then these same men fed out their holdings secretly, at the artificially inflated prices of the Exchange, which prices had been factitiously made by the scarcity of coffee on the Exchange—which scarcity they themselves had caused by restrictive sales. Read this over again, for it gives the situation in a nutshell.

Mr Sielcken and associates have perfected a corner that can't lose.

Down in Brazil, when the government finds it can collect a tax from its planters, the tax is never taken off. Up in New York, your coffee tax will never be taken off while the "benefits of Valorization" are so clearly understood by Mr. Sielcken, by Arbuckle Brothers, and by their friends in the National Coffee Roasters' Association and the New York Coffee Exchange.

Perhaps you even see that if Mr. Sielcken and his friends had gone around in 1773 instead of 1913, telling the American people that it was "very un-American" not to want to pay this coffee tax—they would have been tarred and feathered by a lot of shoemakers and tailors and drummed out of the country as Tories.

But Twentieth Century taxes needn't be dealt with on Eighteenth Century lines, if we will only learn how to use the "representation" that tar and feathers helped to gain for us long ago.

Tell the Government WHAT you want done and HOW you want it done. Tell your congressman and senators that you will not have the public coffee market of America—where prices are made for you and the world — prostituted to private interests.

Tell them you want the New York Coffee Exchange taken from the control of "merchants in the best sense" and given into YOUR control.

Let it be incorporated under Federal law and curbed as the Pujo Committee wants to curb all exchanges. Then ordinary merchants, even shoemakers and tailors, can do business on the Exchange without reproach.

Then ninety-nine per cent of the transactions will not be pure gambling.

YOU have the Big Stick. Use it.

The PROMISED LAND

by

LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. E. CHAMBERS

"AIN'T she a peach fresh from the orchard?" The superintendent nudged Frank Norris. "She won't be here long! One of you youngsters will coax her into a four-room flat and have her cooking hubby's oatmeal on the patent folding stove, before snow flies. Show her the machine, and give her the usual line of talk about keeping her mind on her work. Then go to the boss. He's fretting about some things the delegate told him this morning."

Down a dirty aisle, between swift-fingered girls silenced by the roar of wheels and the smooth, low hiss of metal in process of polishing, the young foreman led Mary Lawson to a contrivance upon which a brassy dust had been thickening ever since its former operator had gone home with "lungs."

"You slip the spool in here," Frank explained, amused by the sparkle of her hazel eyes at sight of her new toy. "This bucket holds the slush. Keep the stuff running evenly over the burnishing disk. If you don't, the brass will go hot, and streak. This is the only lever you have to touch. A pull to start, and a push to stop. Easy, isn't it?"

"Do I get eight dollars a week just for that?" asked Mary, in high astonishment. "Why, I can do it with my eyes shut!"

"That's the worst fault of the machine." Frank was earnest. "Some workers run it that way, and the cog-wheels catch their aprons. See it happen once and you'll not try the trick! This is hard work because it's so easy." He noticed the blankness of her face. "You've never worked in a factory before! Where do you hail from?"

"Over Durham's Ridge."

"That's where the boss lives, and the other swells. Are you a swell, dabbling in sociology? Going to write up us slums?"

"I don't know what you mean." The girl groped painfully through his words. "Father's farm is on the turnpike half a mile beyond Mr. Grinberg's. We deal in milk and butter, but not in soci—soci—what did you call it?"

"Milk and butter!" The foreman's amazement grew. "What on earth are you doing in the New Jersey Brass Fittings?"

"The inspectors killed twelve of our cows last week," the girl explained. "They said they were sick. The state will pay father less than half the cost of replacing the herd; so I must help out. In nine weeks I can earn a whole cow, a grade Holstein from Syracuse! Father borrowed five hundred dollars to buy those animals. He hoped to pay off the mortgage with his chestnut-trees. But now the blight has got into the wood lot, and nobody will buy. I guess I'll be with you a couple of years!"

"Lord! What a come-down!" Frank's gray eyes overflowed with sympathy. "I hate to see a country girl messing around belts and greasy rollers and brass filings with a lot of foreigners!"

"So father said," commented Mary, as she slipped on a long, stiff apron and rolled up her sleeves, baring two plump, berry-brown forearms. "Maybe it will be fun for a while, though."

"Well, make the best of it! Half an hour for lunch, when the whistle blows. So long!"

He entered Mr. Grinberg's office, where the employer talked of the walking delegate and all that his visit meant: underpaid machinists, malcontents, ambitious labor leaders, the irksome employers' liability act, the growing cost of production—an ancient tragedy which has enjoyed an unprecedented run in all the cities of this country.

To the last curtain Frank knew its lines by heart. His father, a puddler, had followed for forty years the column of foundry smoke by day and the smelters' pillar of fire by night across Pennsylvania's wilderness of steel towns; always seeing the Promised Land and a vine-clad cottage ahead, and always reaching a desolation flowing with blood and tears.

Baptized in soot and lubricating-oil, Frank fell in line at the mill-gate, when he reached fifteen, as naturally as old-fashioned lads play hooky. From fifteen to thirty he had sampled the dinner-pails of twenty nations in the mill-yard, and had seen girls forget how to laugh, women forget how to weep, and men forget how to stand erect.

His first winter an Irish lass at his right looked too often at her fading cheeks in the wash-room mirror; when spring came it brought rouge and a "gentleman friend"; and, on the first Sunday of June, after going to confession, she disappeared forever. Such episodes soon became so familiar that the young workman ceased asking about the latest case. To forget, he used to stroll about the public market before the morning whistle blew, and sometimes during noon hour. There he saw the farmers, sturdy as their oaken wagons, placid as the cabbages they hawked, and contented as their horses munching oats in nose-bags. They came from another world, which excited Frank; it was his Promised Land.

Sundays when the mud was not too deep, the foreman explored beyond the zone of country houses where mill-owners dwelt; and, flinging himself into the long grass of those bright silences, he translated the faint rustle of far-off corn into his mother's last words:

"Save your pennies, Frank, and buy your way out of this hell! Get a little farm! Better sand and rocks and thistles than the Mill! If your father had listened to me I wouldn't be dying now at thirty-six!"

And when, on his return at dusk, the blanched faces of the town peered silently at him from the street fence like mushrooms on a rotten log, he drew a deep, slow breath, just to be sure that his lungs were "on the job," and counted the days to that pay envelope which would fill out the three thousand dollars he must have for his Promised Land—the three thousand dollars that were the price of acres and liberty.

It is not only a man's fingers that become machines after fifteen years of serving machines. His mind shapes thoughts with as little emotion as a lathe. Having decided to buy a farm, Frank figured the cost to a penny. Less than three thousand dollars would trim the "margin of safety" perilously low. No bargain, no sudden enthusiasm ever prevailed against that estimate. Neither could he allow himself to be dissuaded from the other requisite, a country-bred wife. After sundown, a town girl would cry for the glaring streets and the moving-picture show; and the stillness of the country nights would keep her awake.

When Frank left Mr. Grinberg's office he caught a glimpse of Mary Lawson swinging along to lunch in the midst of a chattering crowd of girls—a thrush in a flock of magpies.

"Forty-two more pay-days," he computed of a sudden, "and then the three thousandth dollar rolls into the bank. Hm! A girl will wait forty-two weeks once she wears the diamond!"

He dropped beside Mary in the shadow of a lumber pile. A snicker scurried lightly around the yard. But Frank neither blushed nor wavered; he was staking out his claim, and the surveyor's eye must see only the levels and the guide lines, never the magpies that noisily cross the field.

He strolled home with her that evening, a mile and a half over tortuous hill roads to a square, yellow cottage guarded by four huge black oaks, a brown watch-dog, and a rusty wire fence. He tried to turn back at the front gate, but she compelled him to meet the old folks. Her father was delighted to discuss crimson clover with a man who knew all about it; and, from that, they floated on to hybrid Italian bees—by all odds the best, if there is basswood about; White Orpingtons—they lay the most eggs; nitrate of soda, which must never be sprinkled on the soil in autumn; and at least thirty-one other agricultural issues that Frank had spent five years solving, with the aid of farm papers and pamphlets from a correspondence school.

After all that had been said, the indignant moon rose to a point of order and told Frank he ought to have gone home to supper long ago. But the Lawsons dragged him indoors to honey in the comb, thick cream, pompous muffins, and the clear, crinkly bacon that is found only in the Promised Land.

On the road to town, two hours later, Frank capered like a wild animal escaped from a cage. The ineffable peace of the moonlit hills, the ginger cookies and sweet pickles, the jolly old folks, beautiful Mary, her frank liking of him—these were so many courses of heady wine. Altogether too deep a draft for one who had never tasted before. To steady himself Frank sat down beside a cavernous, deserted grist-mill, to which a brook spoke mysteries as it hesitated at a decrepit dam, became a pool, went black in the face, and spilled over with a muffled snarl. Soon his wits were in running order, and when he reached his stuffy boarding-house bedroom, he had mapped the course of his next year.

He would ask Mary to be his wife. Then he would lend her father the cow money, to earn which Mary had gone to work in the mill. Then he would send his sweetheart home again. He would seal his jewel in a casket lined with green fields and lidded with stars. The day's work over, he would come to her and be refreshed. She would pour him new milk and drop grapes into his mouth.

Frank began thinking like a machine man once again; he decided that he would cautiously observe Mary ten days—not because he was plagued by the faintest doubt as to his affection or his project, but simply as a matter of principle. "Make haste slowly" was the rule of his life. There was no rash streak in him. His steady reason and self-control had made him leader among the brass-workers . . . As a result, the very next day they dispatched him as their representative to a Pittsburgh conference which would consider a proposal to strike.

During the week of his absence, Mary learned what he had meant when he had told her that burnishing was very difficult because it was too easy. The clickety-click of the machine and the unwavering whir of the belt hypnotized her as the bees used to do when she lay in June clover. She could not attend to her task, for there was not a move in it that demanded attention; and where there is nothing to master, the mind stops, even as the lungs cease where there is no air. Lift the light pieces of brass, slip them into a groove they can not miss, shove them as far as they can be shoved, pull the lever, thrust the burnishing pad against the spinning metal until the yellow gloss appears, push the lever, drop the finished piece into the left-hand box, and so on, eighteen times an hour from Monday morning to Saturday night.

During her first week she drove the machine through her sleep; at sunrise she awoke to find her hands going through the motions on the bedclothes. Then this stopped altogether; and the performance, by day as well as by night, became as unconscious as breathing. Thus it came about that a puff of wind whipped a corner of her apron into the pulley at the side of the burnisher; she was jerked to the floor, and dropped in the narrow space between her machine and her neighbor's, four inches clear of death.

The superintendent smeared collodion on a great bruise, scolded her savagely, and, in the presence of a hundred panicky girls, fined her a dollar. But she soon went wool-gathering again and, after two more reproofs, was discharged on the very day Frank came back from Pittsburgh. She stammered her misadventure to him as they strolled to Durham's Ridge that evening.

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed fervently. "The mill was no place for you!"

"But father's cows and the mortgage!" Her lips trembled.

"They will all come home wagging their tails behind them," he chuckled.

They walked a long stretch in silence. The road swung around a hill and lost sight of the town.

"Why—what do you mean about the cows?" She halted, and Frank smiled at her mystification. In the midst of his answer she let him clasp and kiss her. She was calling him a noble, great-hearted man, when two piercing lights shot full into their faces, a hoarse horn sounded, and somebody growled as he threw on the brakes of an automobile which had all but thrust its black bonnet against the lovers.

"Keep to the right, darn you! Do you want to be arrested? Hello! That you, Norris? Luck! We're after you!" Mr. Grinberg was at the wheel, and beside him the walking delegate. "There's trouble ahead. The molders have thrown down

HE DROPPED BESIDE MARY IN THE SHADOW OF A LUMBER PILE.

the compromise you put through at the Pittsburgh conference. Come on down to the office with us—er, that is, if the lady will excuse——"

"I'll be there as soon as I've seen her home." Frank mastered his embarrassment.

"Jump in, both of you." The mill-owner opened the door. "We'll scoot there in a jiffy!"

Frank left his betrothed crying at her gate. "Frank, they have no right to take you off! At the very minute we have—at the most precious hour of my life! Please—if you love me!—please tell them you had promised to spend the evening here!"

"But it's very important, sweetheart!" he explained awkwardly, squeezing her hand. "It may mean work or hunger for thousands of people! Besides, he's my boss!"

"What of that?" she whispered, while Mr. Grinberg loudly asked the delegate the time of night. "You're going to be your own boss soon."

"The brass-workers' union picked me for their spokesman—" Frank's head lifted proudly—"and I agreed to see them through this affair."

That brought her tears and released him. She fled up the lilac path.

"A beauty!" exclaimed Mr. Grinberg genuinely, as they raced townward. "Where have I seen her?"

"At the mill," said Frank. "She has just been discharged for wool-gathering."

"They're all like her!" Grinberg commented. "I mean, all these country girls. They're not for us, and we are not for them. It takes three generations to make a good mill-hand!"

Frank winced; his grandfather had been a sea-captain. One more generation of mill life, and the Norrises would become docile machines, unhappy away from steam.

"And it takes three generations to make a farmer," contributed the delegate, glancing shrewdly at Frank from the corner of an eye. But the foreman, thinking only of Mary and their future home under the sky, missed the point of that comment.

The molders and some other workmen threatened to empty the factories of five states. Their grievances, the delegate said, were just. The unions insisted upon recognition, which the employers' associations unswervingly refused. Wages must be raised twenty per cent., because bread and rent had risen that much; but the auditors of sixty-five corporations had testified that, owing to the increased cost of raw material, even a five-per-cent. advance on pay-rolls would close the factories.

The delegate, knowing Mr. Grinberg to be a power in the employers' associations, and also as reasonable as a predaceous plutocrat could be, sought his aid in effecting a peaceful settlement; and Mr. Grinberg, wishing fair play and the advice of a fair-minded workman, had called upon Frank to state the laborers' case. The three figured and argued in the still office of the New Jersey Brass Fittings Corporation until their heads buzzed with prices of chuck steak and four-room flats, the average number of idle days per year, lodge dues, losses through incompetent and drunken workmen, help to widows, and all the other moves in Life's great game of Making Ends Meet.

Looking helplessly at one another, they parted, brows hot and wrinkled. Before they had fallen asleep, a telegraph somewhere on the East Side of Manhattan had clicked the strike order across five states; and within a few days there came the answering click from militiamen's rifles around the tall fences of foundry yards. Wall Street forced the immediate appointment of an arbitration board: the five largest employers wrote twenty names on slips of paper, and so did the presidents of the five largest unions involved; the first five names drawn from each collection served on the board and chose a disinterested prominent citizen as their chairman.

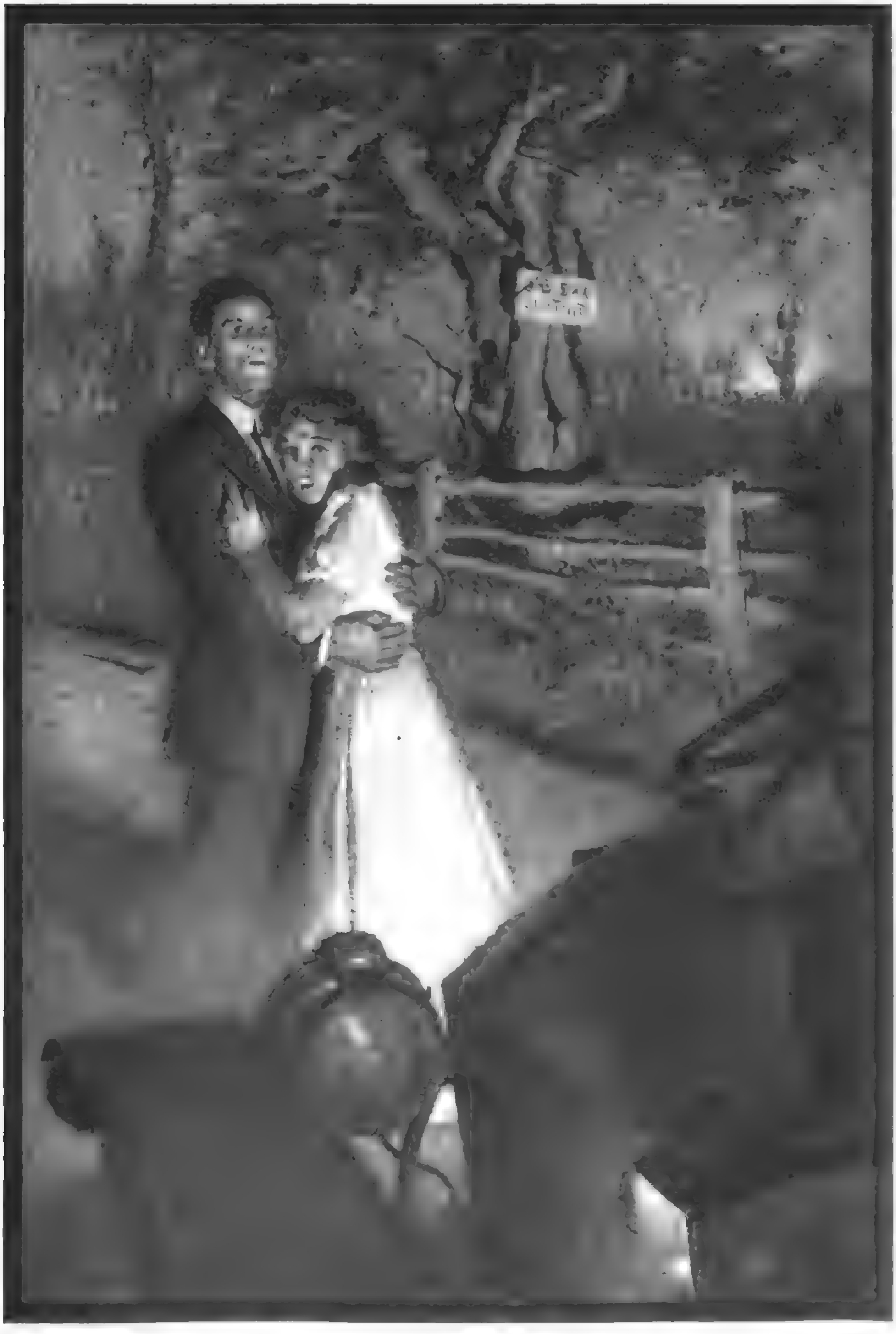
From the hat of labor the third slip drawn bore the name of Frank Norris.

"Yes, I wrote that slip!" said the delegate in a letter. "You certainly handled our case wonderfully the other night. Keep up the good work and you'll smooth matters out, I am sure. But don't let the corporation lawyers on the board trick you! Beware especially of Sneath! He can persuade you that your first duty is to protect dividends, if you give him half a chance."

Mr. Lawson waved excitedly at Frank from the cabbage patch, as the young man dashed up the lilac path on the day of his sudden glory.

"Great luck!" cried the prospective father-in-law.

"Where did you hear about it?" Frank



SHE LET HIM CLASP AND KISS HER. SHE WAS CALLING HIM A NOBLE, GREAT-HEARTED MAN, WHEN TWO PIERCING LIGHTS SHOT FULL INTO THEIR FACES.

was sure the news had reached town scarcely half an hour before.

"It's the Herford place; half a mile out our road, then first house up the lane to the right. Eight of the best acres in the county, and the paint inside and out hardly dry yet, when poor old Bill Herford up and dies. You can probably pick it up for twelve or fourteen hundred dollars, seeing it must be sold next Thursday."

"You bid for me," Frank proposed.

"Tut!" Mr. Lawson's white brows rose. "That's a bad beginning! A farmer must do his own buying. Never turn over any important business to *anybody!*"

"But the brass-workers have turned over their most important business to me," Frank laughed. "As their agent I must attend a conference in New York to-night; and nobody knows when it will end."

"Those miserable foreigners again!" Mary banged an innocent milk-pan on a chair. "They wheedle you into doing all their dirty work! I've seen you only three times since that night you ran away—and now you're off on another lark!"

"Is doing foreigners' dirty work a lark?" Frank chucked her under the chin. "But this is positively my last disappearance!" He rubbed wrinkles from his sweetheart's forehead. "The union paid me fifty dollars for that Pittsburgh trip. This New York job will clear me three hundred dollars—that will bring me within sixty dollars of my three thousand. So if your father buys the Herford place for less than fifteen hundred, which I have figured on paying, we can marry as soon as I return."

"The very week you return?" Mary quivered through her question.

"The very day, dear, if you wish!" Frank smiled tenderly, and kissed her farewell, in haste to draw the purchase money from the savings-bank before his train-time.

At the conference Frank was assigned to a seat at the left of a quiet young gentleman who introduced himself as Mr. Sneath. The labor representative thrilled with high adventure at the name, then coolly searched his neighbor's face for the marks of the beast, which cartoonists had depicted. Failing to detect either the leer or the cruelty, the critic blamed his own obtuseness. Later, he set his ear for that hypnotic persuasion against which the walking delegate had put him on guard; but Mr. Sneath, invited by the chairman to express his views on several introductory questions, shyly said that he had none, but wished somebody would enlighten him. Such conduct, in one so famed, meant but one trait to Frank—diabolical subtlety.

The brass-worker was, therefore, put at ill-ease when, after the third grinding day of futile debating, Mr. Sneath invited him to dinner; nor was his vague fear of conspiracy quite dissipated by the corporation attorney's proviso: "Only you must promise not to mention strikes! We must rest."

Frank promised, and consumed an unprecedented meal, whose final dainties he was not allowed to enjoy. An importunate minister, a friend of a friend of Mr. Sneath's, sent in his card asking an immediate interview.

"I know what's coming," sighed Frank's host. "Show him in here!"

"I would not press you, sir," apologized the visitor, "but two relief societies ask me to urge the earliest possible settlement of this unfortunate strike. Then, too, there are several parishioners of mine, all elderly widows and invalid gentlemen, dependent upon a few inherited stocks of factories which the strike has closed. My friends wish no injustice done to the working people. They are willing to accept reduced dividends, if necessary. But prolonged idleness means no dividends at all for a year or more! Better anything than that!"

"And the relief societies," Mr. Sneath picked up the discourse, "can not feed multitudes many days."

"It's an old story to you," the minister nodded mournfully. "But it loses nothing of its bitterness with age. I wish that hunger were the most grievous disaster, though!" Waving the wrinkled sleeves of his shiny black coat, he carried the arbitrators through the strike of four years before, through the typhoid epidemic which the street-cleaners and milk-wagon drivers brought to the town, when they walked out with the garment-makers. He told of six working girls, their purses emptied after a month of idleness, running away with drummers and theatrical hangers-on. And he would have unfolded a hundred other miseries, had Mr. Sneath not deftly turned him from the strike to the front door.

"For every one who calls, a thousand write. Look!" The attorney pointed to a bushel of letters on the library desk. "That's the afternoon mail. As many more came this morning! And always the same story, with different names and places."

"I am deluged, too," said Frank. "I couldn't read half, if I sat up all night. They are from wives and daughters and aged parents of mill-hands. You know the rest!"

They smoked on in gloomy silence until a newsboy clattered past the house crying: "Uxtry! All about th' strikers riotin' in Pittsburgh!"

In white anger the labor representative hammered his knee. "We must stop it—stop the whole wretched business! Not for a year or two, but forever!"

Mr. Sneath, tilting his head, inspected his guest curiously. "I wish that were in our power. But it isn't. We may settle the present row. But in a few years there will be new factories, new employers to deal with, new inventions throwing men out of work and upsetting wage schedules, new wives to dress, new babies to feed, new foreigners to train in our ways of work, new prices on flour and pig-iron—and then fresh discontent among stockholders and working men. The whole struggle will repeat, and it will keep on repeating as long as man works for man."

"Then man must cease working for man!" Frank brightened. "If the curse is built into the very walls of the Mill, then let's clear out of the Mill! Let's go back to the land! Back to three acres and liberty!"

"How beautiful!" Mr. Sneath sighed rapturously. "You've been reading books with colored plates, I see! You've even chosen your emancipating loam?"

"You are as shrewd as the delegate said!" Frank grinned bashfully and, after a little coaxing, plucked up courage to draw a most idyllic word-picture of the Herford place—with Mary sunning in the foreground.

"Lucky dog!" As Mr. Sneath leaned back, the last hint of simplicity faded from him. "Going in for peaches or garden truck or chickens? You'll make an up-to-date farm of it, of course?"

Had Frank tarried to scrutinize the questioner at that juncture he might not have recognized him. But the brass-worker had flown far away to the Promised Land, where he built a cement root-cellar, pumped water with a gas-engine, strung a high wire fence around the orchard, and strewed nitrate of soda over his spring fields. It was a long flight, but Frank returned from it refreshed and glowing with boyish joy.

"So you are going to turn capitalist and live off the Mill rather than in it?" Sneath's elbows planted themselves firmly on his knees. "Your old friends will cast plowshares for you. They will lathe out your engine. They will draw wires for your orchard fence. They will breathe fumes all day long making your chemical fertilizers."

Norris stared at his host dumbly for a moment. "I—I hadn't thought of that side! If we all went farming we couldn't have these improvements. That would be inconvenient, but still better than the Mill!"

"My great grandfather," mused Sneath, "made his own nails, hewed timbers for house and barn, tilled with a wooden plow, washed under the pump, burned logs in an open grate. Of his twelve children four survived diphtheria, pneumonia, and measles; his wife became an invalid at forty—rheumatism; and he—well, he raised twenty bushels of corn to the acre and a hump in the middle of his back and a fine pessimistic philosophy. Yet even he went to the Mill for his jackknife, his milk-pails, and his window-glass! Are you going to conjure your brass-workers back to that Simple Life?"

"Anyhow," Frank held out, "if some must stay in the Mill, others need not; and I join the latter."

"No, you don't!" Mr. Sneath murmured.

"You are a bold prophet!" Frank's laugh rang flat. "The Mill killed my mother, but before she died she taught me to escape her fate. And I shall! These fifteen years a farm has been my dream——"

"And it will continue to be your dream. But you will not go back to the land until a hearse carries you! There isn't a streak of fickleness in you! I've watched you three days, and I'll stake my reputation that you can not bring yourself to run away from the real world. There your friends live and toil. You are wiser than they. They look to you for help. They trust you utterly. You will jump out of your skin before you disappoint them. As for country life, as you have been seeing it, it is a dream—and nothing more. Did you ever see a lightning artist blacken a sheet of paper with charcoal and then produce a striking picture by rubbing out a patch here and a line there? So are all the pretty dreams of life made! We erase the greater part from our thoughts—what remains pleases. You think the farmer escapes the warring world of Capital and

Labor; that's because you have wiped from the rustic scene everything except new-mown hay, milk, honey, and fresh eggs! The real farmer is the grandfather of all capitalists, and his barn the original sweat-shop. But let's forget it! I must relax. What do you say to a theatre?"

To a theatre they went, but Frank thought the melodrama poorly managed. The fiddles squeaked exactly like the iron knife with which he used to scrape the feed-board of a polishing machine. The hero, who was supposed to carry a sword in his scabbard, drew from it a nickel-plated rod, pattern 47B from supply room No. 3 of the New Jersey Brass Fittings Corporation. And while the actors conversed, voices called to Frank from the wings, whispering hoarsely:

"Don't go back on us! For God's sake, don't leave us!"

Very careless stage management, indeed!

In barren heat the conference dragged along two weeks. Statisticians droned Frank to sleep when he should have been wide awake; and the daily bushel of pitiful letters kept him awake at his hotel when he should have slumbered. He had offered every suggestion in stock, and had disconsolately heard "No," "No," "No," ripple around the table when each was put to vote. Impartially he had addressed himself to his colleagues' proposals, but sanctioned none save in part.

The third week opened with all the newspapers crying out against the deadlock and the veteran labor leaders privately advising a moderate compromise. Then, one morning, Mr. Sneath handed Frank a plan which overcame him with admiration. Every "unalterable conviction" of both parties was preserved in it. All concessions on each side seemed to affect details, not principles.

"You speak for it," said Mr. Sneath confidently, "and the others will follow like sheep. The scheme is reasonable, and they are all stupefied and impatient to reach a decision."

Three hours later the eleven arbitrators had bidden one another farewell, and Frank was pushing to his hotel, through the crowds around the bulletins that heralded the end of the Great Strike.

He reached home the following afternoon. A few intimates dropped in to inform him that half of the brass-workers were surly over the compromise and the other half too hungry or too quarrel-sick to display good nature. The entertainment committee of the union had planned a reception for him, but the rank and file voted it down.

Faintly depressed and embittered, Frank struck out for Durham's Ridge. "I didn't want fireworks and a band," he muttered to himself. "But if they knew how hard it was—well, they might have kept their scowls to themselves!"

As he cleared the town the blue rugs of wild aster along the road rested him, and his thoughts were sweetened by the most ancient of intoxicants, new-mown hay. Mastering the knoll which brought the Lawson cottage into view, he saw Mary on the back porch talking to an ungainly man.

"Have you been in jail?" she pouted over the gate. "I haven't had a letter from you since a week ago yesterday!"

"By George! I did forget to write!" Frank looked as cheap as tinsel. "I've been frightfully busy."

"And you have just discovered your negligence?" A wave of embarrassment washed the girl's cheeks red.

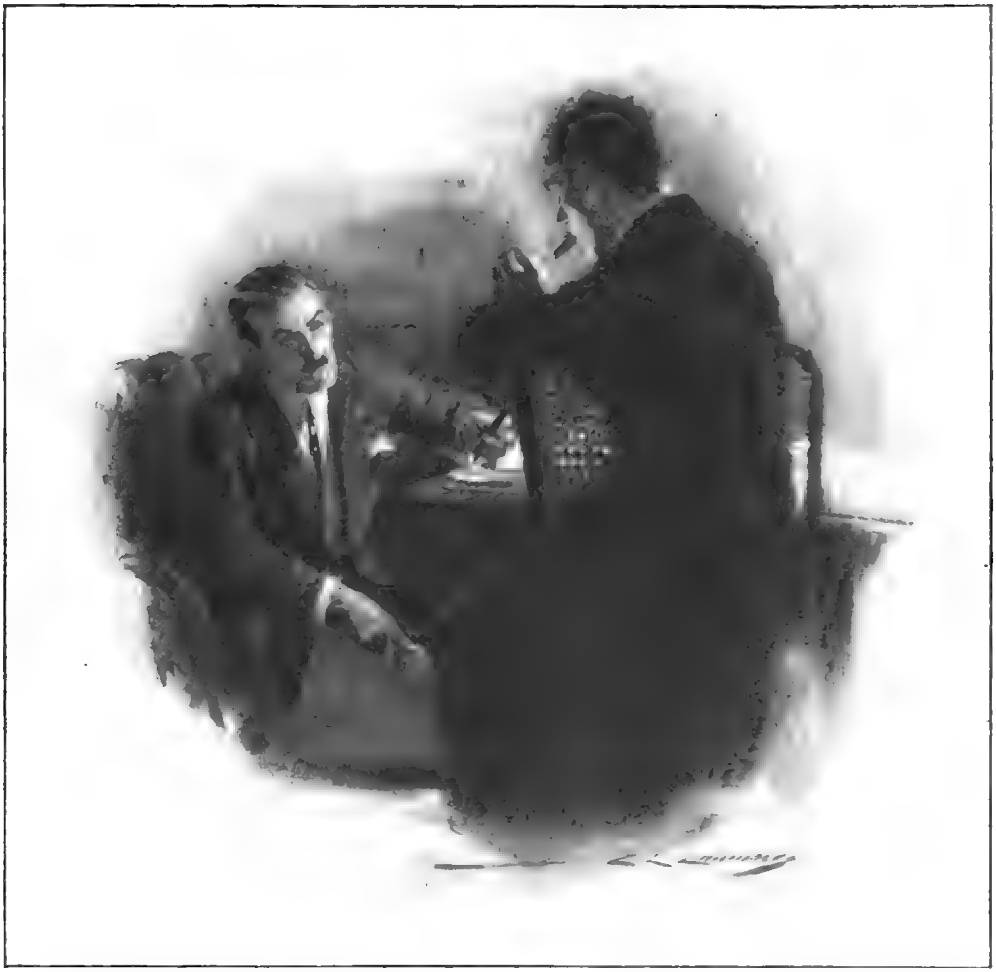
Frank had no reply; for there was none. He had not shunned writing; he had completely forgotten even the duty of it!

"Mary," he found speech bunglingly, "I've been rude and cruel. But maybe you'll understand when we read the trunkful of letters I haven't yet had time to open. Now tell me about the Herford place. Did your father——"

"So his letter is in that trunk too!" Mary's head shook slowly. "Ten days ago he wrote you that he secured it for twelve hundred dollars. Herman Smelz, the milkman, had planned to bid against us; father found that out from the grocer's wife." The girl waxed gleeful. "But on the day before the auction father suggested to the state dairy inspector that Smelz's herd *might* be infected with tuberculosis. So while father was gobbling the farm, old Smelz was anxiously following the inspector through his sheds, arguing tearfully that *his* cattle couldn't fall sick. But he wasn't sure enough of that to dare send his son down to bid! He knew that if—and it was a big If!—many were condemned, he would need his savings to replace them! Isn't father smart?"

"Very smart!" Frank painfully assented.

"As he saved us three hundred dollars



"I'VE WATCHED YOU THREE DAYS, AND I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT YOU CAN NOT BRING YOURSELF TO RUN AWAY FROM THE REAL WORLD."

I thought we should hire a man for a while, at least until you have learned to milk a cow and harness a horse and set drill gauges and do a million other things. That fellow on the back porch is after the job, and I guess I can land him. Come listen! See what a fine farmer's wife I'll make!"

"Well, George," she frowned upon the applicant, "come to work Monday and I'll pay you six dollars a week and breakfast."

"I gotter have eight." He shifted weight from one foot to the other and affected courage most unsuccessfully.

"So you said! Well, that's too bad! We can't afford that much. You aren't as strong as some fellows: now, there's Lem Hawkins—" She turned quickly to Frank and winked enormously. "Now isn't that funny! Why didn't I think of Lem before? He'll come. Let's go up and see him now, Frank. Good day, George! Hope you find a place soon!"

"I'll come," George yielded in sullen haste. "Six dollars isn't goin' to keep things a-goin'. But mebbe I kin pick up odd chores evenin's."

"Of course you can!" Mary encouraged him. "We'll let you off at six and that'll give you three or four hours before bedtime."

The hired-man elect shuffled off. In the shadow of the cottage, under the open dining-room window, the lovers watched him disappear across lots. Then Mary fell to describing her economies in the purchase of furniture.

Frank's eyes wandered through the window. The dinner-table was long, and the chairs surrounding it tall, stiff, solemn. Somebody had been writing; papers and penholders were strewn around an ink-bottle. The room seemed ready for magic; but what charm would work, and what would it do? Frank wondered idly, while his sweetheart chattered on in dollars and cents. Dollars and cents! "Six dollars a week" . . . "We can't afford more." The magic was done!

Frank started in his reverie. Grave men sat around the table, boys noiselessly carried books and papers to and fro, and a stern young man was saying:

"Gentlemen, you have inspected the statistical tables on which Mr. Sneath's plan is based. You have compared, item by item, the schedule of commodity prices with the current wage scales, and these with the dividends paid by the four hundred and thirty companies affected by this strike. I ask but one question and am done. Is any man's comfort so important that any one man should starve for its sake? By his answer to this question you may best distinguish man from the beasts."

"You aren't listening!" Mary pinched her lover's cheek. "I asked you twice if I'm not a splendid farmer's wife."

"Couldn't we have paid him——"

"Whom?" Mary wondered.

"The hired man, George," Frank explained. "Couldn't we have paid him eight dollars, or even nine?"

"Yes, or ten!" Mary clapped her hands. "He's a faithful worker—father used to have him. He'll put in eleven hours a day. That talk about Lem Hawkins brought him to time, didn't it? I took my chances on his not knowing that Lem is getting ten dollars a week with Judge Gardner!"

"Why did you deceive him?"

"You *are* a greeny!" Mary laughed so violently that she sat down. "On a farm there is only one rule: buy as cheap and sell as dear as you can. You Mill people don't know how pennies count! I discovered that as soon as I saw the expensive clothes the girls at the Brass Fittings wore. But how could they know? They're all servant girls and hired men. They've never run a business for themselves. Now let's go up to the new home. You must see the parlor carpet before it is laid. Maybe you won't like the shade of red. If you——"

"Not now!" As she started indoors after the keys Frank caught her arm. "Mary, dear, will you live in a small flat—perhaps four rooms at first? Brass-workers upstairs, brass-workers down-stairs, and all around you; Irish, Russian, and Sicilian hoodlums, squalling babies, smells from forty kitchens—oh, I'll not allure you with pretty pictures! Will you live there?"

The girl clapped her palms over her ears. "Your silly jokes! I don't understand them. Why do you tease me so?"

"I'm not joking, Mary. I shall not live on the farm. It is a great mistake. I've had my eyes opened—thank God, before it was too late! That fellow you have been lying to and bullying out of his earnings is my brother——"

"Your brother!" Mary suddenly changed countenance. "Frank, you've been drinking! I won't allow that! George Bentley's mother lives on the——"

"I feared you might not understand the word. He and I are children of one master, whom friends call Capital and enemies call Greed. We Mill people are all hired men! Liars and bullies have cheated us always. I know what their tales about 'economy' and 'other working men just as good around the corner' have cost us; and I can not pass them on!"

"You wish to marry a liar and a bully?" Mary stepped back.

"Dear girl, forgive me! You have been taught business tricks, but they are not in your blood. You'll forget them gladly after you've seen the wives of the Mill dole out their pennies on Saturday night and start the next week in debt."

"I shall not see them do it." Mary picked up a broom, turned her back to the brass-worker, and entered her father's house. "I'm going to mind my business and they may mind theirs!"

"Then I shall mind mine!" Frank held out his hand and stepped to the screen door, but the girl locked it against him. "Good-by, dear, dear dream!"

"When you come to your senses—" she wavered so briefly that he did not notice—"I'll talk with you. But not until then!"

In all northern New Jersey you will find no happier eight acres than those of the old Herford place. A wide veranda and a long, airy wing have been added to the house, which is now flanked with four sprawling bungalows. Sneath lent Frank the money for these new graces, and feigns black distress at having accidentally burned up the sight notes which Frank, now assistant superintendent of the Brass Fittings, gave him. Once, and only once, Frank attempted to pay off one note for five hundred dollars. Thereupon Sneath swore.

"When I sent you back to the brass-workers I rendered my capitalist clients a service worth thousands of dollars. You'll head off fifty foolish strikes and worst as many rich robbers who breed strikes by squeezing their workers. Now I'm collecting the price of that service; an extra hundred on quarterly statements, you know! And it's only fair to divvy with you! As our account stands I owe you about a thousand dollars. When you want it, say so!"

Hence the bungalows and more bungalows. With the bursting of spring's first bud, the sick wives and listless children of brass-workers flock thither. For it is their playground, a present from Frank.

But, like all other farms, it is not without blemishes. The hedge along the highway is too tall, and the gilt sign above the gate too low. They put passers-by to strange antics. Loungers on the veranda never fail to laugh at the grave, white-haired farmer and his daughter who drive past Sundays, slowly, very slowly. Always the old gentleman rises from his buggy seat and like a hungry bird cranes his gnarled neck over the sweetbrier as if eager to see somebody. And always the daughter bends low to look under the sign, which reads "Promised Land."

Frank has never passed under the letters, never trodden the bright red carpet in the parlor, never again seen the girl who chose the carpet.

The Ghost

by

Harvey J. O'Higgins

AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKE-EATERS," "DON-A-DREAMS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

ON ONE of those New York nights in April when the air is so drenched with mist that it drifts in slow currents, like a rarefied water, through dripping streets, between blurred houses; and the curb-lamps float, in double, on the black surfaces of asphalt pavements that seem as deep as canals; and the sky rises from the housetops in a watery nimbus, above the glare of the lights—on one of those nights when Manhattan looks like a phosphorescent ghost of itself—Heisy met a dead man living (as the Arabian doctor in Browning's poem met Lazarus raised from the grave) and learned as much from him as any other man ever learned from a ghost.

I

HEISY was a tramp; and he walked up Fifth Avenue slowly, in a drunken self-importance, to the sound of water oozing and bubbling in his broken shoes. He wore a brown suit that had been wrinkled to the wear of a stouter figure, and a brown derby that sat on his ears; and he was on his way to call on the fat old gentleman who had given him these clothes.

Heisy had met him that morning coming down the steps of a brown-stone boarding-house in Thirty-fifth Street; and Heisy had begged. (He could not get work, he had pleaded. No one would give a man work in such rags as his.) The old gentleman had listened to him patiently, had asked where he came from, and—when Heisy confessed that his home was in Plimpton, Indiana—had cross-examined him with questions about the little town. Finally, he had taken Heisy upstairs to his rooms, to outfit him in a discarded suit of clothes, an old derby, and a pair of "tan" shoes. He had insisted that Heisy put these clothes on, in the bathroom, to make sure that they fitted; he had politely refused to allow Heisy to carry away the rags which he had been wearing; and so he had prevented Heisy from selling the newer clothes, as Heisy had planned.

But he had given Heisy a glass of whisky and a pocketful of cigars, and had escorted him to the front door with a courtly benevolence that had been growing warmer in Heisy's memory with every glass that he had drunk since. He had spent the day in the saloons of the Bowery—on the proceeds of the sale of the tan shoes. His clothes had been admired by all his friends, and his account of how he had acquired them had grown on that admiration to the proportions of a fairy tale. "'Well,' he says to me, 's' long,' he says," —this was Heisy's conclusion—"'an' ef yuh're ever short o' cakes, shekels, er a frien',' he says, 'yuh know the joint yuh'll fin' 'em at,' he says. An' I says, 'Bo!' I says, 'yuh're on the square. Shake!'"

After many repetitions of this story, Heisy himself had come to accept it as true. The memory of his benefactor's politeness had hung all day in his thought—like the memory of the "Scotch" in his palate—a fragrant recollection. He had concluded that he would return to Thirty-fifth Street and claim his old clothes "fer a friend 'at needed 'em." And late at night he had begun to stagger up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square, walking—in his fancy—with a stout dignity, and talking to himself with affability and condescension as the friend and equal of a corpulent man of moneyed leisure.

That was how it happened that "The Major," as he was called in the boarding-house, found Heisy waiting for him when he returned to his rooms at three in the morning.

He was called "The Major" because of his military carriage and his gray mustache. His name was Lorrison. He ate alone at a little table in one corner of the dining-room; and he was particularly beloved by nobody but the house cat. He was known to have an income, but no friends, no occupation, no interests. He was considered a very harmless and very selfish old bachelor—one of those derelicts of life who drift into the quiet eddies of boarding-house existence and circle there aimlessly. He spent most of his evenings in the billiard-room of a neighboring hotel in which he had once lived—playing pool and drinking large glasses of whisky and water. Of a Saturday night—and this was a Saturday night—he did not return to his rooms until long after midnight.

He stumbled over the feet of a man asleep on the "stoop." "Logked out?" he said thickly. "Out 'n wet? Too bad! Sleep, eh?" He prodded Heisy in the ribs with the spike of his umbrella. "Wake up! Uh? Catch your death, man."

Heisy jumped like a startled cat. "Eh! What the— Oh!" He recognized his friend. "I be'n waitin' here," he said. "I wanted to get them clothes."

"Clothes?" the Major muttered. "Well, well. Strange. Third man—think—promised suit of clothes."

Heisy nodded dubiously and then shook his head. "No, this's them," he said. "Yuh ga' me these here, this mornin', an' I want them others fer a frien' o' mine. I want the ones I left. Fer a frien' o' mine."

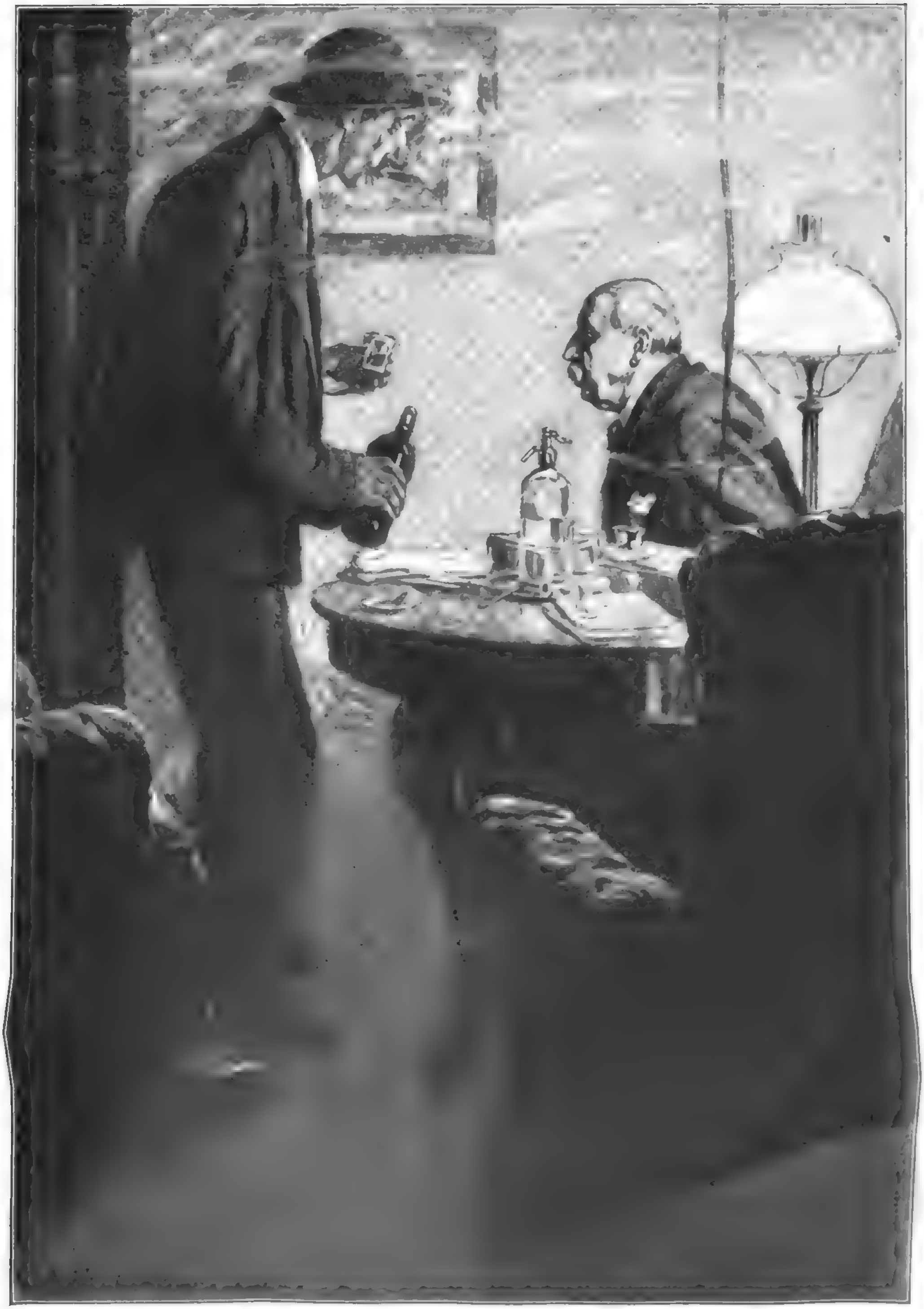
The Major pondered long and mistily. "Ah," he said at last. "I think I rec'lect. I'm growing old, I see—Mem'ry's not so good—" His voice fell away in a tired huskiness. "Um-m. I see. Jus' come illa millut."

Heisy searched the empty street with a quick eye, while the Major went through his pockets for his latch-key. He had the usual difficulty in fitting it in the keyhole, and Heisy undertook to do it for him. "Thanks," he murmured. "I'm much 'bliged. Mem'ry's not so good. Quite forgot where's keyhole."

When the door opened, he added, "Logked out, eh?" and chuckled.

Heisy followed him up carpeted stairs whose treads creaked plaintively in the dead silence of a house asleep.

A gas lamp was burning on the Major's table. It lit a room that was old and brown, like the leather armchairs that furnished it; and like them, too, it was worn to the comfortable impress of lazy use. Heisy looked



HEISY CLUTCHED THE BOTTLE, POURED THE LIQUOR INTO A SHAKING GLASS . . .
"YOU'RE ENOUGH TO GIVE A MAN THE CREEPS."

around him warily at the old pictures, the old bookcases, and the shabby portières. There was no sign of danger. A bottle, a siphon, and a box of cigars stood beside the lamp; and he eyed the bottle while the Major went to put away his coat and umbrella in an inner room.

He returned smiling vaguely and rubbing his hands. "Wet," he said. "Asleep out there in the wet, eh? Have a drink. Warms the blood. Wine, woman, and—wine, woman, and—more wine." He mixed himself a glass of liquor, smacked his lips over it, cleared his throat, and said, with a voice that came suddenly strong and steady: "Quite so! Now, if you please, 'll be seated. Help yourself." He picked a cigar and struck a match shakily. Then he sat down beside the table where the light was strong on his benevolent gray head, on his eyelids drooping like a mastiff's, on his wrinkled mouth puckered in smoking.

Heisy came into the blaze of the lamp and reached eagerly for the bottle with brown hands, bony with knuckles; and he threw two glasses of the liquor down his throat with no appreciation of its strength. It lifted him to all heights of enthusiasm and garrulousness almost as quickly as he swallowed it.

"Extremely good fit," the Major said of Heisy's clothes. "Extremely becoming."

Heisy sat down. "Yer duds," he said, "is the best on the hooks. An' so's yer drink. Yuh're all right." He crossed his knees in the easy chair and beamed a warmth of good-fellowship on his host.

"Had difficulty in getting work," the Major recollected.

Heisy laughed with great gusto. "Work! That was hot air I give yuh. What's the good o' workin' for yer grub when yuh c'n get it without workin' fer it?"

The Major nodded sadly. "Poor man!"

"Well, say," Heisy argued, "supposin' that's right too. Could I eat any more if I was worth a million? Could I eat any more? I get my skin full, don't I? Could I drink any more? Could I? Not on yer life. If I want the price, I strike one of youse guys that's got it. Well, what's the matter with that? Youse 're my safety-deposit vaults. All I got to do, I jus' got to know the combination. An' I know it every time." His eyes were sunken in the hollows of high cheek-bones. His complexion was inflamed with drink and exposure. And when he bit off the end of his cigar, his mouth opened on yellow teeth, under a ragged red mustache.

The Major did not reply. He was looking down at Heisy's soaked feet, and smiling apologetically to himself. Suddenly he recollected, with a start: "Plimpton! You're the man from Plimpton?"

"Yas," Heisy drawled. "I'm from Plimpton, Indiana. D'yuh know Plimpton?"

The Major shut his lips tightly on his cigar and sat back, staring. The smoke drew in a thick drift into the lamp-shade, floating heavily through the still air. He looked at it and said nothing. It was evident that he had his thoughts; it was equally evident that he was mistily determined not to utter them. And each of the two men sat in front of the other's silence, as before a curtain, unaware of the shock and emotion that was waiting for him behind it there.

II

Heisy said, at length: "Well, I'm from Plimpton all right, an' I ain't tryin' to hide it any. I don't owe no one nothin' back there. I wiped out 'bout all my ol' scores before I quit Plimpton. I made my evens. I wiped them out an' I wiped myself out. . . . That's whur *I* went to smash. Say—" He chewed on his cigar. "Say, what'd *you* 'a' done ef yer missus— Say, look-a-here, I married the fines'-lookin' girl in Plimpton, bar none. An' I couldn't keep her. Uh? What'd *you* 'a' done?"

The Major watched him, in silence.

"I knowed what her paw done," Heisy said. "He went off to the war—that's what he did. An' he got himself shot—like a darn fool—'count of her maw. I didn't feel any leanin' much that-a-way. I guess ol' Dillingham—Uh?"

The Major had said hoarsely: "Dillingham?"

"Yah. Knowed him, did yuh? Well, I married his girl Matey."

The Major tried to fix a swimming eye on him, with an expression of frightened bewilderment. Heisy did not notice it. "When I was workin' across to Minard's," he went on, as if he were recalling a romance, "I ust to see her when she come in to sell eggs. . . . She seen me watchin' her, one day. . . . After that, she ust to look over." He added, with a grotesque wistfulness: "Y' ought to seen her comin' down the street against the wind."

The Major watched him, without a movement, without so much as the blink of an eyelid—his lips parted to receive his cigar, his hand still holding it before his mouth.

Heisy looked up. "D'yuh say yuh knowed her paw? How about that? They'd a lot o' stories about her maw an' him. An' the Plimpton girls didn't go with Matey any."

"No—not stories," the Major stammered. "He thought—I don't know. They didn't get on together. The neighbors—it was none of their business! He let her go free. 'S own affair."

"I s'pose," Heisy said. "Folks in Plimpton don't change any. They talked round 'bout me an' her 'n the same way. Well—" He shook his head. He smoked. "Well," he said pathetically, "yuh never seen a place purtier'n Plimpton, I bet. Did they ust to grow hollyhocks an' petuniers—an' whitewash the fences an' the bricks round the garden beds—in *your* time? I expec' they did. . . . I s'pose Matey's folks weren't never much on gardenin', though. It ust to be all dog fennel an' san' burrs in her front yard—an' ol' Mrs. Dillingham, lookin' like a scarecrow, hoein' out at the back, in the remains o' Dillingham's ol' felt hat. She'd cut her hair short. An' I reck'n she didn't wash her face more'n once a month. An' Dillingham's ol' army hat——"

The Major jerked a hand out at him. "Not 'nother word. 'Nother word." He worked his fingers speechlessly. "Saying things like that. All—all years ago. I don't want to hear it."

Heisy swallowed his surprise. "Well—I—"

"My name's Lorrison. Jed Dillingham was shot at Shiloh—in the first day's fighting—thirty years ago. Dead! He's dead and buried—thirty years ago."

"Well, I knowed that," Heisy complained. "I ain't sayin' he weren't. What's the matter with yuh?"

The Major collapsed on himself, mumbling apologetically. The only intelligible words were "Dillingham's dead."

"Well," Heisy said dryly, "I reck'n he'd 'a' made a bulge up under the sod ef he could 'a' seen them when I knowed them first. They was livin' in that thur ol' shanty in the corn bottom, down by the creek. Th' ol' woman'd lost the farm. She hadn't no stawk left but a few ol' Bray-mas. . . . The boys busted all the glasses in her front windows—till she got them boarded up."

The Major dropped his head back against the leather cushions and rolled it from side to side in helpless protest.

Heisy smoked. "The Plimpton fellers wouldn't go with Matey any, in them days, 'count of her maw. I guess I was about the best thur was fer her. An' I was good 'nough 's long's her mother was skyutin' round with her ol' vinegar jug."

"Dillingham's dead," the Major repeated monotonously.

"He's dead all right!" Heisy broke out. "That's right! Ef they'd on'y let him stay dead! But thur's a tablet be'n put up to him in Bethel Chapel by some of his folks. An' after th' ol' woman died, Matey changed from a Cam'ellite to go 'n' sit 'n under it. An' they'd got a moniment to him in the graveyard, about thet charge at Fort Donelson, an' Matey begun t' air herself consid'rable on Dec'ration Day. . . . Purty soon the Heisys weren't half good 'nough fer her. An' purty soon yuh'd 'a' thought I wasn't nothin' but the hired man 'bout the place. She was meek 'nough when I married her out o' that ol' shanty, too—that's what she was!" He spat contemptuously. "Her an' her paw! I says to her—I says: 'Why didn't he stay to home, then,' I says, 'an' look after *you?* I don't see that *you* got none to thank him fer,' I says. 'I done better by yuh than *he* ever did. An' I ain't fit fer yuh to wipe yer feet on, uh? I'm 's good 's he was,' I says, 'any day,' I says, 'leavin' his wife an' fam'ly to go to the dogs that-a-way——'"

The Major lurched forward on the arms of his chair. "You don't know what you're talking about. Him and his wife—it's none of your affair. Leave 'm alone." He glared at Heisy, his under lip hanging loose.

Heisy blinked in a fuddled astonishment. The Major drained his glass hastily. "He was tired," he said, struggling with anger and a thick tongue. "He was tired of everything. Tired of everything. Tired of friends meeting him on the streets—and looking queer—and looking sorry—and shaking hands with him. He was tired of trying to pretend that there was nothing wrong—trying not to see what she was doing—trying to get along peaceably—and lying awake all night till his skull was sore on the inside with blood pounding, pounding. That's why. . . . He wanted to get away. That's why. He thought things'd change while he was gone. Thought he might get hurt and that'd make a difference with her—if he came back hurt. . . . Thought—I don't know. . . . That's why."

Heisy said: "Wha—a——"

The Major stretched out his arm. "That morning, over there"—he pointed—"on picket duty behind Pittsburg Landing, in the woods—out of the mist, when the sun came up—there was a bit of fog hanging down in the bushes by the fences. It popped white in a little puff—and I thought some one'd jumped down on my shoulder out of a tree. . . . I didn't know what it was. I'd never been shot before. . . . I couldn't keep my face out of the grass. Then the ground fell away—and the pain in my shoulder stopped the ache in my chest."

Heisy said hoarsely: "Shot? At— Are yuh— 'S that what yuh're sayin'?"

The Major lay back in his chair and gazed up at the smoke. "Clouds up there—through the trees," he said faintly. He smiled a foolish, slow smile. "I was sleepy—numb. I was tired of everything. I didn't want to go back. . . . I'd been living in a crowd—carried along with the noise, the shouting. I'd been jostled and pushed. Shouldered, fought, yelled like the rest—dragging her after me, pulling one way—me another—friends, enemies." He dropped his hands on the arms of the chair, limp-wristed. "All gone. All alone. All vanished. Just myself. It was a funny feeling. I found myself again—quiet—all alone." His voice faded out wearily. He lay silent.

"God!" Heisy gasped. "Are yuh? Who *are* yuh?"

The Major raised his head to look at him. "You've never been dead, eh? Never been dead! I've been dead thirty years. D' you understand?" He nodded and nodded, with set eyes. "When a man's young, he wants friends—wants a wife—some one to be close—to be near him—so he'll not be alone. When he dies, he dies alone. Then he knows he's been alone all the time—all the time—in the crowd. . . . I've never forgotten it. Never. I'm alone always. I'm all alone here watching—watching other people live." He pointed at the window. "Bricks and stones piled up—street after street—trying to look real. People go running around, trying to keep busy—about nothing—so they won't think. Talking about nothing, laughing about nothing, shaking hands together. Buying things and then selling them again. Digging holes in the street and then filling them up again. Building houses and then pulling them down again. . . . I've tried to get back, and life won't have me. I've grown old watching—watching other people live."

III

Heisy clutched the bottle, poured the liquor into a shaking glass, and drank frantically. "God!" he cried. "Yuh're— Yuh're— Yuh're enough to give a man the creeps. Are yuh Matey's paw?"

The Major shook his head feebly. "That's all gone—all that—long ago." He put his hand over his eyes. "That night there were lights in the woods—coming to take me back. I crawled away. I don't know. . . . There was a dead man in a butternut uniform, somewhere. The moon was shining. He'd been struck in the head with a shell. He was warm." He shuddered, his yellow hands drawing up into his cuffs, his fingers twitching. "I couldn't 've done it if he'd been cold . . . I changed uniforms. There was a farmhouse—with sheets—smooth, cool sheets. . . . Confederates— I don't remember!"

Heisy stared, open-mouthed.

"I thought I'd start all over then—and work—and work hard. I got away from N' Orleans in the old *Andrew Jackson*, round the Horn to Ballarat. I worked for the sake of working. There was nothing else to work for. I worked in the mines, and made money and lost it. I ate damper—and drank tea out of a billy—and worked, worked. . . . The birds dropped out of the trees, dead with the heat. . . . Washed out nuggets—sweating all day—shivering all night. And what for? I thought if I had money! Well, I have all the money I want now, and it's no use. I bought an annuity, that's all—to live on. To *live* on!"

Heisy drew a long breath. "Matey's paw!"

Through the heavy smoke, the Major's face floated, ghastly; the blurred eyes stared without seeing; the lips trembled and shaped words without sound. But Heisy saw nothing of the tragedy except what concerned himself. In the confusion of his drink-bewildered brain, he saw not the Major's face but his own wife's, a face of amazement with the jaw dropped. She cried: "Paw!" And the tablet in the church, black-lettered on white marble, took on the same startled expression, and Heisy grinned at it. He poured himself another glass of liquor and lit a fresh cigar. The Major had fallen forward in a weak huddle, his face in his hands. Heisy looked around the room and nodded to himself.

Everything seemed as familiar to him as his own home, and he sipped the liquor and stretched his legs luxuriously. . . . Well, he thought, tramping was good enough for a time, but a man—a man should settle down. His wife—his father-in-law—money—home. . . . He nodded and smiled blearily.

He caught a picture of a summer night which he had spent out of doors, lying on the edge of a wood, with the lights of a city reflected white on the sky at the horizon. And he contrasted that comfort with his present luxury. The lamplight was warm. It radiated through him a sensation of peace and bodily well-being. He lay back and smoked at the plaster root of the chandelier in the ceiling. His thoughts grew muffled: the old man, Matey's paw, a little broken but a good fellow—good clothes. Yes. What was it?—he'd been saving? Something about— Um. Well, never mind. . . . All right. . . .

He woke with a start—in instant possession of all his senses, like an animal—and found himself sitting in a room that was gray and cold with the wet dawn. A window was open beside him. The gas lamp was out. The Major was sitting opposite him, watching him silently.

Heisy sat still, the instinct of danger strong in him. He licked his lips slowly and swallowed to wet a parched throat. Then, as a clouded memory of the evening came back to him, he opened his eyes in a wide stare.

The Major winced. "I was . . . drunk last night. I suppose I said things. They weren't true."

Heisy looked away, quickly. When he sneaked back a furtive glance, he found the Major still studying him.

"What are you doing in New York?"

"Trampin'."

"I want you to go back to your home. . . . I want you to go back to your life, whatever it was—no matter what it was. A man can't tear himself up by the roots like that and *live*. I want you to go back home."

Heisy tried to think of something to say, but his mind would not work. He swallowed again, as if he thought that would help him.

"Before it's too late. Go back before it's too late."

Heisy studied his feet. The personality of the tramp was trying to resume the personality of the son-in-law. "Matey," he began, with a hypocritical humility.

The Major turned from him to the window; the wan light showed his face drawn and aged. "It will be useless to say—to tell them you've met me. You've met a ghost. They'll not believe you. It's not a question of me, understand. Don't make any mistake."

Heisy began to argue, anxiously, confusedly: "Look-a-here. The folks— It ain't natural fer a man. There's Matey an'— After yuh've met me——"

The Major shook his head. "It's too late—too late for me. All that sort of thing—" He waved it aside and rose feebly. "Go and buy yourself some food. Here—here's some money." He took out his pocketbook and laid some bills on the table. "You had better go away from here before the house wakes up. Come back this afternoon."

He staggered into his bedroom and shut the door behind him. Heisy crammed the bills into his pocket eagerly, without counting them, and poured himself a glass of liquor. He did not know what to do. He thought that later, perhaps, he would know what to say and how to act—when he was sober. He must not let the old man get away; that was the point.

He put on his brown derby, and, having looked around the room with an air of saying, "I'll be back in a minute," he slipped out as noiselessly as a thief.

Late that afternoon one of the maids of the boarding-house barred the doorway to a bedraggled tramp on the stoop. "Mr. Lorrison?" she said. "I don't know where he is, except that he's going to England. He gave up his rooms here this morning. He left us the address of his lawyers—so as if any mail—if you want to write."

"Look-a-here," Heisy whined. "He tol' me to come back this afternoon. He——"

She had disappeared. She returned with an envelope. "I guess this is what you want."

He tore it open and drew out the folded length of a yellow railroad ticket for Plimpton, Indiana. When he looked up from it, stupidly, the maid had gone and he was standing before a closed door—before a heavy walnut door that was as solemn as the door of a tomb.

UNDERWOODISM?

by

WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

TWO men stand in two aisles of the House of Representatives.

One is a solid, almost a burly man, whose face is red, and whose whiskers are grizzly; he nervously jerks his right hand as he talks, half-settled against the arm of his seat. He is explaining to Speaker Clark that the Republicans are not being treated fairly in the matter of the distribution of time in which to consider a certain bill. It is Minority Leader Jim Mann.

The other is tall, and his neck is so short that he seems to be round shouldered. His face is smooth and colorless. His right hand toys—that is the only word for it—with his watch-chain. When Mann concludes what he is saying, the tall Representative drawls: "I am afraid, Mr. Speaker, that I shall have to insist."

Whereupon both sit down, the gavel bangs the House into attention, and the members prepare for the two, five, or nine hours of debate insisted upon by the smooth-faced and persuasive gentleman, certain that at the end of the period the bill will pass or not pass according as the smooth-faced gentleman wishes. He is Oscar W. Underwood, the man who runs the machine in the Democratic House of Representatives—the House that is revising the tariff in the direction of gravity.

The fact is that, although Uncle Joseph Cannon is politically dead, yet the power which made Uncle Joseph the Czar of the House still lives on after him. The famous rules fight of Murdock, Norris & Co. did not break or destroy that power. It merely transferred it to new hands. The precious sovereignty of the House to-day belongs wholly to the floor leader; it has descended to Underwood of Alabama. Should he misuse it, the American Dictionary of Politics will contain a fresh word to replace "Cannonism." This word will be "Underwoodism."

If the country thinks that tyranny is dead in Congress, the country has fooled itself. It is not. The House, which during the coming two years will be the storm-center of the new administration, is still controlled by the caucus, which in turn can be controlled by a minority of the party holding the caucus, and this minority, in turn, can again be controlled by half a dozen powerful men, who, in the last analysis, will usually be headed by Oscar W. Underwood.

That this machine may be run for the public good is not to be disputed. Nor is the fact that it exists and that it is capable of doing great public harm to be disputed. Here is the way it works:

Early in the session just preceding the 1912 elections, Representative Charles A. Lindbergh, Republican insurgent from Minnesota, introduced a resolution providing for a special committee to make a full investigation into the "money trust." Immediately it was felt in Congress that a project of importance had been launched; the Aldrich scheme had not been meeting with popular approval, and a substitute must be drawn. The resolution was referred to the Rules Committee, a body which need not act unless it wants to.

What happened is told by Lynn Haines in his study, "Law-Making in America":

"The Democrats were divided. One hundred and fifteen voted with Underwood, Fitzgerald, and Clark, who might be called the caucus cabinet, to have the investigation made by the Committee on Banking and Currency. Sixty-six voted with Henry and the progressive Democrats in favor of conducting the investigation through a special committee not composed chiefly of bankers or bankers' attorneys. The sixty-six, being outvoted in the caucus, became completely enslaved and submerged in the 115. When the question later came before the House, their votes were joined with those of the caucus majority.

"That takes us another step. The 115, by controlling the caucus, at first with only their own votes, nullified in advance any different action that the other 278 members might have taken on the floor of the House. But this control of the whole House by a majority of a caucus, or, more truthfully, by a majority of those voting at a caucus, falls far short of expressing the iniquities of the system. . . .

"After the caucus had acted, binding all its members, hand, foot, and mouth, the next proceeding was to gag the Republican minority. The Rules Committee, in a privileged report, brought the Pujo resolution into the House, *limited debate, and shut off amendments.* Cannonism never conceived and carried out anything more unrepresentative than that. Members had absolutely no opportunity to do other than vote for or against the Pujo resolution. The Lindbergh resolution was buried, away from the House. Probably more than half of the House would have preferred to vote on that, or to propose some change, but——

"*The caucus not only decided the issue in advance, but also the exact form in which it should be voted on in the House.*"

Now the question is not whether it was better, in this particular case, for the House to investigate the money trust by means of the regular standing committee, or by means of a special committee—or whether it was wise to make the investigation at all. The point is simply that *the mechanism of the present House is such that legislation can be controlled by an unofficial body, which in turn is easily controlled by a powerful minority simmering down to one or two men.*

Cannon is out and Underwood is in. Look at the way Mr. Haines deadly-parallels the old and the new:

UNDER CANNON	UNDER UNDERWOOD
The Speaker was supreme and omnipotent.	The Speaker, excepting in one comparatively unimportant particular, is shorn of power.
The majority caucus was rarely used or needed.	The majority party caucus has become the dominating element.
The Rules Committee, dominated absolutely and arbitrarily by the Speaker, made the rules, and was a law unto itself.	The Rules Committee, dominated by the floor leader and the caucus, makes the rules and retains all its old powers. Its reports are privileged, its acts or omissions subject to no higher authority. It is a steering committee and can control the fate of all legislation.
Standing committees were appointed by the Speaker.	Standing committees are appointed by the Ways and Means Committee, of which the floor leader is chairman.
Standing committees were wholly free from control by a majority of the House, unless the Speaker interposed his arbitrary power in behalf of the majority.	Standing committees are to-day even farther removed from control by the majority than when Cannon was deposed as Speaker.
Standing committees kept no public record of their acts.	Standing committees still act in secret.
The floor leader was a figurehead.	The floor leader is supreme.

Gifted with a personality which so far has made his tyranny pleasant, Underwood has "got away with it" with admirable skill. Perhaps he would have forced the House to do what it has done since it has been under his thumb, even if he had not had the machine to help him. Maybe without a machine no legislation could be passed in a chamber containing so many diverse elements—and if this is not a Government by parties, then, pray, what is it? And if a party does not work in harmony, then, please, how can it work?

The aim of this analysis is, not to pillory Underwood along with Cannon, not to damn the Democrats in advance of their first chance of running things in sixteen years. The aim is merely to show what really makes the wheels go round in the lower branch on Capitol Hill, so that in case they cease to turn out the grist which the public wants, the public may guess the cause. Here's hoping the Democrats will run their machine well, not recklessly over the rights of the people, and here's giving Oscar Underwood a kindly word of warning not to joy-ride in his powerful car the way J. G. Cannon used to do.

Blue Roses

by

Bonnie R Ginger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IT WAS the first year of Ann's free-lancing, before her sister Imogene came to live with her, while she was still alone in the city and still poor. She no longer sat out whole geologic eras in newspaper anterooms, for the editors had come to know her news-instinct. But she had no money. And she lived on a top floor.

Top-floor rooms in old, dilapidated brick buildings on cross-town streets in New York exist for the same reason that size forty-six exists in waist-departments of stores—some people must have them. Ann had to have a top-floor room. But she rather liked it just the same.

She might have gone to that abode where dwelt Cousin Almeda, a sort of intellect-tepee or select boarding-house, having—to use Cousin Almeda's own words—"that *je ne sais quoi* which makes for refinement." Cousin Almeda taught languages in some school or other, and was fifty years old and always had been. But Ann could not afford this Chautauquan atmosphere and, moreover, the *je ne sais quoi* was sometimes a little oppressive, even to Ann. And as Cousin Almeda didn't understand Ann, and didn't approve of newspapering for women, she was rather relieved, on the whole. Ann was always mingling with such strange people.

Ann was indeed a reckless mingler, without any regard whatever for the feelings of languaging cousins. Once, when Cousin Almeda was walking through Madison Square with Mrs. Constantine Markham-Gidd, did they not see Ann giving two bananas to an unwashen person with a Titian nose, who had complained to her of having that Foodless Feeling? And if it wasn't unwashen persons in squares, it was cab-horses, or cash-girls with sick fathers—how did Ann come to know about their fathers?—or twins in the subway. She was eternally holding the queerest babies.

It was the pioneer blood in her, of which Cousin Almeda—thank God!—had none. When Cousin Almeda had herself been a baby (if ever) she had played pat-a-cake in the cradle, and had ever since belonged to the safe majority. But in Ann's veins ran DISCOVERY.

Indeed, she did mingle.

This top-floor room had cubical proportions of ten feet, supposedly lighted by a horizontal slit let in with two panes, each just large enough for one handkerchief to dry upon. Thus the window demonstrated Ann's firm belief that if we are swerved from one destiny we can make another. The window, thwarted of letting in light, became a laundry and so served a not less but merely different service.

To live in a ten-foot room is science. A newspaper or a note-book out of place suggests the recent visit of a typhoon. Ann even hated to sharpen her pencils lest the shavings fall around. Nor was the sense of impending clutter lessened by the wall-paper, which had mathematical bunches of very blue roses all over it. At first Ann thought the paper would faze her. If Imogene had but sent that money from home! . . . but she hadn't, so Ann decided to stand the paper till such time as she could either move or buy some other.

"It will teach me concentration," she gamely argued. "In time I sha'n't mind it any more than the gas-leak and the 'el.' Newspaper people have to live above petty distractions. Think of war-correspondents writing among cannon-balls! I'll put cotton in my ears and let the blue roses go it."

And they went it. That sort of roses simply can't stop. They work all day and all night.

They may have been subconsciously at work as she came along Fourth Avenue one evening, walking up from Newspaper Row. She wore her inevitable simplicity-clothes, and her low-heeled shoes made a quick, firm click on the pavement, rhythmic as a soldier's. She was thinking of the girl who had moved away from the top-floor to-day, whose departure had left three rooms now vacant.

Vacant rooms are companionless things. Not that the girl had been companionable; she had never even talked with Ann; but sometimes she looked as if she wanted to. She went out very early of mornings and came home at nine of an evening, and evidently went straight to bed. She had unusual natural blond hair. Ann never did know her; the girl wouldn't let her. That's the way in the city—you never do know them, and then they go away. Usually it makes no difference, but little Ann missed this girl she had never talked with.

Now only one dweller was left with her on that top floor. And as the city is the place of coincidence, she came upon him this evening at a second-hand book-stall above Thirteenth Street.

He had bought a germy book and was waiting for change, and, seeing Ann and her instant smile of neighborliness, he blushed up to his gray temples and joined her. It took courage, but it was one of his courageous moments.

Ann remembered what Mrs. Milvey, the non-gossiping landlady, had said of him: "He's a great traveler. Been everywhere."

He was a very small man, a sort of free-sample size, like things that are left at doors to introduce something, such as talcum powder or scented soap. He was jaunty, like scented soap. His clothes were so alert, his white vest so very vesty, his pink carnation so very pink and his hair so gray—not in the silky but the jaunty manner, as if the grayness were not a hirsute decadence, but rather a reincarnation into another and equally desirable hair-phase.

Perhaps he was not so jaunty as dauntless. He was like those small, translucent vases which without great sweep of line have a sprightly underglaze instead to please the eye. He was shorter than Ann, who had no inches at all, and as he walked along with her he made the very most of his stature and glowed away with all his might. For he didn't want her to know how rare it was for man, woman, or child to walk with him and talk the neighbor-language.

It came of his shyness. Under his jaunty dauntlessness he was ridiculously bashful. Thus, when he thought himself alone on the top floor he would sing in a funny, sparrow-like tenor, "A Pirate Chief am I!" "Aha! I Cleave the Seas!" and other self-laudatory and exclamatory ballads. But let a step be heard on the stairs, and this piping ceased like the meadow-lark's when the hawk's shadow passes.

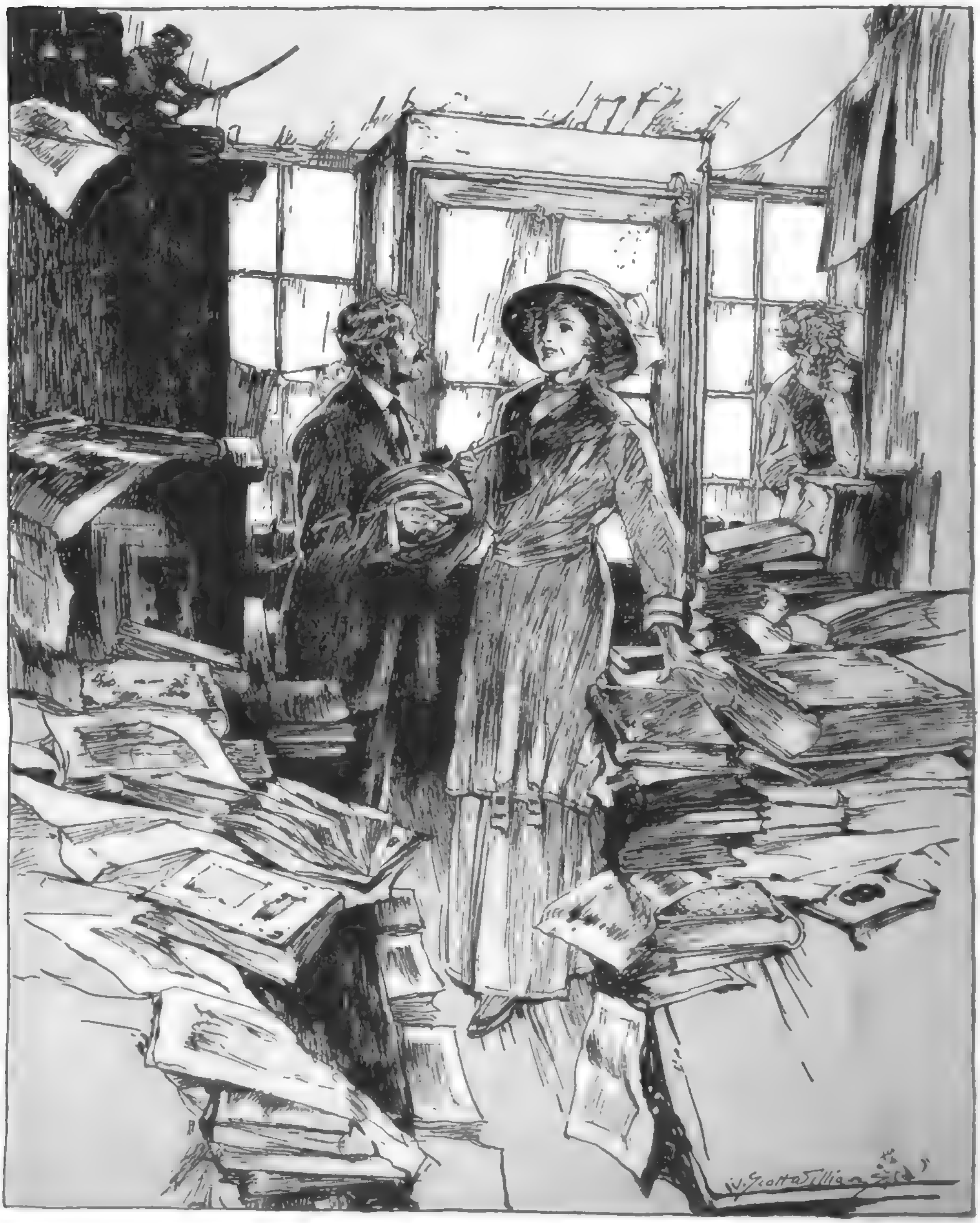
If any one met him in the hall, he became self-effacing, begged too many pardons, not abjectly, but as if with much politeness he might seem bigger, more impressive. He was in the middle fifties, and his whole effort was to look, not younger, but bigger, stronger. And he was not downed yet.

Still he was asthmatic, and sometimes had bronchitis. But he wouldn't have owned it. That sort of thing doesn't add largeness of effect when one is only a sample size.

So they began to know each other on this walk home to the row of dilapidated brick houses which, like all houses that expect to be torn down any moment, wore no great air of ambition or pride.

"We might stand a century yet, but *you* won't let us," they seemed to say, with the forlorn philosophy of what's-the-use. So they contrasted with dauntless Neighbor, no longer young, and with Ann, very young and strong, and fully expectant of planting her free-lance flag on her already chosen height.

Ann didn't mind the vacant rooms after she knew Neighbor. Of course she had a few friends already who climbed four flights to see her, and to see whom she also climbed four or five or six flights, as it happened to be. One of these was Barney, that is, James St. Vincent Barnes, a home-town boy who



SEEING ANN AND HER INSTANT SMILE OF NEIGHBORLINESS, HE JOINED HER. IT TOOK COURAGE, BUT IT WAS ONE OF HIS COURAGEOUS MOMENTS.

from infancy had shown symptoms of acute poetry. Therefore was he now in New York.

We know that's no reason, but often there isn't one for that.

Just now Barney was keeping his poetical soul in his body by tabbing great packing-boxes that daily left certain Nineteenth Street portals for those trucks and vans which make that street and others so agreeably impassable. He had formerly made much poetry to Imogene, but now he was likely to turn it upon any one, even Ann, to whom he wrote a verse called "Vulcana's Forge"—the forge being her typewriter: a one-horse machine so obsolete it was like the mechanical bullfinch of Geneva, which was made so long ago that only one man could now mend it—and he had died.

"So his Nibs travels?" said Barney one night, when they had been talking about shy Neighbor, who had taken such a bashful fancy to Ann. Ann explained what a wonderful traveler he had been. "He's poor now, but he buys books all the time and reads about every place in the whole world, I believe. It's his dissipation. He's a wonderful describer." Ann herself had had just enough home-travel to long passionately to see "the whole world." She was going to be a foreign correspondent, of course—but sometimes she thought she couldn't wait.

"Funny," said Barney. "Most traveled people are sort of good fellows. He's the worst little shy guy I ever saw."

"He has a large mind, Barney. He has the spirit of a whole Lewis and Clarke Expedition. But he *is* shy, that's so. I don't think he's used to having many friends who care. But I love to listen."

"Yes, if you can stop asking questions long enough to hear the answers," said Barney, who found her eternal interrogativeness sometimes interruptive to the Muse.

Ann was nearly always at home evenings. That was the time she "chored." There were her handkerchiefs and a little bunch of chinaware—Mrs. Milvey happened not to mind if you got breakfast in your room, and that meant just so much money in the bank, as Ann knew; besides, she rather liked getting breakfast—she could make such good coffee; and there was a little plant too, a pathetic herb she had found on the sill when she moved in. It had arterial sclerosis of the stem, or something like that, and being left on the sill all day for its health, it must be bathed at night, like a child that has played in the street. It bore, however, a stunted little bloom, result of a desperate effort on its part to be grateful, no doubt.

Then, as a stitch in time means nine lines of news-item, Ann had come to be sure death on holes. Her wardrobe, though strictly utilitarian, must be marshaled forth and made to answer to the roll, "Mended" or "Cleaned." This was the time she hummed. Neighbor began to leave his door open, and his cigar-smoke came boldly forth now, instead of sneaking over the transom, as before. Ann said she liked cigar smoke—though she didn't say his, true. Still, she had smelled worse. And she saw that his room, which was a trifle larger than hers, was filled with books and maps and charts. There was even a rickety globe. And there were brown poppies on the wall.

She wondered where he worked.

One Saturday afternoon he knocked timidly at her door and asked her if she wouldn't like a bus-ride. She happened to be particularly partial to bus-rides, and they went up Riverside. Perhaps other people noticed them, this odd little brace of neighbors. For Neighbor was not trying to be gallant. Ann had stolen into his foolish loneliness with her neighborliness, and he wanted to be neighborly in return. That was all.

One of those figure-jugglers who compile statistics to show how high the loaves baked on Manhattan each day would reach if placed on end, or how many times around the world the salaries of a charity organization would extend if paid in pennies and laid in a row, and the like—one of these wizardy folk might compute the seeing-energy of those two on that bus-top if turned into horse-power and applied. Thus, it might have lighted all Manhattan for fifteen minutes, or towed a super-dreadnought across the harbor, or run the bus-system itself an entire evening.

Ann, with her superhuman human-interest energy, could flit with equal agility from violet-venders to ambulances or Corinthian capitals. She would wrench away from a painted Sorolla in a window to a very live catcher of red-hot rivets on a constructing sky-scraper; from the woven Odyssey on a Chinese rug to the mechanism of a steam-roller; from appraising a bull pup to watching an automobile funeral; and she always went quite wild over traffic-police, particularly if the policeman were mounted. She had only to see one in action to know that she too wanted to be a traffic-squad man.

Some people think the buses are slow. To Ann and Neighbor, with all they wanted to see—and could see—it seemed as if the chauffeur of that Riverside bus should have been pinched for exceeding the speed-limit. Yet he was a rather cautious driver, if anything.

Neighbor had blossomed out in a frock-coat and a top-hat. Neither was new, but together they epitomized his spirit of dauntlessness and helped him forget his shyness. And suddenly Ann contemplated him with fresh curiosity.

"Why, you've been everywhere abroad and yet you love home so! I *do* like that! Most people are bored. I hate them!"

"There's no place like home!" said Neighbor, with the shy wisdom of his expertness. He was clinging to his cane—he always carried a cane. His carnation to-day was extremely cheerful, as pink carnations are prone to be. A fat, blasé dame with a concrete visage supported by a retaining-wall of double-chin glanced sidewise from her sables as if to say: "Whatever is it these people have? It's not the proper manner, but it does agree with them!"

But when Ann asked him how St. Patrick's compared with a European cathedral, or whether London really was as good as this, and the like sort of probe-questions, Neighbor shied off from answering. Probably he was bashful about giving his opinions. He was most excited when they reached the Drive. The Hudson did it. It was full of ships, and ships excited him. He forgot himself and Ann too, then.

After that they often took little jaunts, occasionally with Barney along. Sometimes it was the Aquarium or the Staten Island Ferry, or again it was a moving-picture show or an illustrated lecture about some country or city. And more than once they watched Atlantic liners leave the wharf. Then the pent-up world-passion of little Neighbor would shine forth in that underglaze of his. Ships were for Travelers. Ann saw the light of the journey-lust, and grieved for him.

"He ought to be wandering through the world he loves so. Think of being like that, and being too poor to go."

She was poor too. But she was young. And Youth is its own Journey.

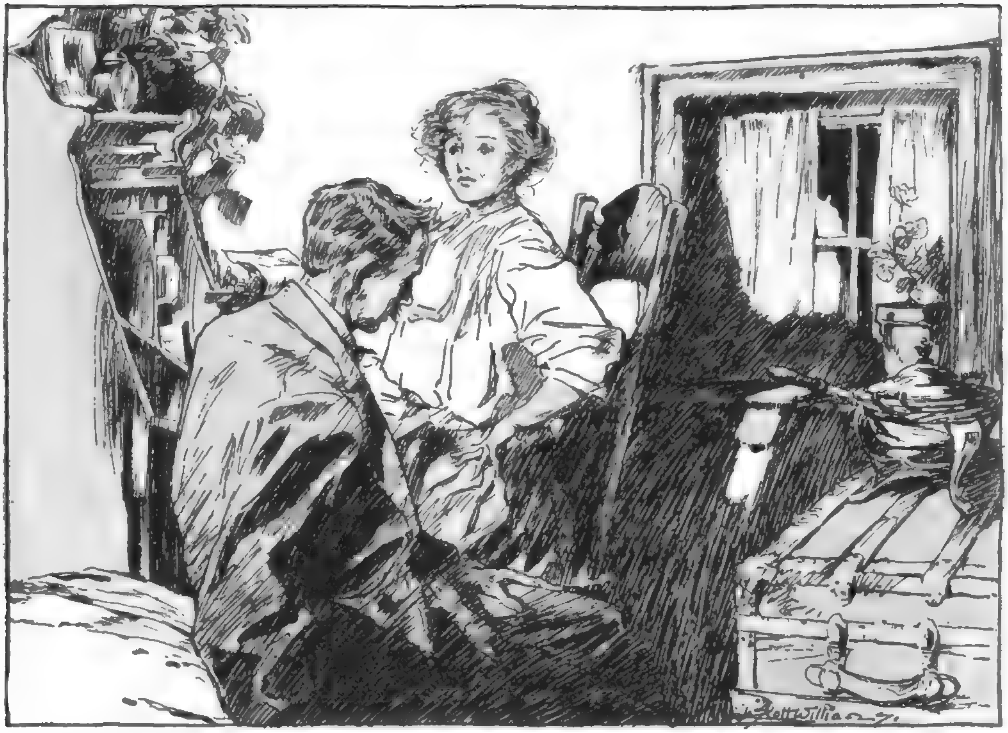
One Sunday morning Mrs. Milvey told Ann the top-floor front-room was rented. To a lady. A maiden lady, with Miss Magenta Biddle for a name.

It happened that Cousin Almeda called that same morning, in all the orthodox glory of church attire. She hadn't missed service in two years. Cousin Almeda was, in short, strong on duty, weak on humor, and nil on originality. She chid Ann for this obstinate, futile dwelling in unclassic atmospheres. Her salary was over two thousand a year, but she had never offered to lend Ann any of it. Ann once more explained all about being too busy to mind the atmosphere, which she said she liked very well anyhow. To Cousin Almeda's mind, it was a wilful and misplaced martyrdom. Ann was as incomprehensible to her as one of those silly plays—say, "Sumurûn"—which hang out the S. R. O. shingle when an Elizabethan revival or a sceneless Greek tragedy unfolds to empty seats.

Ann often went to church to study the architecture—sometimes several kinds all in one church—and to get the music. But she didn't go to-day. Cousin Almeda's visit spoiled all that. For it happened that Ann was intensely artistic, and knew by instinct more about good furniture and color-schemes than Cousin Almeda had learned in all her fifty years of books and culture-lectures. She went with Neighbor and Barney to the Zoo, and at night they dined at an Italian restaurant on a down-town side street, a painfully respectable Bohemia where Cousin Almedas come not, destroying hard-won content.

As for Neighbor, he was nothing short of continental that night. He flittingly mentioned capitols, Monte Carlo, the Alps—he soared over the Alps as if his mind were a little dirigible. And Ann suddenly remembered the new lodger who was to have the top-floor-front. Did Ann dare to begin her great Romance-Plot then? Before she'd even seen Magenta Biddle? I'm afraid she did.

She forgave Cousin Almeda before she went to sleep. "But she sha'n't belittle my surroundings! Poor old prig. I *will* stand my blue roses. They'll teach me something. I'll remember war-correspondents among cannon-balls." That phrase had become a habit. And it's certain, if she ever became a



"I'M JUST A LIVING LIE, AND YOU MUST KNOW IT. THERE! I'VE TOLD YOU WHAT I AM. IT HAD TO COME!"

war-correspondent she'd be where the balls were biggest and fastest, too.

Miss Magenta Biddle was one of the women whom the transition stage from the old to the new type hits the hardest. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks—but he may be a progressive old canine and want to do the tricks, however awkwardly. Magenta, feeling the nature of Modernness struggling within her, knew not how to give it birth, but knew only that it must be born. She had tired of her former female friends, and in the throes toward New Feminism had sought this top-floor retreat, with vague but swerveless notions of self-realization unhampered by unsympathetic souls. For she was no Manhattanite. She was an up-stater. But she had read the press reports of suffrage parades and the like, and here she was, alone, still shy—for the escaping convict will find his chains about his ankles, and the conventional fringe still bothered Magenta a little—but obeying the impulse to do and be something different from anything she'd done and been for fifty years.

And Providence sent her to Ann.

Ann had never forgotten about the blond girl whom she hadn't known. And next morning, seeing a tall, angular spinster in a butterflied kimono, with soft brown hair and soft brown wondering eyes, Ann extended the utterances of neighborliness, undaunted by the little air of reserve in Magenta's reply. For she saw through the reserve to Responsiveness and Desire.

"She's no Cousin Almeda! She's bashful—but she doesn't emanate frost-bite all over the top floor just because we weren't introduced." And she gave her a towel, an act which is a sort of top-floorer's college-yell or lodge-grip. And so they were acquainted.

Magenta had never known a newspaper woman before. To her, Ann was far more wonderful than the Flatiron or Brooklyn Bridge. "Why, *why* weren't women brought up that way when I was young!" she exclaimed one day.

"Ah, the world has changed," said little Ann, in the large and lofty manner. "The spinning-wheel is glad to have a place in museums now, and the whole Penelope-idea exists only in faint fossil imprints on the sand-slabs of a vanished age." And she took a neat page from the old typewriter and inserted another. The spinning-wheel has indeed vanished.

Now, Miss Magenta was the sort you like right from the start. Ann had not only *not* forgotten her Romance-Plot for the top floor—she had even been thinking quite hard about it, developing it. She had sized up her own life and decided (and when she decided about herself, the matter was closed), that if one thing were especially superfluous in her careering-scheme, that thing was Romance. But let a woman hang out this NO ADMITTANCE sign to the tender passion, and watch her immediately try to foist the tender passion on some one else. The Anns are soft-hearted, and Love is a naked little brat. He must have shelter.

And when it comes to Romance, a top floor is as good any day as a Persian garden or the lotus-banks of the Nile. Romance is like the cactus. It can grow out of a rock if you won't give it soil, and it throws out spines which say "Keep off!" and lo, in the right time there is a flower.

Only, with Ann's scheme, there threatened to be no flower.

As if Neighbor saw through her—as he didn't at all—he developed a shyness which it is charity to call panic. Ann tried to inveigle him into that contact so necessary to the progress of Romance, but she had to give up for the present, for fear Magenta would notice. Miss Magenta was happily occupied with lectures on Feminism and the like. Sometimes she'd say to Ann: "Oh, if there's only time yet to do something to express myself! Anything, if it's only something!"

And Ann would say: "Of course there's time. You know it."

But she told Barney she couldn't understand Neighbor at all. "He isn't a woman-hater, you know. And Miss Magenta isn't a man-trapper. But now he even shuts his door in the evening. *I* think they're made for each other if they'd only find it out."

"I thought she was all for Emancipation," said Barney.

"She is. That's why she's meant for him. He doesn't want any old-style stocking-knitting spinster. He's a modernist, too, for all his bashfulness. Hasn't he said how fine he thinks it is for women to free-lance? I can't give them up, somehow. And I won't. Besides, she's traveled, too. Been on two conducted tours. I told him so. But the more I say the more he shies off. I won't give up, though."

It would have been rather a blow to her Romance-plot had she known that at the present stage Neighbor very nearly hated Miss Magenta.

But she would have forgiven him if she had known why.

He had come to fancy (and he was a creature of much fancy) that Ann was a sort of just-found relation, say a niece, like those who turn up suddenly in plays. No one knew how the heart of him bulged gratefully in that be-vested little breast. But that Other One had come, and he was afraid of her. Poor unsuspecting Magenta, bent solely upon Self-Realization! She little guessed the fears she roused. But to Neighbor's distorted fancy she was always imminent on that top floor, and he went no more to chat at Ann's door in the evening.

And Ann began at last to be hurt. Besides, she did hate to give up anything she had started. She was vexed with Neighbor when he shied at such a beautifully arranged romance.

One evening he sat with a new book, an exploration-book. When he read these accounts he always fancied himself one of the party, and the more perilous the adventures, the more ardently he believed he shared them. It was the contrast between his spirit and his ineffectual small body—the soul of the eagle or the albatross in the frame of the canary. His carnation stood at half-mast in a glass, for he hated to see flowers die at night, and gave them a fighting chance for another twelve hours of life.

So he sat, with his cigar and his book. But he was not reading. Over in Ann's room was the click of her wheezy typewriter—and also Miss Magenta's voice. At last Miss Magenta went. He heard her go down the stairs.

The next moment Ann had knocked at his door.

"There's a lecture at the Museum tomorrow night about Brazil. Won't you go with Miss Magenta and me?"

With the guilty manner of a soft-hearted anarchist waiting with a bomb under his arm till Royalty passed, Neighbor uttered the heartless words of refusal. Ann started away, but turned back.

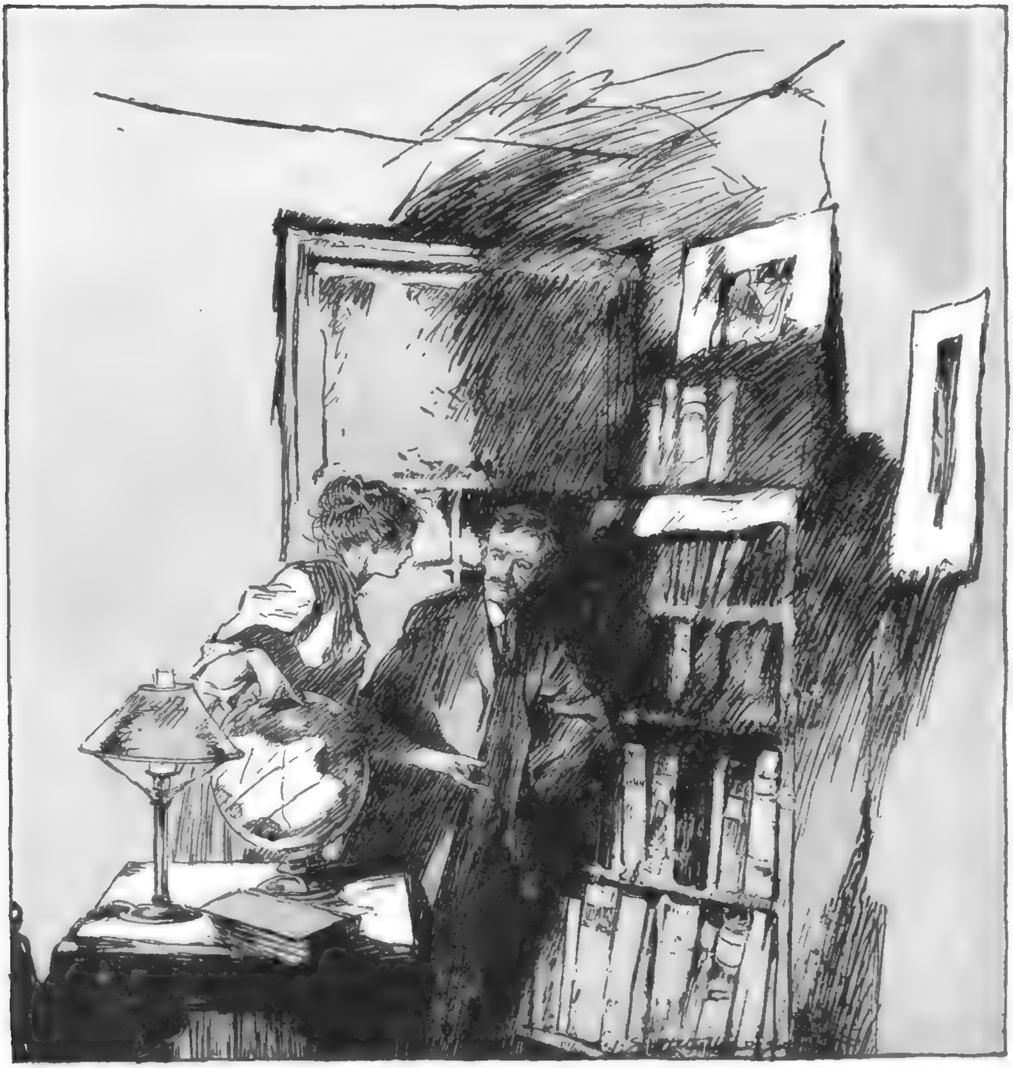
"Neighbor—we've been good friends, haven't we? What's wrong? Have I done anything? Is anything the matter? Won't you tell me if that's so?"

People who have stolen and never been found out, sometimes years afterward make confession and ask to go to jail.

Confession had been struggling in Neighbor's breast for days. Now he went with Ann to her blue-rosey room and there, sitting little and abased on her Bagdad-covered couch, he unfolded the awful secret of his life:

"I've never been around the world, I've never been to Europe. I've never been anywhere at all, except to Boston and two or three times to Philadelphia. I'm just a living lie, and you must know it. There! I've told you what I am. It had to come!"

Ann rather thought a bomb had exploded. Neighbor had crumpled up, all his jauntiness gone as if it had never been. He looked like nothing but a belated fruit which has hung too long on the branch and, being frost-bitten overnight, has warped and withered in the sunlight of day. His tie struck a discordant color-note of pathos, louder than



"SEE, NEIGHBOR," SHE SAID, LOOKING AROUND THE BOOK-LINED WALLS, "DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE GREATEST TRAVELER THAT EVER LIVED?"

the blue roses, which for once were stilled at their own game.

"Tell me how it happened," at last said Ann, gently, and full of wonder.

"Oh, my people were a roving set. I wanted to be a rover myself, like Uncle Dick, who followed the frontier. In school I always was ahead in geography. I never read anything but adventures. I thought I'd be an explorer when I grew up. But—" he paused and flushed—"I never did—grow *up*. I—I stayed so little they all laughed at me about my notions of traveling around and seeing the world. I was sick half the time, too, and then I had to go to work when I *was* stronger—I put off my travels then, you see," he said with a wan smile.

"It sounded better," he went on. "It wasn't so funny that way. Then I took to just pretending. Pretending I was big, pretending I was brave—and I wasn't brave; I wasn't a fighter, or I'd have got what I wanted. People who don't get what they want are weaklings. Don't you believe anything else. Why, it grew on me, this pretending, till I've just come to live that way. You know it. And I'm just little, inside and out. That's why I'm scared of strangers —I'm afraid they'll see through me. I knew that woman that's come up here—she's been abroad—she'd find me out and she'd tell you. I didn't want you to know. But you're so honest, you never pretend, and—I've told you. I'm going to move away. I couldn't stand having you despise me. And I the *traveler!*"

Neighbor clasped his small hands and so, sitting crumpled on the edge of the couch, he might have been mistaken for one of those fanciful sprites of melancholy or despair which are said to come and perch before unhappy geniuses, like the raven that bothered Poe.

But Ann was no unhappy genius. Her inspiration was entirely felicitous. "Neighbor," she said, "tell me *why* you didn't ever go anywhere. What hindered?"

But there, why tell it? Even Ann knew, before he spoke. Sick mother—invalid sister—then, youth gone, the pioneer blood thin and timid, the salary unsaved. *That* old story is no more remarkable than to say horses eat from nose-bags at noon. The only time it means anything is when it's *your* story.

When he was about thirty he came to the city. That was the beginning of the globe-trotting myth. Then, instead of having Romance, he had books. He had been in Mrs. Milvey's top-floor room for thirteen years, and three years ago his sister had died there. She had had the front room which harbored Miss Magenta now. And Mrs. Milvey, believing that myth, as Neighbor himself had almost come to believe it too, told each new lodger about the Traveled Gentleman on the top floor. And his little vanity was flattered. Shyness is handmaid to vanity. We must look large in some way or other—particularly if we are only a sample-size.

Ann took his hand and led the little crumpled fellow to his own room. "See, Neighbor," she said, looking around the book-lined walls, and touching the rickety globe, "don't you know you're the greatest traveler that ever lived?"

"What?" he stammered, with the comic incredulity of a dog which expects to be whipped, and instead is caressed.

"Why, yes, Neighbor. You've had to stay here, in this one city, this one room—but your heart has been all around the whole world! Seems to me I know people who've trotted their bodies all over both hemispheres, without having their heart along any more than their house and lot. And here you've been describing places you never saw—how could you?"

"It must be—imagination," he said, blushing.

"Oh, no, it isn't. It's sheer love!" said Ann. "Listen—can't you take a real trip some day? Since—that is, since you're alone now?"

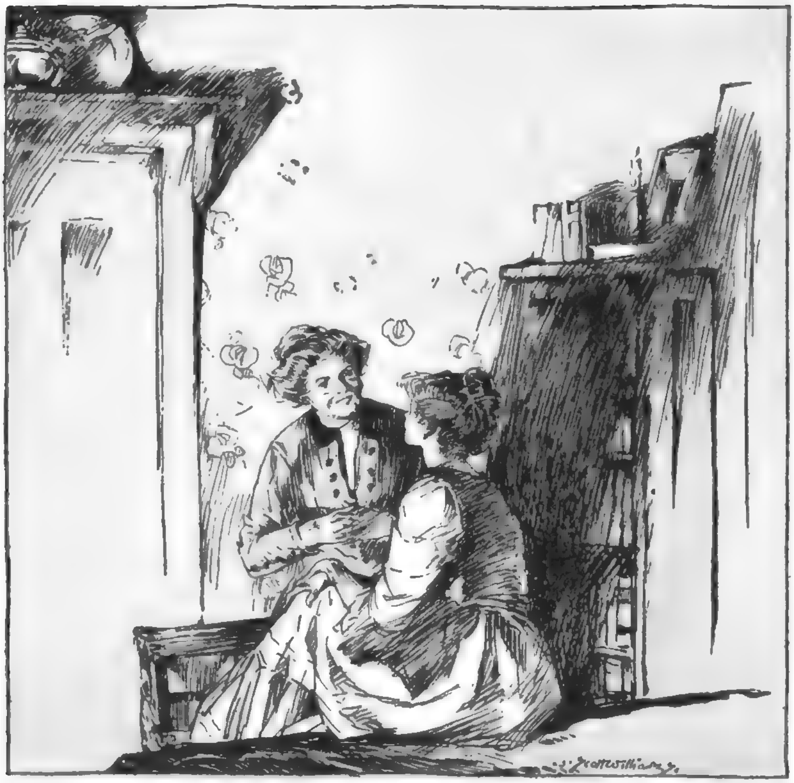
"I've been saving," he said, blushing harder than before. "I did think maybe this year they'd give me leave of absence—two weeks off every summer isn't very much, is it? But I've been there so long, I think *this* summer——"

"Been where so long?" asked Ann.

He mentioned a Sixth Avenue department store. "I'm a clerk in the trunk and suit-case department."

Yes, for thirteen years he'd sold trunks to people who were going on trips! And it hadn't made him bitter, either.

"How Miss Magenta will admire you!" said Ann. "Oh, don't look scared. *She* was hindered too. Not by invalids—by prigs. Now she's free, and she's trying to live, too, and hunting the way. Neighbor, will you go with us sometimes when we are poking



"OH, ANN, ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN DOING THE THINGS THAT LOOKED RIGHT TO OTHER PEOPLE. I'M TIRED OF THAT. I'VE REACHED OUT AND TAKEN WHAT I WANTED."

around where women can't go unless they have a man along? Everything's so idiotic—we have to drag in some poor man for the looks of the thing. Won't you sometimes be that man? I have to poke around, you know. That's my work. I have to 'mingle'—Cousin Almeda calls it that. It's the way you get news-items."

In her room Ann murmured, "Romance, thou hast budded!" and, though she hated tears, because they were dissipations of energy, and old-style female, she dropped one on the sooty plant when she bathed it that night.

And one day, much later, Miss Magenta came to Ann's room, blushing and shedding the luminous ray of Self-Realization.

"We're going to be married!"

"Then he did ask you!" cried Ann. "I knew——"

"No, he didn't. *I* asked *him!*" replied Miss Magenta, blushing—magenta-colored. "Oh, Ann, all my life I've been doing the things that looked right to other people. I'm tired of that. I've expressed *myself!* I've reached out and taken what I wanted. It wasn't too late!"

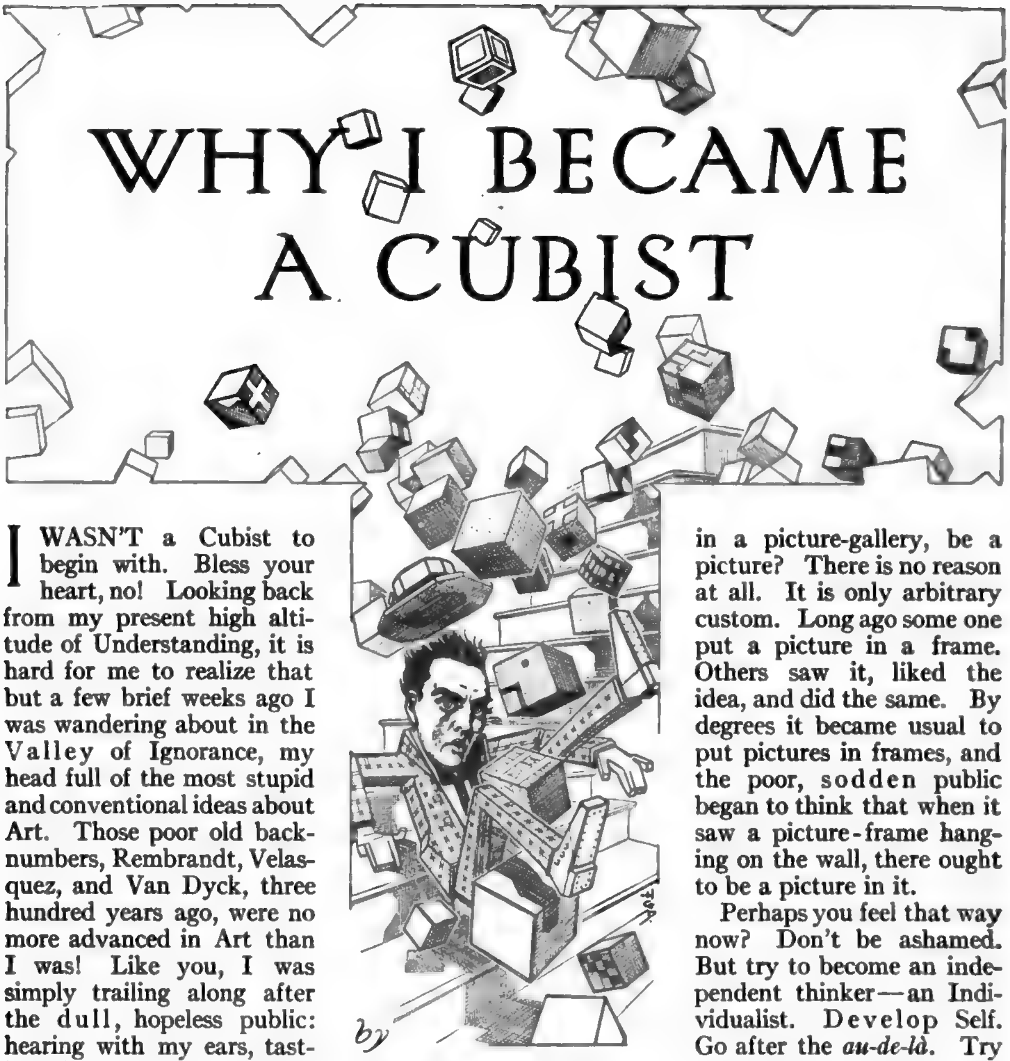
"And when does it come off?"

"In summer. He gets two months. We're going on a Conducted Tour—oh, Ann!"

Ann, left alone, gazed around her little ten-by-ten room. "I'm humble! Oh, I'm very humble! I thought I was going to learn Concentration. I didn't know how calculating I was. Oh, wall-paper, I'm so humble! I've seen a Revelation!"

That night in her sleep she murmured, "*Blue Cannon-balls!*"

WHY I BECAME A CUBIST



by

JULIAN STREET

I WASN'T a Cubist to begin with. Bless your heart, no! Looking back from my present high altitude of Understanding, it is hard for me to realize that but a few brief weeks ago I was wandering about in the Valley of Ignorance, my head full of the most stupid and conventional ideas about Art. Those poor old back-numbers, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Van Dyck, three hundred years ago, were no more advanced in Art than I was! Like you, I was simply trailing along after the dull, hopeless public: hearing with my ears, tasting with my mouth, smelling with my nose, seeing with my eyes.

I had the utterly old-fashioned idea that portraits should represent people, marines the sea, and landscapes the land. Yes, and —fond fool that I was!—when I saw something with a gilt frame on four sides of it, hanging on a wall, I had the conventional belief that it should be a picture. This was especially true if it happened to be hanging in what we sometimes call a picture-gallery.

What sheep we are! Why, after all, should something in a gilt frame, hanging in a picture-gallery, be a picture? There is no reason at all. It is only arbitrary custom. Long ago some one put a picture in a frame. Others saw it, liked the idea, and did the same. By degrees it became usual to put pictures in frames, and the poor, sodden public began to think that when it saw a picture-frame hanging on the wall, there ought to be a picture in it.

Perhaps you feel that way now? Don't be ashamed. But try to become an independent thinker—an Individualist. Develop Self. Go after the *au-de-là*. Try to Understand! Reach On and Up. Reach Over and Under and Around and Through.

"One not greatly expressing something being struggling."

But I am running ahead of my story.

As I said before, I wasn't a Cubist when I first went to the International Exhibition of Modern Art. Quite the contrary. I went there through curiosity, just as one goes to an immoral play.

You know how disappointing it is to go to a play that you have been informed is shocking, and sit through the first act without being shocked at all? You begin to wish you had your money back.

That is how I felt upon entering the armory in which the Art Exhibition was held. The foyer looked perfectly sane.

"I'm afraid we have been taken in," I said to the friend who accompanied me. "This looks like the entrance to any exhibition. Probably the pictures are not shocking at all. They've made fools of us."

"I should think so, too," said he, "if it weren't for the crowd. There must be something rotten to draw such a mob."

Somewhat encouraged by his optimism, I moved into the first room.

Ah! I had hardly passed the door when I saw that I was not to be disappointed. There, hanging upon the wall, was a painting the like of which I had never seen before. It was the portrait of a lady: a kind of post-lady, I suppose. I don't mean by that a post-mistress, but a lady as seen by a Post-Impressionist. She appeared to me to be dying of leprosy, with complications of bubonic plague. One of her eyes was partly open, the other almost lost in a great, disfiguring bruise. The face was livid of cerise, splotched with daubs of green, yellow, and purple. Behind her raged a furious background: wide stripes of yellow, purple, blue, and green. (You see how ignorant I was at the time.)

"Do you find anything good in that?" I asked my companion.

"It has action," he said. "It jumps out of the frame and smashes you in the eye! An admirable quality in a portrait of a pugilist, perhaps. But this is a portrait of a lady. It——"

"Ah! Well met, Adolphus!" I heard a voice behind me and turned to find myself face to face with Rose Madder.

Now Rose is a nice girl, but her sense of the esthetic causes her to dress in a peculiar manner. She wears a fillet around her hair, which flops about her ears; also she affects short-waisted, smock-like gowns which do not quite become a girl with so much beam. (My companion remarked afterward that she looked Rubens but dressed Rossetti.) In the Latin Quarter she wore sandals, but I noticed at the Exhibition that she had on shoes. I was relieved at that.

I introduced my companion, and Rose immediately asked how we liked the pictures. I wanted to nudge him; for Rose paints, and her paintings are generally considered odd. But I couldn't get at him.

"I'll tell you," he said. "If some one assured me that that portrait of a lady had been done on a back fence by an evil-minded child of ten, who had been reared on absinthe, I should not be in the least surprised. To call it a crime in pigment seems to me to be to praise it. It carries to my eyes sensations equivalent to those which might be wafted to the nose by the combined perfumes of garlic, asafetida, fertilizer, civet cat, and the waste from a fish-oil factory; it seems to me——"

"Ah, *mon vieux*," Rose broke in, addressing me. "*Il ne comprend pas!* He doesn't get it."

"No," I said. "I'm afraid, to tell the truth, neither of us does."

"It is beautiful!" she cried. "Beautiful with the *New Beauty!* You haven't got to the New Beauty yet, then?"

"No!" said my companion, with what seemed to me unnecessary bruskness. Then he turned to me with: "I think I must be going now," and left me there with Rose.

Rose is very intelligent, but I don't precisely like to be left with her. People stare so. And when she makes gestures with her thumb, in explaining Art, it calls attention to the fact that she wears a ring upon it—a ring with a large green stone.

"I want you to learn to see the New Beauty, Adolphus," she said, and began waving her thumb at the pictures. The whole thing, she explained, was a matter of arrangement—of moods expressed in lines, shapes, and tones.

A little crowd collected about us.

We moved about the first room. Passing over several paintings like the first one, we came upon two canvases which suggested to my then unenlightened mind odd, incoherent embroideries in colored yarn. To me they meant absolutely nothing; but I did not say so, lest Rose explain them with her jeweled thumb, and collect another crowd. One of them was called "Autumn;" the other "Landscape." Some one has told me since that, through a quite natural mistake, the hanging committee had hung "Autumn" upside down.

Then, suddenly, three paintings by Robert Henri: a bronzed old gipsy woman, a nude woman in arrested motion, and a child. There they hung, all clean, and true, and right-side up with care, giving me the feeling of relief a man might have on coming out of a delirium and opening his eyes upon a wholesome, sunlit world.

Rose looked at the Henri paintings with something like contempt. "There!" she began. "Those things are perfectly Academic. Technically good painting of the old-fashioned kind; but no soul, no imagination: a mere *tour de force* of brushwork."

I wished to protest at this, but again feared that we might draw a crowd, and was silent.

At last we came upon a very crowded room. People were staring at the walls with faces amazed, baffled, incredulous, angry, or amused. It was the *cabinet particulier* of the Futurists and Cubists. Little did I think, gentle reader, as I entered that room, and heard some one refer to it, flippantly, as the "Chamber of Horrors," that I was upon the threshold of Understanding!

At first sight, while the blinders of convention are still upon the eyes, the mind refuses to accept the notion that the Futurists and Cubists are serious. One imagines them as a group of wild young students, unable—because of lack of training and ability—to paint in the Academic manner which they profess to scorn. One can even fancy their having met, one night, in Montmartre, around a table well supplied with absinthe, and thereupon determined to perpetrate a mastodonic hoax upon the world.

"Are these men actually capable of—of—" I began.

"Of Academic work?" Rose finished for me. "Most assuredly, *mon vieux*. One has been a master in a great art school. Most of them have exhibited in leading European cities. . . What you fail to grasp is this: They are not trying to paint pictures. Everything which can be said in pictorial art has been said. We must reach On and Up! And where may we reach but to the Subconscious? These artists paint the subjective instead of the objective. Instead of giving us a mere picture, they convey to Us, who Understand, a mental impression of motion or emotion. Is that clear?"

Several people had edged up to us to eavesdrop, so I said that it was clear.

"I knew you would Understand, Adolphus!" she encouraged. "Now look at that painting called 'Nude Descending a Stairway.' Put yourself into a childlike frame of mind and tell me what you see."

I looked for a long time, hoping that the eavesdroppers would get tired and go away. But they waited.

"It seems to me," I said, at last, "to look like the explosion of a shingle factory."

Rose sighed. "You *will* look for the pictorial," she said.

"What should I see?" I asked, feeling rather crestfallen.

"You should see what was in the painter's subconscious mind," she said. "He painted that nude several times, in the Academic manner, standing on an individual step of the stair, just as Henri painted his nude stepping out, but in arrested motion. In other words, as the camera catches a moving figure. But this man, Marcel Duchamp, wasn't satisfied with that. So he determined to paint the effect left upon his mind by seeing the figure run all the way from the top to the bottom of the flight."

I heard a young man, standing beside us, snort, and saw him wink, obviously, at his companion, who replied by pointing a finger at his forehead, moving it with a circular motion, and making an insulting buzzing sound.

I did not wish to have a row. I detest rows. I wanted to get away. So I said to Rose: "It is as if the figure was coming down so fast that one could not see it."

"That's it," she approved.

The two young men continued to stand beside us.

"Everything is coming down," one of them said to the other. "The nude is coming down, the stairs are coming down, the house is coming down, the splintered shingles from the roof are coming down—or is it that the naked party has the shingles?"

I edged away from them, but they followed. Rose stopped me before another painting by Marcel Duchamp. "I shall not give you the name of this one," she said. "Just tell me what it suggests to you."

Presently I said: "It looks like some great engines in a pumping-station or a power-house."

"Excellent!" she cried. "You're beginning to see, Adolphus! The name of that painting," said Rose, "is 'King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes.'"

"Swift nudes?" I repeated, rather shocked.

"Yes; fast-moving nude figures."

"Oh!" I said. "But why am I getting on, then? I said it looked like a power-house, you know."

"Quite so. Well, what do a king and queen suggest? Don't they suggest power?

And the painting suggests power, too."

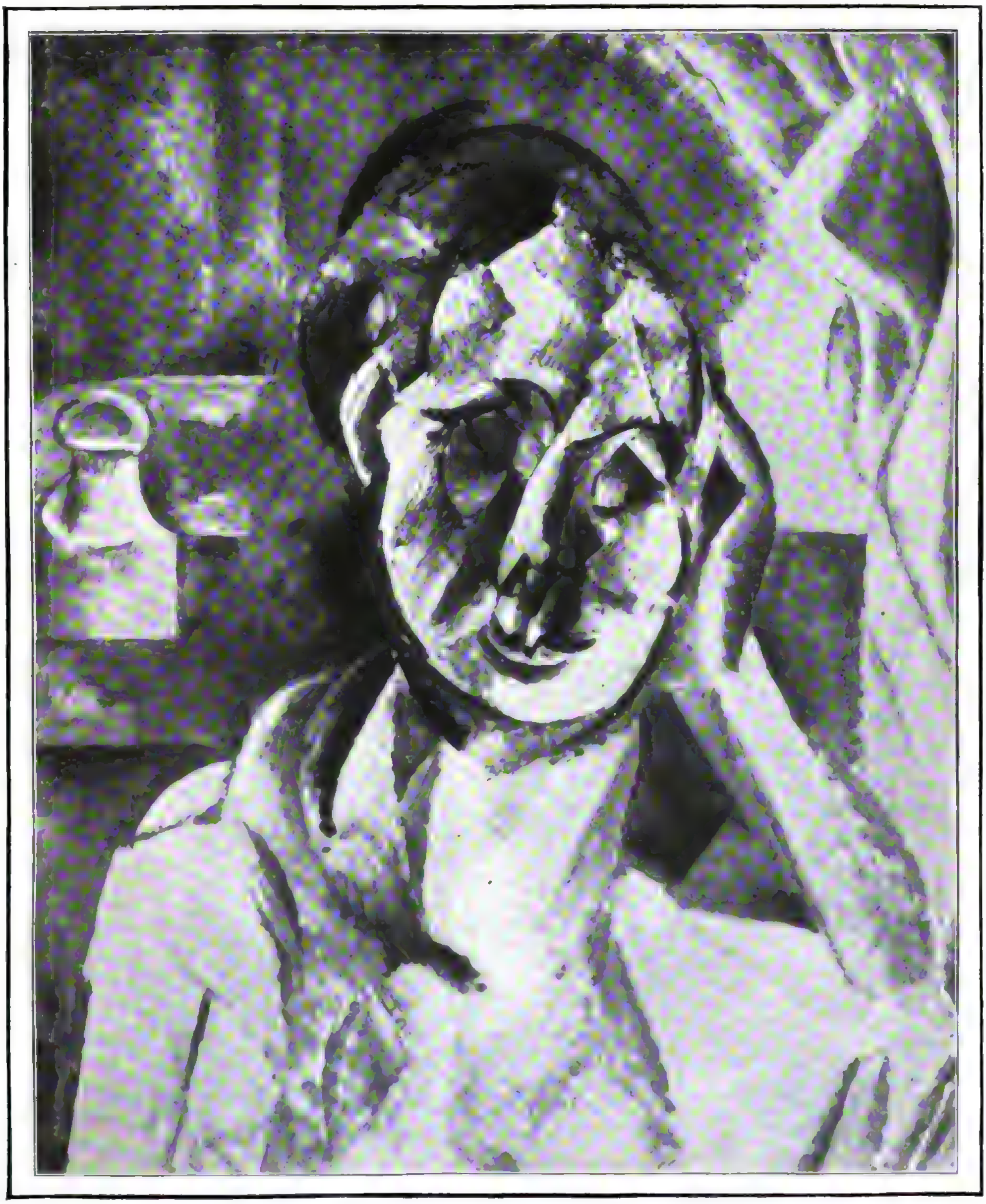
"But what of the nudes?" I asked.

I did not hear her reply, for one of the young men again intruded. He remarked, as if speaking to his companion:

"Said the King to the Nudes: 'At last I have you in my power-house.' "

Their impudence was becoming so annoying that I was tempted to speak to them sharply. But one of them, in particular, was a big, hairy man, like a pugilist. Besides, they were strangers to me. Why should I speak to total strangers about their manners?

Rose was expounding: "One of the striking proofs of our greatness is that the public



"THE WOMAN WITH A POT OF MUSTARD," BY PAUL PICASSO.

does not understand us. Did the public ever understand real greatness at first sight? No! Look at Wagner! They called him crazy. Look at Galileo, Columbus, Monet, Debussy, Richard Strauss! All went unappreciated at first. Alas! It is the history of Art!"

"If you want to see some fine examples of Cubism," she went on, "look at these things on the wall in front of us." She indicated a canvas that looked to me like a crazy-quilt made up of rectangles and triangles of red, rose, and white, and told me it was the "Dance at the Spring," by Picabia. "Picabia," Rose explained, "is a disciple and friend of Bergson, the French philosopher. Of course you've read Bergson's philosophy of Instinct and Individualism?"

She seemed so sure I had read Bergson that I nodded. As a matter of fact, I hadn't, but with some people I hate to confess that I haven't read certain books.

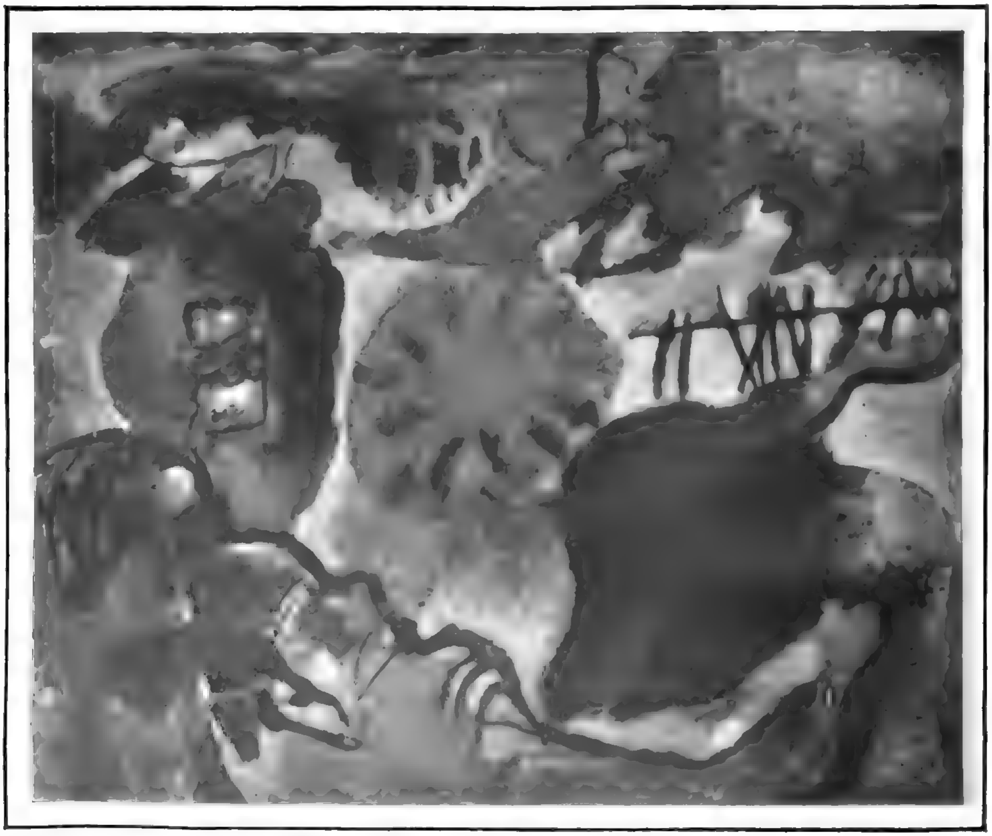
"Then you know, of course," she went on, "that Bergson says life is a living stream; he compares our consciousness with the mechanism of a kinematograph. If you accept that, what can be more logical than Cubist art—the art that attempts to place on canvas the impressions of life which pass across the mind as kinemacolor pictures pass across a screen?"

I felt rather dazed. The idea sounded sensible, but somehow I didn't seem to grasp it. It reminded me of explanations I had heard of certain new religions: explanations which sound coherent, yet which, one feels, have a screw loose somewhere. I did not wish to answer Rose's argument; I couldn't answer it.

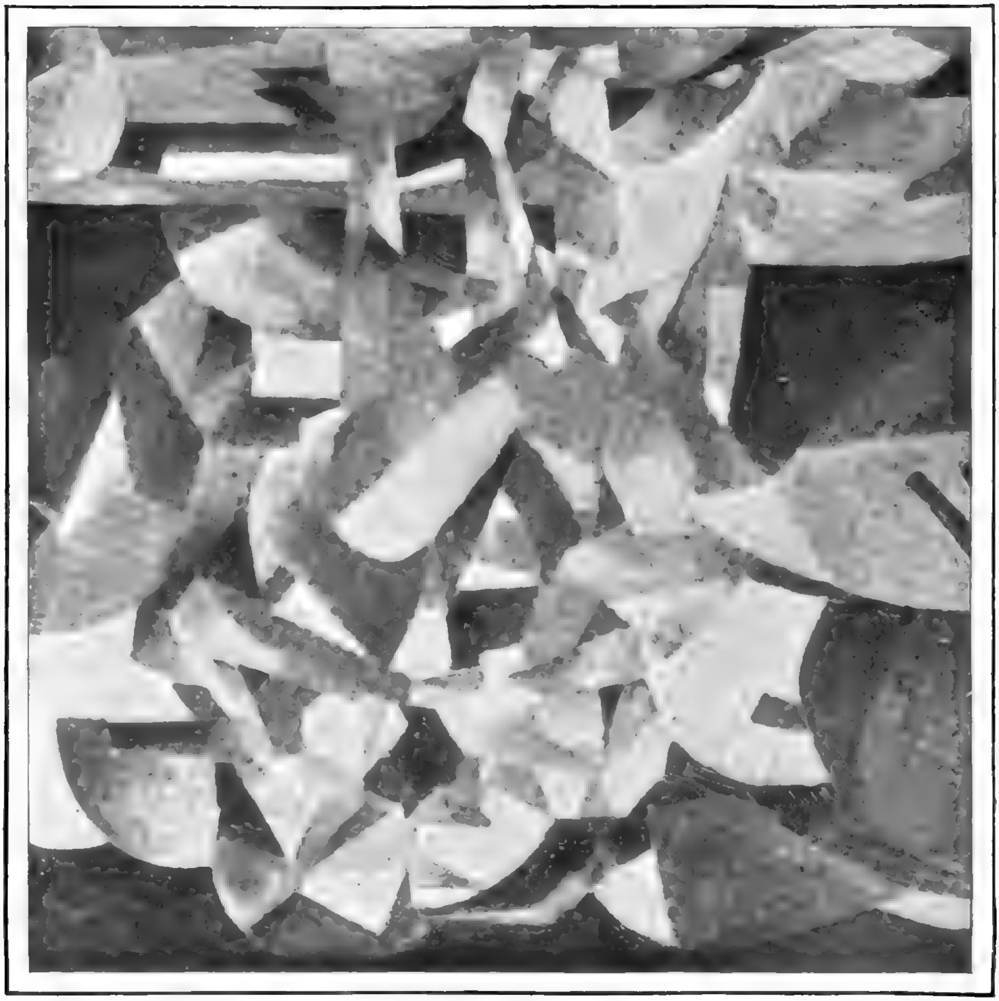
"I must really be going," I said.

"Oh, you must see the paintings by Matisse," said Rose. "Some of us think him the master of all the modernists."

We moved into the next room, one wall of which was fairly crawling with the art



"IMPROVISATION," BY WASSILY KANDINSKY



"THE DANCE AT THE SPRING," BY FRANCIS PICABIA.

of Matisse. They were large canvases, in tones almost flat, without shading, like the grotesque posters which come from Germany. In some of them the human figures were "simplified" until they had about the same resemblance to reality as Gelett Burgess's "goops."

"Don't you feel the power of them?" demanded Rose.

I didn't, so I asked evasively: "What does that one mean? The one with the nude man writhing on the ground, with fireworks behind him. He looks so uncomfortable. Perhaps he got hit by a skyrocket stick?"

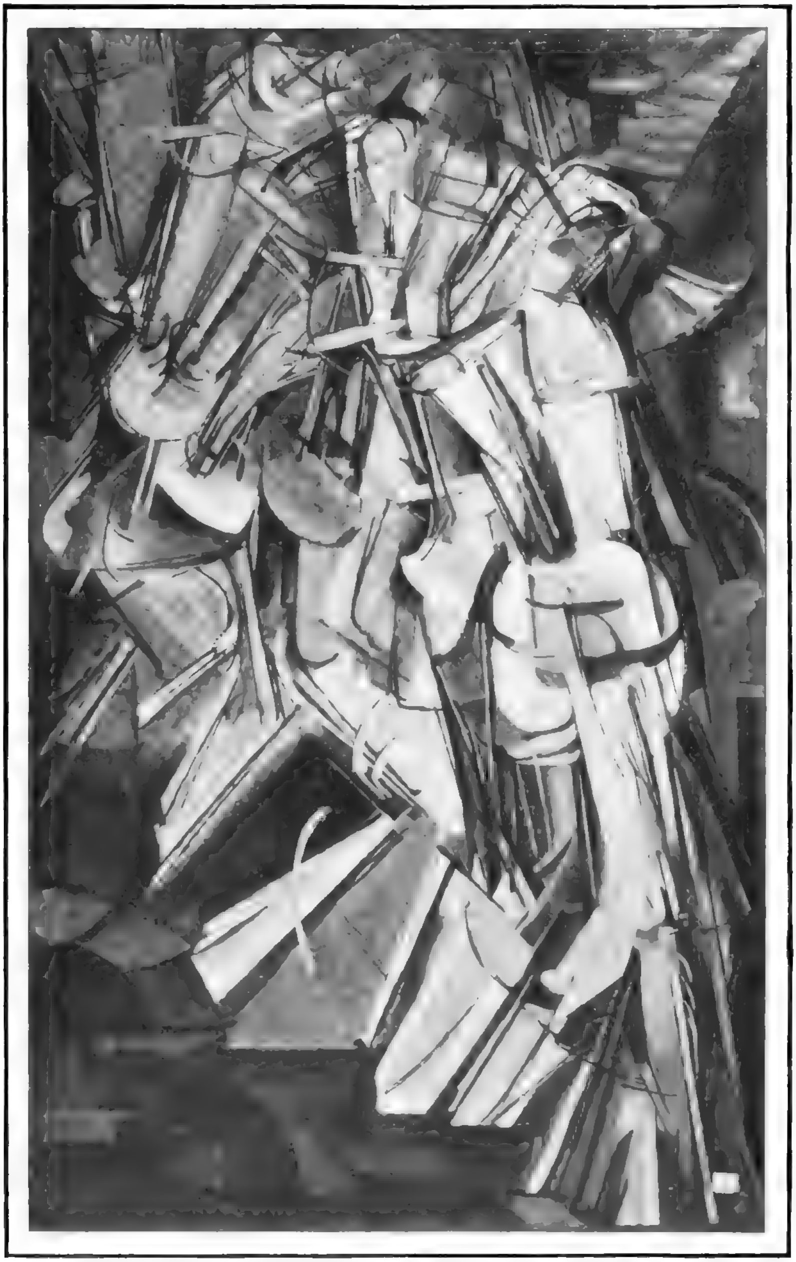
"That's not a man!" corrected Rose. "That's a woman; and those aren't fireworks—they're palm trees."

"Oh, I see. But why is she painted blue?"

Rose actually sounded impatient, as she replied: "What does it matter what color is used so long as Matisse gets his effect? You must understand that he casts out tradition and seeks the elemental. He paints as a child might have painted in the dawn of art, seeing only the essentials in color and form. You must think of these pictures as having been produced by a recluse in revolt."

"Well," I said, "I am tired. I think I'll go. Thank you so much, Rose, for helping me to understand."

A few days later, when my mind was rested, I returned to the exhibition and



"NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRWAY," BY MARCEL DUCHAMP.

looked around for Rose, but she was not there. However, I ran into a distinguished painter whom I know. He is a member of the Academy, and consequently wears a silk hat and a pointed beard.

"What do you think of it as an exhibition?" I asked.

"The worst used to advertise the best," he replied with a wink.

"Don't the Cubists interest you?"

"Do you want to know how to paint Cubist pictures?" he asked. "I'll tell you. Smoke a few cubebs and figure out the cube root of Art. Then cover your canvas with vari-colored angular forms. Then decide what you want to call it. Say you want to call it 'Cuban Landscape': stick a few palm fronds at the top and a negro's foot at the bottom. Or if that doesn't suit, paint out the palm and the foot, replace with a hand, some hair, and a note of music, and call it 'Portrait of Kubelik.' *Voilà!*"

At that moment my friend Wassily Muskoxi came up and spoke to me. My Academic acquaintance took one look at Wassily's long hair and Windsor tie, and left without an introduction. Wassily is the leading Secessionist of East Orange, New Jersey, and an anarchist of no mean attainments. If any one could be expected to understand the ultra-modernists it is he. He asked me if I was not deeply impressed.

I said that the pictures had affected me; that I had had the new movement explained to me in detail by Rose Madder.

"Oh, Rose Madder!" he said contemptuously. "She doesn't Understand. I have nothing against Rose personally, but I tell you she is merely skimming the surface of this movement."

This rather disconcerted me.

"To get at the root of the thing," said Wassily, "you must go to Cezanne, Von Gogh, and Gauguin. They were the first Post-Impressionists. All three were martyrs to Art. They died unrecognized. They created the New Art, struggling, first and foremost, to express themselves. We modernists all trace back to these men. It is from them that we get our sense of balance and form — our expression of Ourselves, above all else."

To prove this point he took me to some paintings of nude figures, dancing among cows: pictures which, I thought, suggested a patchwork of vari-colored Brussels carpet. Others suggested the artistic efforts of the early Egyptians and Assyrians, or of the weavers of primitive tapestries. Wassily said they were simplified.

"We have discovered," Wassily explained, "that, contrary to what most people have thought, the ancients did not make primitive pictures because of lack of knowledge, but rather because of a superabundance of it. After the so-called ancient primitives came the decadence of Art — Greek sculpture, with its slavish imitation of the human form; Michelangelo and all that crowd, and so on through a long period including Rembrandt, Velasquez, and all those dubs who are the forerunners of the present race of Academic painters. None of them is any good. It has taken the modernists to find them out and tie a can to them."

I protested mildly.

"But isn't it one thing," I said, "to be crude and primitive because you are living in a crude and primitive age, and another to revert from civilization to primitiveness? Isn't an artist who paints crude pictures in a sophisticated era as much of a degenerate as I should be if I gave up my flat and my bath-tub and went to live in a cave?"

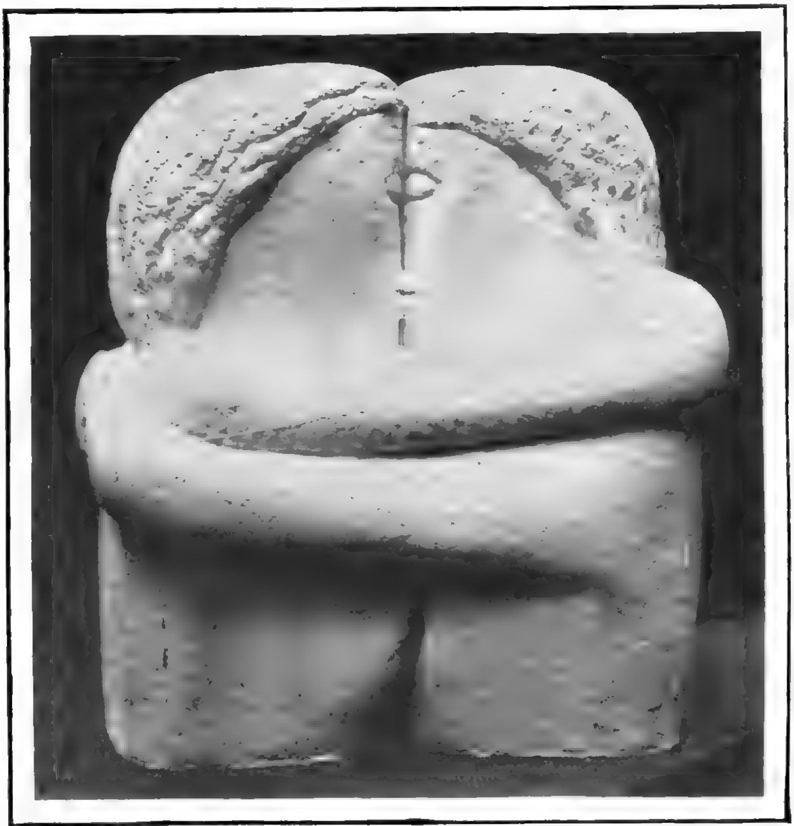
"You've hit it!" cried Wassily.

I was astounded at his enthusiasm. "Hit what?" I asked.

"The key-note of the whole thing!" he exclaimed. "It *is* degeneracy!"

"Well, then, isn't the new art wrong?"

"Wrong?" he repeated. "No, indeed! What you have just said about degeneracy proves that it is right! Art is always at its best when decadence has set in!"



"THE KISS," BY CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI.

My mind was beginning to feel tired again. I bade Wassily good-by and went away to think the matter over.

Upon my next visit to the exhibition I met a doctor whom I knew. He assured me that the new movement was purely pathological. "I have seen paintings by paranoiacs which much resembled these," he said.

I was turning this over in my mind when I chanced to encounter Philbert McNutt.

Perhaps you don't know Philbert? His father was one of the wealthy Pittsburgh McNutts. He left Philbert so much money that Phil has never had to do anything but think. Of course he paints, too, but you never see his paintings in the Academy, or the windows of Fifth Avenue dealers. I suppose this is because Philbert does not give them a chance.

When we exchanged greetings I mentioned what my friend the doctor had said.

"Oh, yes," Philbert replied cheerfully. "Some of the fellows are paranoiacs. I feel sure of two of them. But you know a little dash of paranoia is a very fine thing for Art. Do you grasp the new movement?"

"Well," I replied, "I would hardly say 'grasp.' Grasp is too strong a word."

"Let me explain."

"Delighted," I answered. "Although I have already had it explained to me by Rose Madder and Wassily Muskoxi."

Philbert shrugged. "What do they know?" he commented. "They're the merest childish imitators."

"What then," I asked him, "is the answer?"

"Listen," he began. "It is conceded that the nearer a picture is to photographic perfection the farther it is from Art. Isn't that so? Yes. Well, then, isn't the picture which is farthest from the photograph the nearest to Art?"

"Perhaps," I assented. I felt rather confused.

"Of course it is!" said Philbert. "And what is farthest from a photograph? That which can not be photographed at all—the abstract—thoughts, emotions! Just consider: You can photograph a train of cars. But can you photograph a train of thought? You can photograph a train of cars on the way from New York to Chicago, but you can't photograph the sensations and emotions experienced by the man who makes such a journey."

"But can you paint them?" I demanded.

"Certainly!" he insisted. "I am now painting such a picture. It will be my masterpiece."

"Are you a Cubist?" I asked.

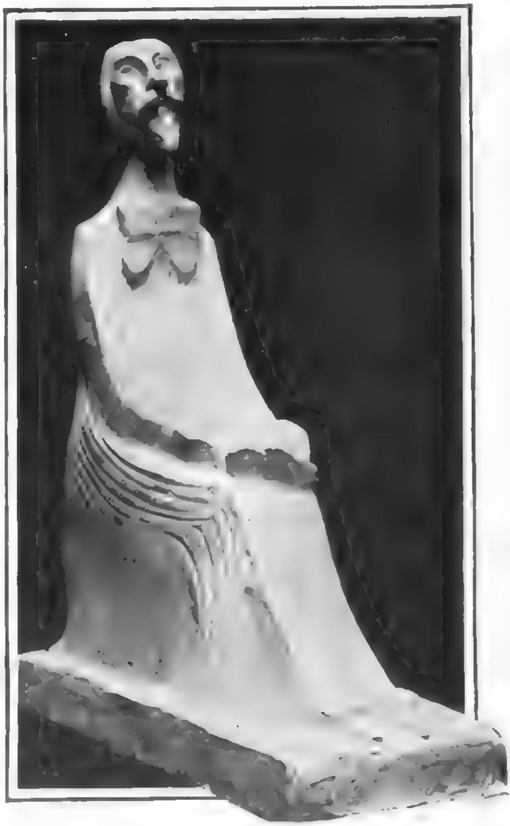
"Partially," said Philbert. "But I am essentially an individualist. I am my own technique—my own school of Art. I might be called a Post-Cubist, perhaps."

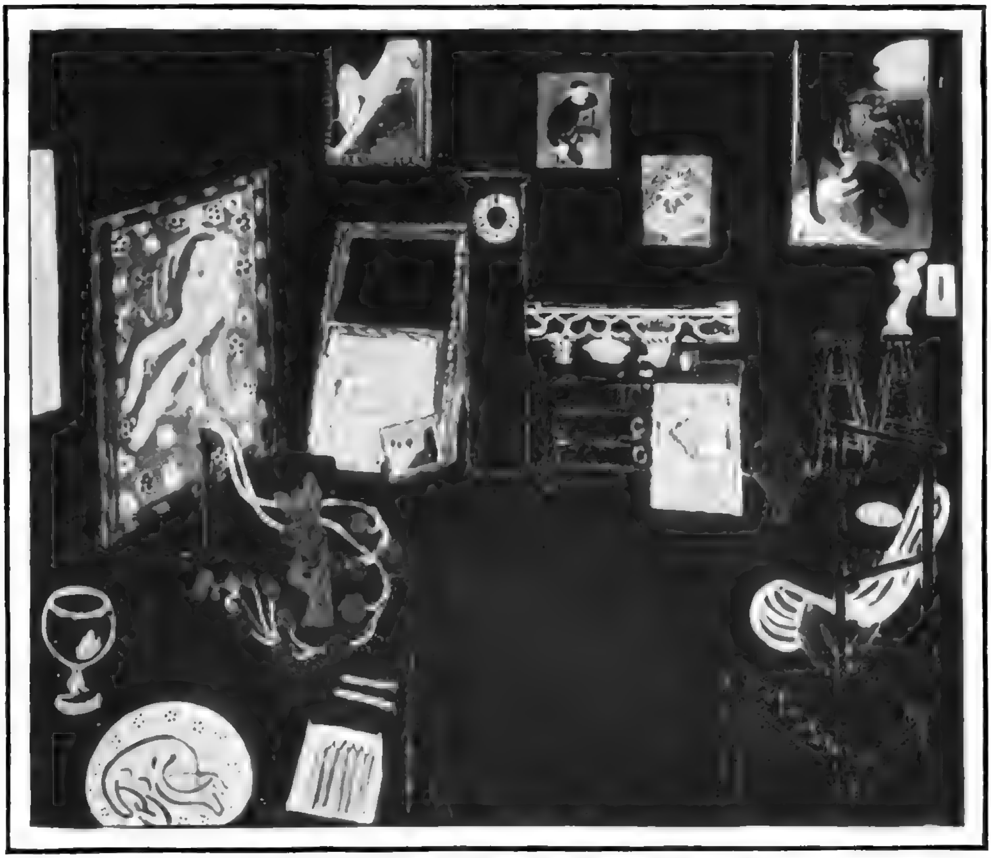
"I didn't know there were Post-Cubists," I said.

"There aren't," said Philbert. "I'm the first one."

I stood there thinking how wonderful it was that little Philbert McNutt, with whom I had played as a child in the dear old days in Pittsburgh, should stand before me now the founder of a whole school of Art!

"Here," he said suddenly, leading me to a stand covered with books. "Here is the answer to it all. Read these." As he spoke he placed several of the books in my


"WHITHER," BY J. MOWBRAY-CLARKE.



DECORATIVE PANEL IN RED, BY HENRI MATISSE.

hands. "They will tell you more about the New Art than I can."

I thanked him, took the books, and went away.

One was a magazine called "Arts and Decoration." It contained, among other things, an appreciation, by Mabel Dodge, of Gertrude Stein, who writes Cubist. A second was a pamphlet containing a word portrait (in Cubist) of Mabel Dodge, by Gertrude Stein. The third was a copy of a magazine called "Camera Work," containing articles by Gertrude Stein upon Picasso and Matisse.

I went home, sat down in my room, and read them. And as I read, all the mystery, all the fog which had seemed to me to obscure Modern Art, was swept away upon a gale of words. Miss Stein's writings are, indeed, the key to Cubism and the allied branches of art. Until I read her, I had wavered; I had failed to grasp the true and deep significance of it all. As Mabel Dodge says: "She is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint." That is just it!

Let me quote Mrs. Dodge further:

> Her habit of working is methodical and deliberate. She always works at night in the silence, and brings all her power to bear upon the banishing of preconceived images. Concentrating upon the impression she has received and which she wishes to transmit, she suspends her selective faculty, waiting for the word or group of words that will perfectly interpret her meaning to rise from her subconsciousness to the surface of her mind.
>
> Then and then only does she bring her reason to bear upon them, examining, weighing and gauging their ability to express her meaning. It is a working proof of the Bergson theory of intuition. She does not go after words—she waits and lets them come to her, and they do.

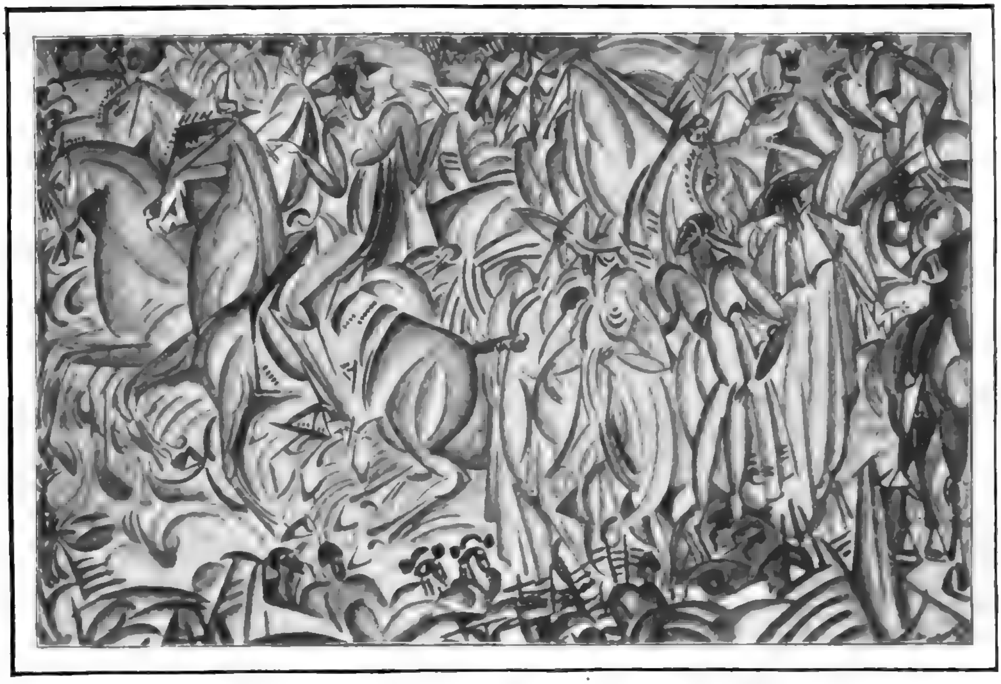
Consider now Miss Stein. Would that I might print all that she has written of Picasso and Matisse. Let the final paragraph on Matisse serve to show you how the thing was all made clear:

"Some were certainly wanting to be doing what this one was doing that is were want-

ing to be ones clearly expressing something. Some of such of them did not go on in being ones wanting to be doing what this one was doing that is in being ones clearly expressing something. Some went on being ones wanting to be doing what this one was doing that is, being ones clearly expressing something. Certainly this one was one who was a great man. Any one could be certain of this thing. Every one would come to be certain of this thing. This one was one certainly clearly expressing something. Any one could come to be certain of this thing. Every one would come to be certain of this thing. This one was one, some were quite certain, one greatly expressing something being struggling. This one was one, some were quite certain, one not greatly expressing something being struggling."

What could be fairer than that?

Does it not sum up, in words, the painting of Matisse? It does! Does it not wipe from one's mind at one stroke all doubt as to Matisse and his painting? It does!



"BEFORE THE RACE," BY AMADEO DE SOUSA CARDOZO.

And you may take my word for it that Miss Stein on Picasso is no less illuminating.

It was then that I knew I must become a Cubist. I can not paint as yet, but that does not matter. I shall sit in the darkness and wait for paintings to come to me. And in the meantime I shall write Cubist—or should one say Cubic?

Are you converted? Do you need more proof? Then consider this fragment from Miss Stein's word-portrait of her friend:

"The days are wonderful and the nights are wonderful and the life is pleasant.

"Bargaining is something and there is not that success. The intention is what if application has that accident results are reappearing. They did not darken. That was not an adulteration.

"So much breathing has not the same place when there is that much beginning. So much breathing has not the same place when the ending is lessening. So much breathing has the same place and there must not be so much suggestion. There can be there the habit that there is if there is no

need of resting. The absence is not alternative.

"Any time is the half of all the noise and there is not that disappointment. There is no distraction. An argument is clear."

Likewise this last paragraph—this summing up:

"There is all that there is when there has all there has where there is what there is. That is what is done when there is done what is done and the union is won and the division is the explicit visit. There is not all of any visit."

* * * * * * *

Last night when all was still and dark I went into the great, punctuation-markless silence and brought all my power to bear upon the banishing of preconceived images. I concentrated upon the impression I had received from viewing Cubist art and reading Cubist word-painting. I waited . . . waited . . . Then, at last, the words began to come . . . I set them down. . . . When they stopped coming, I went into the light; yes, into the light. And I read. I read. This is what I read:

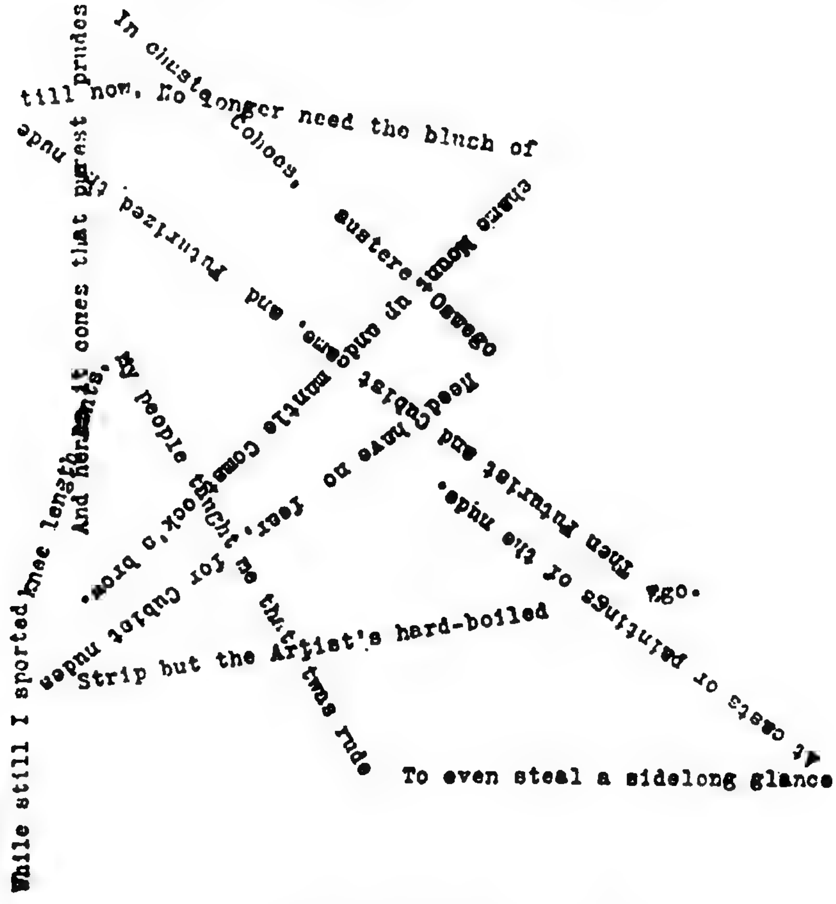
POST-IMPRESSIONIST POEM

While still I sported knee-length pants
My people taught me that 'twas rude
To even steal a sidelong glance
At casts or paintings of the nude.

Then Futurist and Cubist came,
And Futurized the nude, till now
No longer need the blush of shame
Mount up and mantle Comstock's brow.

And hence it comes that purest prudes
In chaste Cohoes, austere Oswego,
Need have no fear; for Cubist nudes
Strip but the Artist's hard-boiled Ego.

Do you not see how beautiful that is? It is very beautiful. Very beautiful indeed. But not as beautiful as it can be beautiful. For the most beautiful that is beautiful is not the Post-Impressionist beautiful, but the Cubist beautiful. Now, let us treat the poem a little differently:


While still I sported knee length
And hence it comes that purest prudes
In chaste Cohoes,
till now, No longer need the blush of
shame
Mount up and mantle Comstock's brow.
And Futurized the nude,
My people taught me 'twas rude
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Need have no fear; for Cubist nudes
Then Futurist and Cubist came,
At casts or paintings of the nude.
Strip but the Artist's hard-boiled Ego.
To even steal a sidelong glance

CUBIST POEM

It may be that you are not far enough along to appreciate my Cubistry. It may be that I shall have to struggle on for years and years before I am appreciated. But if you feel disposed to scoff, let me remind you, even as they reminded me, when I scoffed, of Galileo, Columbus, Richard Wagner, Monet, and Cezanne. All of them were called demented in their time, just as we Cubists are to-day.

And if those names are not enough of evidence, here are some more. Think of these! Think of de Rougemont, think of the Sterling Debenture Syndicate, think of 520% Miller, Benedict Arnold, Carrie Nation, Jezebel, Darius Green, Captain Kidd, Boss Tweed, Sitting Bull, Elbert Hubbard, Dr. Munyon, Nero, Jack the Ripper, Jesse James, General Weyler, the Borgias, Bill Sikes, Guy Fawkes, Lydia Pinkham, and Dr. Cook.

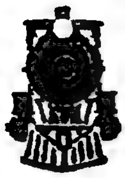
The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER



CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED

AS A matter of fact, the explanation of Denny's failure to give the order to shoot, when the fight at the crossing had turned against him, was very simple. Mr. Denny at that moment was in no condition to issue orders of any kind, the reason being as follows:

When preparations for the advance were made, Dr. Gray, who understood perhaps more fully than any one else except O'Neil the gravity of the issue, and the narrow pivot upon which the outcome balanced, had taken his place in the vanguard of the attacking party instead of in the background, as befitted his calling. The first rush had carried him well into the fray, but once there he had shown his good judgment by refusing to participate in it.

Instead, he had selected Denny out of the opposing ranks and bored through the crowd in his direction, heedless of all efforts to stop him. His great strength had enabled him to gain ground; he had hurled his assailants aside, upsetting them, bursting through the press as a football-player penetrates a line; and when the retreat had begun he was close at the heels of his victim. He had overtaken Denny beside one of the barricades just as Denny seized a rifle and raised it. With one wrench he possessed himself of the weapon, and the next instant he had bent the barrel over its owner's head.

Then, as the fight surged onward, he had gathered the limp figure in his arms and borne it into the light of a gasoline torch, where he could administer first aid. He was kneeling over the fellow when Appleton found him, as he came stumbling along the grade.

But the decisive moment had come and gone now, and without a leader to command them Gordon's men seemed loath to resort to a more bloody reprisal. They gave way, therefore, in a half-hearted hesitation that spelled ruin to their cause. They were forced back to their encampment; over the ground they had vacated picks and shovels began to fly, rails were torn up and relaid, gravel rained from the flat cars, the blockhouses were razed, and above the rabble the locomotive panted and wheezed, its great yellow eye glaring through the night. When it backed away, another took its place; the grade rose to the level of the intersection, then, as morning approached, it crept out beyond. By breakfast-time a long row of flats extended across the line which Curtis Gordon had tried to hold in defiance of the law.

Dan Appleton, very dirty, very tired, but happy, found Natalie and Eliza awaiting him when he limped up to their tent in the early morning light. One of his eyes was black and nearly closed, his lips were cut and swollen, but he grinned cheerfully as he exclaimed:

"Say! It was a great night, wasn't it?"

Eliza cried out in alarm at his appearance. "You poor kid! You're a sight."

She ran for hot water and soap, while Natalie said heartily:

"You were perfectly splendid, Dan. I knew you'd do it."

"Did you?" He tried to smile his appreciation, but the battered state of his face made the attempt grotesque. "You ought to have seen the shindy."

"Seen it! Maybe we didn't!"

"Honestly?"

"Did you think we could stay behind? We sneaked along with the cook-house gang and one of them helped us up on the gravel-cars. He smelled of dish-water, but he was a hero. We screamed and cried and Eliza threw stones until Mr. O'Neil discovered us and made us get down. He was awfully mean."

"He's a mean man."

"He isn't! He was jumping around on one leg like a crippled grasshopper."

Eliza came back with first-aid equipment, and the two girls hovered about solicitously while Dan bathed his injuries and applied court-plaster. Dan was still under stress of excitement and Natalie's sympathy went to his head. While Eliza was carrying the things away, he turned to Natalie:

"It was worth it, anyway," he said. "I made a thousand dollars. Guess what I'm going to do with it?"

"How can I guess?"

"I'm going to buy an engagement ring—I hope."

"How nice!" said Natalie coolly. "Congratulations."

"Guess who it's for?"

"I couldn't, really."

"It's for you."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Natalie's voice was freezing. "You have made a mistake—a very great mistake, Dan. I like you, but—we won't even mention such things, if you please."

Eliza's re-entrance saved her further embarrassment, and she quickly made her escape. Dan dropped his head in his hands and groaned so deeply that his sister was really concerned.

"Goodness, Danny," she said, "are you hurt worse than you told me?"

"Yes," he confessed. "I've just been shot through the heart. Slow music and flowers for me! Arrange for the services and put a rose in my hand, Sis."

"Nonsense! I'll put a beefsteak on your eye," she answered unfeelingly.

CHAPTER XIX

ELIZA THE REPORTER

Under Dr. Gray's care, O'Neil's ankle began to mend, and by the time the track had been laid far enough beyond the crossing to insure against further interference from Gordon, he declared himself ready to complete the journey to Kyak, which he and the girls had begun nearly three weeks before.

During the interval Eliza had occupied herself in laying out her magazine stories, and now she was eager to complete her investigations so as to begin the final writing. Her experience in the North thus far had given her an altered outlook upon the railroad situation, but as yet she knew little of the coal problem. That, after all, was the more important subject, and she expected it to afford her the basis for a sensational exposure. She had come to Alaska sharing her newspaper's views upon questions of public policy—looking upon Murray O'Neil as a daring promoter bent upon seizing the means of transportation of a mighty realm for his own individual profit; upon Gordon as an unscrupulous adventurer, and upon the Copper Trust as a greedy corporation reaching out to strangle competition and absorb the riches of the Northland.

But she had found O'Neil an honorably ambitious man, busied, like others, in the struggle for success, and backing his judgment with his last dollar. She had learned, moreover, to sympathize with his aims, and his splendid determination awoke her admiration. Her idea of the trust had changed, likewise, for it seemed to be a fair and dignified competitor. In regard to Gordon alone her first conviction had remained unchanged.

The readjustment of her ideas had been disappointing, in a way, since it robbed her of a large part of her ammunition; but she consoled herself with the thought that she had not yet reached the big, vital story which most deeply concerned the welfare of the North.

She was a bit afraid to pursue her inquiries into the coal subject, for her standards were fixed and she feared that O'Neil's activities merited condemnation. In his railroad-building she believed he was doing a fine work, but the coal was another matter. Obviously it belonged to the people and he had no right to lay hands upon their heritage.

She wondered if it would not be possible to omit all mention of him in her coal stories and center attention upon the trust. She felt that she could not attack him now, since she had come to understand her feelings toward him. Even so, she reflected with horror that if her articles created the comment she anticipated, their effect would be to rob him of his holdings. But she took her work very seriously, and her sense of duty was unwavering. She would write what she found true, for that was her mission in life. If Murray proved culpable, she would grieve over his wrong-doing—and continue to love him.

O'Neil had recognized her sincerity and on the broad subject of conservation he had done nothing to influence her views. He preferred to let her see the workings of the principle and, after actually meeting some of those who had suffered by it, form her own conclusions. It was for this reason, mainly, that he had arranged the trip to Kyak.

The journey, in a small boat, gave Eliza a longed-for opportunity to discuss with him the questions which troubled her. He was uncommunicative at first, but she persisted in her attempt, and at last provoked him to a vigorous defense of his views.

"Conservation is no more than economy," he declared, "and no one opposes that. It's the misapplication of the principle that has retarded Alaska and ruined so many of us."

"Of course you blame your troubles on the Government. That's one thing governments are for."

"Our ancestors blamed King George for their troubles, more than a hundred years ago, and a war resulted. But every abuse they suffered is suffered by the people of Alaska to-day, and a lot more besides."

"Of course you exaggerate."

"I don't. Judge for yourself. The law offers every citizen the chance, in fact it invites him, to go upon the public domain and search for treasure. If he is successful it permits him to locate the land in blocks, and it agrees to grant him a clear title after he does a certain amount of work and pays a fixed price. Further, it says in effect: 'Realizing that you may need financial assistance in this work, we will allow you to locate not only for yourself, but also for your friends, through their powers of attorney, and thus gain their cooperation for your mutual advantage. These are the rules, and they are binding upon all parties to this agreement; you keep your part, we will keep ours.'

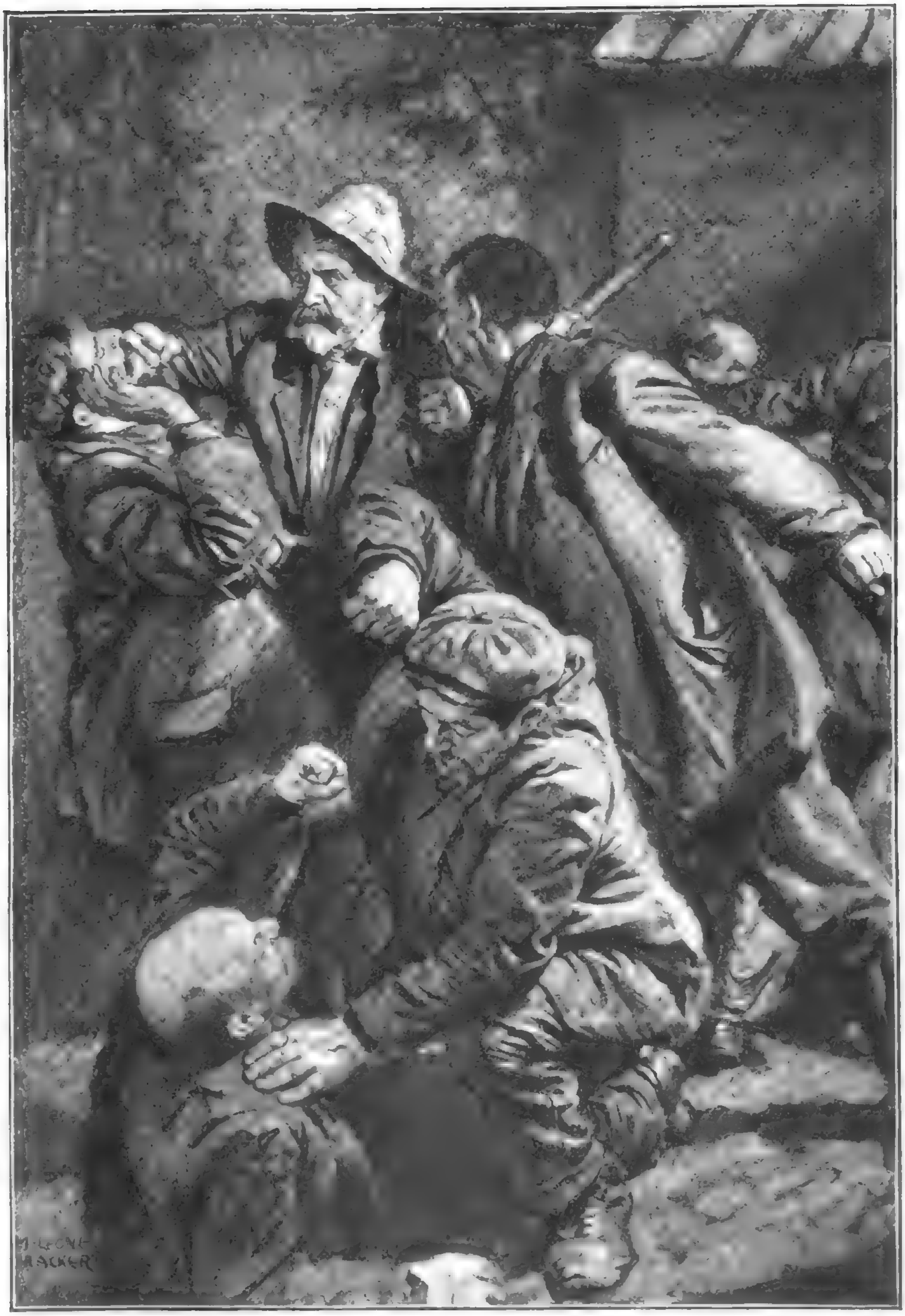
"Now then, some pioneers, at risk of life and health, came to Kyak and found coal. They located it, they did all the law required them to do; but did the Government keep its word? Not at all. It was charged that some of them hadn't conformed strictly to the letter of the agreement, and therefore *all* the claims were blacklisted. Guilty and innocent were treated alike.

"I was one of the latter. Was our money returned to us? No! The Government had it, and it kept it, along with the land. We've been holding on now for years, and the Interior Department has tried by various means to shake us off. The law has been changed repeatedly, at the whim of every theorist who happened to be in power. It has been changed without notice to us, even while we were out in the wilderness trying to comply with the regulations already imposed. You can see how it works in the case of Natalie and her mother. The Government succeeded in shaking them off."

"That's only one side of the question," said Eliza. "You lose sight of the fact that this treasure never really belonged to you, but to the public. The coal lands were withdrawn from entry because men like you and the agents of the Heidlemanns were grabbing it all up."

O'Neil shook his head, frowning. "That's what the papers say, but it isn't true. There are twenty million acres of coal in Alaska, and not more than thirty thousand acres have been located. The law gave me the right to locate and buy coal claims, and I took advantage of it. Now it tells me that I have money enough, and takes back what it gave. If you agreed to buy a city lot from a real-estate dealer, and after you paid him his price he refused to give you a deed, you'd at least expect your money back, wouldn't you? Well, that's the case of Uncle Sam and the Alaskan miners. He not only refuses to deliver the lot but keeps the money, and forces them to pay more every year.

"This country needs two things to make it prosper—transportation and fuel. We are doing our best to supply the first, in spite of hindrance from Washington; but


M·LEONE
BRACKER

HE HURLED HIS ASSAILANTS ASIDE, UPSETTING THEM, TWISTING THROUGH THE PRESS AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER PENETRATES A LINE.

the fuel has been locked away from us as if behind stone walls. Rich men must be brave to risk their dollars here under existing conditions, for they are not permitted to utilize the mines, the timber, or the water-power, except upon absurd and unreasonable terms. Why, I've seen timber lying four layers deep and rotting where it lies. The Government won't save it, nor will it allow us to do so. That's been its policy throughout. For eight years Alaska's greatest wealth has lain exposed to view, but the Government has posted the warning, 'Hands off! Some one among you is a crook!'"

Eliza was listening intently, with eyes fixed on O'Neil's face, making no attempt to interrupt.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "the law has been suspended, the country has stagnated; men have left, dispirited or broken; towns have been abandoned. The cost in dollars to me, for instance, has been tremendous. I'm laying my track alongside rich coal-fields, but if I picked up a chunk from my own claim to throw at a chipmunk, I'd become a lawbreaker. I import from Canada the fuel to drive my locomotives past my own coal-beds—which I have paid for—and I pay five times the value of that fuel, forty per cent. of which is duty. I haul it two thousand miles, while there are a billion tons, of better quality, beneath my feet. Do you call that conservation? I call it waste."

"Fraud was practised at the start," Eliza offered, "and of course it takes time to find out just where it lay."

"That's the excuse, but after all these years no fraud has been proved. The cry of fraud is only a pretense, raised to cover the main issue. There's something sinister back of it."

"What do you mean?"

"A conspiracy of the Eastern coal operators and the transcontinental freight lines."

"How ridiculous!" cried Eliza.

"You think so? Listen! Since all the high-grade coal of the Pacific coast must come from the East, who then would discourage the opening of local fields but those very interests? Every ton we burn means a profit to the Eastern miner and the railroad man. No, our claims were disputed and the dispute was thrown into politics to keep us out of competition with our Eastern cousins."

"You argue very well," said Eliza, who was a bit dazed at this unexpected, forceful counter-attack, "but you haven't convinced me that this coal should be thrown open to the first person who comes along."

"I didn't expect to convince you. It's hard to convince a woman whose mind is made up. It would take hours to cover the subject; but I want to open your eyes to the effect of this new-fangled national policy. Any great principle may work evil if it isn't properly directed, and in Kyak you'll see the results of conservation ignorantly applied. You'll see how it has bound and gagged a wonderful country, and made loyal Americans into ragged, bitter traitors who would spit upon the flag they used to cherish."

"Is that the only reason why you came along—just to make sure that I saw all this?"

"No. I want to look at the Heidlemann breakwater. My fortune hangs upon it."

"It's as serious as that?"

O'Neil shrugged. "I'm waiting for the wind. My coal is in the hands of the bureaucracy at Washington, my railroad is in the hands of the wind god. Incidentally, I'd much rather trust the god than the Government."

Natalie, who had listened so far without the least sign of interest, now spoke up. "If the storm doesn't come to your help, will you be ruined?" she asked.

Murray smiled cheerfully. "No man is ruined as long as he keeps his dreams. Money isn't much, after all, and failure is merely a schooling. But—I won't fail. Autumn is here; the tempest is my friend; and he won't be long in coming, now. He'll arrive with the equinox, and when he does, he'll hold my fortune in his hand."

"Why, the equinoctial storm is due now," said Eliza.

"Exactly! That's why I'm going to meet it, and to bid it welcome."

The village of Kyak lay near the mouth of the most easterly outlet of the Salmon, and it was similar to Hope and to Omar, save that it looked out across a shallow, unprotected bay to the open reaches of the North Pacific. The shores were low; a pair of rocky islets afforded the only shelter to its shipping, and it was from these as a starting-point that the Copper Trust had built its breakwater. A trestle across the tide flats connected the work with the mainland, and along this rock trains crawled, adding their burdens to the strength of the barrier. Inside the arm of steel and stone and timber lay the terminal buildings of the Alaska Northern, as the Heidlemann line was called, and here also lay the terminus of the old McDermott enterprise into which Curtis Gordon had infused new life. Both places showed plenty of activity when O'Neil and his two companions arrived, late one afternoon.

Kyak, they found, was inferior to Omar in its public accommodations, and Murray was at a loss to find shelter for the girls until his arrival was made known to the agents of the Alaska Northern. Then Mr. Trevor, the engineer in charge, looked him up and insisted upon sharing his quarters with the visitors. In Trevor's bearing was no suggestion of an enmity like Gordon's. He welcomed his rival warmly, and O'Neil gratefully accepted the invitation.

After dinner he took Natalie with him to see the sights while Eliza profited by the opportunity to interview Trevor. In her numerous tilts with O'Neil she had not been over-successful from the point of view of her magazine articles; but here at her hand was the representative of the power best known and best hated for its activities in the Northland, and he seemed perfectly willing to talk. Surely from him she would get information that would count.

"Understand, I'm on the side of your enemies," she warned him.

"So is everybody else," Mr. Trevor laughed; "but that's because we're misunderstood."

"The intentions of any trust warrant suspicion."

He shrugged. "The Heidlemanns are just ordinary business men, like O'Neil, looking for investment. They heard of a great big copper-field hidden away, back yonder in the mountains, and they bought what they considered to be the best group of claims. They knew the region was difficult of access, but they figured that a railroad from tide-water would open up not only their own properties but the rest of the copper belt and the whole interior country.

"They began to build a road from Cortez, when some 'shoe-stringer' raised the cry that they had monopolized the world's greatest copper supply, and had double-cinched it by monopolizing transportation also. That started the fuss. They needed cheap coal, of course, just as everybody else needs it; but somebody discovered the danger of a monopoly of that and set up another shout. Ever since then the yellow press has been screaming. The Government withdrew all coal lands from entry, and it now refuses to grant patents to that which had been properly located. We don't own a foot of Alaskan coal land, Miss Appleton. On the contrary, we haul our fuel from British Columbia, just like O'Neil and Gordon."

"It sounds well to hear you tell it," said Eliza. "But the minute the coal patents are issued you will buy what you want, then freeze out the other people. You expect to control the mines, the railroads, and the steamship lines; but public necessities like coal and oil and timber and water-power should belong to the people. There has been an awakening of the public conscience, and the day of monopolized necessities is passing. The nation should own its natural resources, and should not allow favored individuals to profit by the public need."

Trevor shook his head. "If the people of Alaska waited for a Government railroad, they'd die of old age and be buried where they died, for lack of transportation. The Government owns telegraph lines here, but it charges us five times the rates of the Western Union. No, Miss Appleton, we're not ready for Government ownership; and even if we were, it wouldn't affect the legality of what has been done.

"Through fear that the Heidlemanns might profit, this whole country has been made to stagnate. Alaska is being depopulated; houses and stores are closed; people are leaving, despondent. Alaskans are denied self-government in any form; theories are tried at their expense, but they are never consulted. Not only does Congress fail to enact new laws to meet their needs, but it refuses to proceed under the laws that already exist. If the same policy had been pursued in the settlement of the Middle West that applies to this country, the buffalo would still be king of the plains and Chicago would be a frontier town.

"You seem to think that coal is the most important issue up here, but it isn't. Transportation is what the country needs, for the main riches of Alaska are as useless to-day as if hidden away in the chasms of the moon. O'Neil had the right idea when he selected the Salmon River route, but he made an error of judgment, and he lost."

"He hasn't lost!" cried Eliza, in quick defense of her friend. "Your breakwater hasn't been tested yet."

"Oh, it will hold," Trevor smiled. "It has cost too much money not to hold."

"Wait until the storms come," the girl persisted.

"That's what we're doing, and from present indications we won't have much longer to wait. Weather has been breeding for several days, and the equinoctial is here. Of course I'm anxious, but—I built that breakwater, and it can't go out!"

When O'Neil and Natalie returned they found the two still arguing. "Haven't you finished your tiresome discussions?" asked Natalie.

"Mr. Trevor has almost convinced me that the octopus is a noble creature, filled with high ideals and writhing at the thrusts of the muck-rakers," Eliza told them.

But at that the engineer protested. "No, no!" he said. "I haven't half done justice to the subject. There are a dozen men in Kyak to-night who could put up a much stronger case than I. There's McCann, for instance. He was a prospector back in the States until he made a strike which netted him a hundred thousand dollars. He put nearly all of it into Kyak coal claims and borrowed seventy thousand more. He got tired of the interminable delay and finally mined a few tons which he sent out for a test in the navy. It had better steaming qualities than the Eastern coal now being used, but six weeks later an agent of the Land Office ordered him to cease work until his title had been passed upon. That was two years ago, and nothing has been done since. No charges of irregularity of any sort have ever been filed against McCann or his property. The Government has had his money for five years and still he can't get a ruling. He's broke now and too old to make a living. He's selling pies on the street——"

"He borrowed a dollar from me just now," said O'Neil, who was staring out of a window. Suddenly he turned and addressed his host. "Trevor, it's going to storm." His voice was harsh, his eyes were eager; his tone brought the engineer to his side. Together they looked out across the bay.

The southern sky was leaden, the evening had been shortened by a rack of clouds which came hurrying in from the sea.

"Let it storm," said Trevor. "I'm ready."

"Have you ever seen it blow here?"

"The old-timers tell me I haven't, but —I've seen some terrible storms. Of course the place is unusual——"

"In what way?" Eliza inquired.

"The whole country back of here is ice-capped. This coast for a hundred miles to the east is glacial. The cold air inland and the warm air from the Japanese current are always at war."

"There is a peculiar difference in air-pressures, too," O'Neil explained. "Over the warm interior it is high, and over the coast range it is low; so every valley becomes a pathway for the wind. But that isn't where the hurricanes come from. They're born out yonder." He pointed out beyond the islands from which the breakwater flung its slender arm. "This may be only a little storm, Trevor, but some day the sea and the air will come together and wipe out all your work. Then you'll see that I was right."

"You told me that more than a year ago, but I backed my skill against your prophecy."

O'Neil answered him gravely: "Men like you and me become over-confident of our powers—we grow arrogant; but after all we're only pygmies."

"If Nature beats me here, I'm a ruined man," said the engineer.

"And if you defeat her, I'm ruined." O'Neil smiled at him.

"Let's make medicine, the way the Indians did, and call upon the Spirit of the Wind to settle the question," Eliza suggested, with a woman's quick instinct for relieving a situation that threatened to become constrained. She and Natalie ran to Trevor's sideboard, and, seizing bottle and shaker, brewed a magic broth, while the two men looked on. They murmured incantations, they made mystic passes, then bore the glasses to their companions.

As the men faced each other Natalie cried:

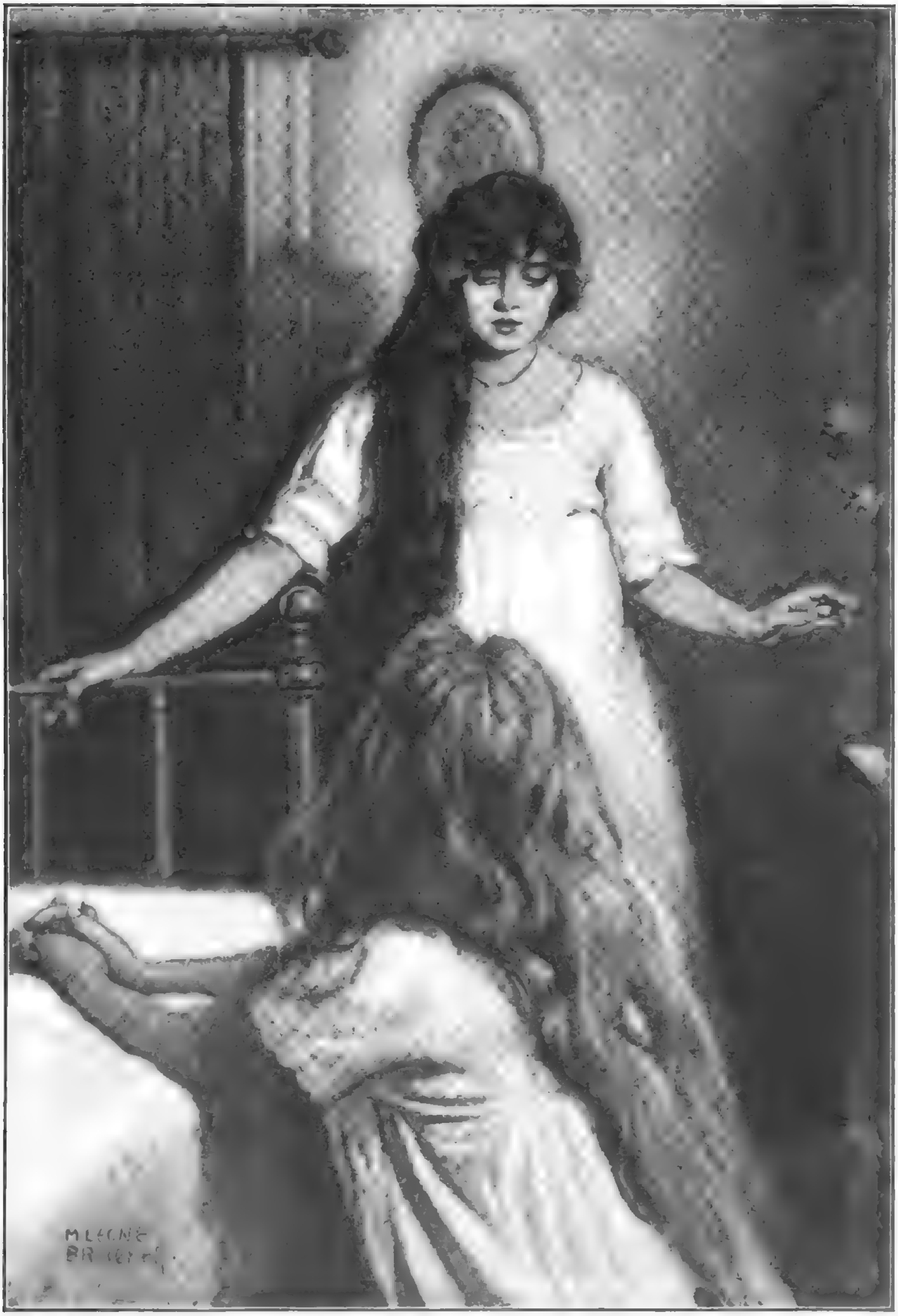
"To the Wind!"

"Yes! More power to it!" Eliza echoed.

Trevor raised his glass and smiled. "I drink defiance."

"In my glass I see hope and confidence," said O'Neil. "May the storm profit him who most deserves help!"

Despite their lightness, there was a certain gravity among the four, and as the night became more threatening, they felt a



ELIZA LIFTED HER FACE AND SAID SIMPLY: "I'M PRAYING FOR THE WIND."

growing suspense. The men's restlessness communicated itself to the girls, who found themselves listening with almost painful intentness to the voice of the wind and the rumble of the surf, which grew louder with every hour. By bedtime a torrent of rain was sweeping past, the roof strained, the windows were sheeted with water. Now and then the clamor ceased, only to begin again with redoubled force. Trevor's guests were glad indeed of their snug shelter.

As Natalie prepared for bed she said: "It was fine of Mr. Trevor to treat Murray O'Neil so nicely. No one would dream that they were rivals, or that one's success means the other's ruin. Now Gordon—" She turned to see her friend kneeling at the bedside, and apologized quickly.

Eliza lifted her face and said simply: "I'm praying for the wind."

Natalie slipped down beside her and bowed her dark head close to the light one. They remained there for a long time, while outside the rain pelted, the surf roared, and the wind came shrieking in from the sea.

CHAPTER XX

THE FRUIT OF THE TEMPEST

Neither O'Neil nor his host was in sight when the girls came to breakfast. The men had eaten early, it seemed, and were somewhere out in the storm. A wilder day would be hard to imagine; a hurricane was raging, the rain was whirled ahead of it like charges of shot. The mountains behind Kyak were invisible, and to seaward was nothing but a dimly discernible smother of foam and spray, for the crests of the breakers were snatched up and carried by the wind. The town was sodden; the streets were running mud. Stovepipes were down, tents lay flattened in the mire, and the board houses were shaking as if they might fly to pieces at any moment. The darkness was uncanny, and the tempest seemed to be steadily growing in violence.

When an hour or two had passed with no word from the men, Eliza announced her intention of looking them up. She had spent the time at a window, straining her eyes through the welter, while Natalie had curled up cosily with a book, in one of Trevor's armchairs.

"But, dearie, you'll be drenched." Natalie looked up in surprise. "Mr. O'Neil is all right."

"Of course he is. I want to look at the storm."

"So do I, but it won't do any good. I can't make it blow any harder by getting my feet wet."

"You read your novel and talk to Mr. Trevor when he comes back. He knows we're to blame for this storm, so you must be nice to him. I can't." She clad herself in raincoat, sou'wester, and boots, and hurried out. Walking was difficult enough, even in the shelter of the village, but not until she had emerged upon the beach did she meet the full strength of the gale. Here it wrapped her garments about her until she could scarcely move. The rain came horizontally and blinded her; the wind fairly snatched her breath away and oppressed her lungs like a heavy weight. She shielded herself as best she could, and by clinging to stationary objects and watching her chance she managed to work her way onward.

At last she caught sight of O'Neil, standing high above the surf, facing the wind defiantly, as if daring it to unfoot him. He saw her and came in answer to her signal, but to breast that wind was like stemming a rushing torrent, and when he reached her side he was panting.

"Child! What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I couldn't wait any longer," she shouted back. "You've been out since daylight. You must be wet through."

He nodded. "I lay awake all night listening. So did Trevor. He's beginning to worry already."

"Already? If the breakwater stands this——"

"The storm hasn't half started! Come! We'll watch it together." He took her hand and they lunged into the gale, battling their way back to his point of vantage. He paused at length, and, with his arm about her, pointed to the milk-white chaos which marked Trevor's handiwork. The rain pelted against their faces and streamed from their slickers.

The breakwater lay like a reef, and over it the sea was pounding in mighty wrath. High into the air the waters rose, only to disappear upon the bosom of the gale. They engulfed the structure bodily, they raced along it with thunderous detonations, bursting in a lather of rage. Out beyond, the billows appeared to be sheared flat by the force of the wind, yet that ceaseless upheaval of spume showed that the ocean was in furious tumult. For moments at a time the whole scene was blotted out by the scud, then the curtain would tear asunder and the wild scene would leap up again before their eyes.

Eliza screamed a question at her companion, but he did not seem to hear; his eyes roved back and forth along that lace-white ridge of rock on the weakness of which depended his salvation. She had never seen him so fierce, so hawk-like, so impassive. The gusts shook him, his garments slatted viciously, every rag beneath his mackinaw was sodden, yet he continued to face the tempest as indifferently as he had faced it since the dawn. The girl thrilled at thought of the issue these mighty forces were fighting out before her eyes, and of what it meant to the man beside her. His interests became hers; she shared his painful excitement. Her warm flesh chilled as the moisture embraced her limbs, but her heart was light, for O'Neil's strong arm encircled her and her body lay against his.

After a long time he spoke. "See! It's coming up!" he said. She felt no increase in the wind, but she noted that particles of sand and tiny pebbles from the beach were flying with the salt rain-drops. Her muscles began to tremble from the constant effort at resistance, and she was relieved when Murray looked about for a place of refuge. She pointed to a pile of bridge timbers, but he shook his head.

"They'll go flying if this keeps up." He dragged her into the shelter of a little knoll. Here the blasts struck them with diminished force, the roaring in their ears grew less, and the labor of breathing was easier.

Rousing himself from his thoughts, the man said gently: "Poor kid! You must be cold."

"I'm freezing. But—please don't send me back." The face that met his was supplicating, the eyes were bluer than a spring sky.

He patted her dripping shoulder. "Not until you're ready."

"This is grander than our trip past the glacier. That was merely dangerous, but this—means something."

"There may be danger here if we expose ourselves. Look at that!"

High up beyond reach of the surf a dory had been dragged and left bottom up. Under this the wind found a finger-hold, and sent it flying. Over and over it rolled, until a stronger gust caught it and sent it in huge leaps, end over end. It brought up against the timber pile with a crash and was held there as if by a mighty suction. Then the beams began to tremble and lift. The pile was disintegrated bit by bit, although it would have required many hands to move any one of its parts.

Even where the man and the woman crouched the wind harried them like a hound pack; but by clinging to the branches of a gnarled juniper bush they held their position and let the spray whine over their heads.

"Farther west I've seen houses chained to the earth with ships' cables," he shouted in her ear. "To think of building a harbor in a place like this!"

"I prayed for you last night. I prayed for the wind to come," said the girl after a time.

O'Neil looked at her, curiously startled; then he looked out at the sea once more. All in a moment he realized that Eliza was beautiful and that she had a heart. It seemed wonderful that she should be interested in his fortunes. He was a lonely man; beneath his open friendliness lay a deep reserve. A curiously warm feeling of gratitude flamed through him now, and he silently blessed her for bearing him company in the deciding hour of his life.

Noon came, and still the two crouched in their half shelter, drenched, chilled, stiff with exposure, watching Kyak Bay lash itself into a boiling smother. The light was dim, night was settling; the air seemed full of screaming furies. Then O'Neil noticed bits of driftwood racing in upon the billows, and he leaped to his feet with a loud cry.

"It's breaking up!" he shouted. "It's breaking up!"

Eliza lifted herself and clung to him, but she could see nothing except a misty confusion. In a few moments the flotsam came thicker. Splintered piling, huge, square-hewn timbers with fragments of twisted iron or broken bolts floated into sight. A confusion of wreckage began to clutter the shore, and into it the sea churned.

The spindrift tore asunder at length, and the watchers caught a brief glimpse of the tumbling ocean. . . . The breakwater was gone. Over the place where it had stood the billows raced unhindered.

"Poor Trevor!" said O'Neil. "Poor Trevor! He did his best, but he didn't know." He looked down to find Eliza crying. "What's this? I've kept you here too long!"

"No, no! I'm just glad—so glad. Don't you understand?"

"I'll take you back. I must get ready to leave."

"Leave? Where——"

"For New York! I've made my fight and I've won." His eyes kindled feverishly. "I've won in spite of them all. I hold the key to a kingdom. It's mine—mine! I hold the gateway to an empire, and those who pass through must pay." The girl had never seen such fierce triumph in a face. "I saw it in a dream, only it was more than a dream." The wind snatched O'Neil's words from his lips, but he ran on: "I saw a deserted fishing-village become a thriving city. I saw the glaciers part to let pass a great traffic in men and merchandise. I heard the mountain passes echo to steam whistles and the whir of flying wheels. . . They called me a fool, and it took the sea and the hurricane to show them I was right." He paused, ashamed of his outburst, and, taking the girl's hand in his, went stumbling ahead of the storm.

Their limbs were cramped, their teeth chattered, they wallowed through mire, and more than once they fell. Nearing Trevor's house, they saw what the storm had done. Kyak was nearly razed. Roofs had been ripped off, chimneys were down, glass was out. None but the most substantial log cabins had withstood the assault, and men were busied in various quarters trying to repair the damage.

They found Natalie beside herself with anxiety for their safety, and an hour later Trevor came in, soaked to the skin. He was very tired, and his face was haggard.

"Well! She went out!" he said. "I saw a million dollars swallowed up in that sea."

They tried to comfort him, but the collapse of his work had left him dazed. "God! I didn't think it could blow like this—and it isn't over yet. The town is flat."

"I'm sorry! You understand I sympathize?" said Murray; and the engineer nodded.

"You told me it blew here, and I thought I knew what you meant, but I didn't. Nothing could withstand those rollers."

"Nothing."

"You'll go east and see our people, I suppose?"

"At once."

"Tell them what you saw. They'll never understand from my reports. They're good people! If there's anything I can do——"

O'Neil took his hand warmly.

Two days later Murray bade the girls good-by, and left, traveling light. They remained in Kyak so that Eliza might complete her investigations.

Of all those who suffered by the storm Curtis Gordon took his misfortune hardest. This had been a black season for him, indeed. Beginning with O'Neil's rivalry, everything had gone against him. He had dropped his coal interests at Kyak in favor of the copper mine, because they failed to yield quick profits. Then he had learned that the mine was valueless, and he knew that it could not serve him much longer as a means of raising funds. Still, he trusted that by taking a vigorous part in the railway struggle he would be able either to recoup his fortunes or, at least, to effect a compromise, in the shadow of which his fiasco at Hope would be forgotten.

As yet the truth about Hope Consolidated was not generally known to his stockholders, but a certain restlessness among them had become troublesome. The stream of money had diminished alarmingly, and it was largely because of this that he had bought the McDermott right-of-way and moved to Kyak. And now, just as he had his affairs in shape for another and a greater campaign of stock-flotation, the storm had come to ruin him.

The bitterest element in his defeat was the realization that O'Neil, who had bested him at every turn, was destined to profit by the very blow that crushed him. Defeat at the hands of the Copper Trust he would have accepted with a fairly good grace; but the mere thought that Murray O'Neil had gained the upper hand was intolerable. It was in keeping with Gordon's character that, instead of blaming his own judgment, he became furiously angry at the trust for the mistake of its engineers, and held them responsible for his desperate situation.

That it was truly desperate he very soon realized, since disaster to his railway project meant that his stockholders would be around his ears like a swarm of hornets, and once they understood the true state of affairs at Hope, the complete collapse of his fortunes would surely follow.

During the days succeeding the storm he scarcely knew where to turn, so harassed was he; yet he never for a moment wavered in his resolve to make O'Neil pay for his interference and to exact a reckoning from Gloria Gerard.

Natalie's presence in Kyak confirmed his belief that O'Neil was interested in her, and he began to plan a stroke by which he could take revenge upon all three. It did not promise in any way to help him out of his financial straits, but at least it would give him a certain satisfaction.

He sent word to the girl that he would like to see her.

CHAPTER XXI

NATALIE GAINS A FATHER

Gordon found his former ward greatly improved by her recent life. She was brown, vigorous, healthy; her physical charms quickened his pulses.

"You must have a very good reason for coming to see me," she began. "I don't flatter myself that it was from affection."

"There you wrong me," he assured her, with the warm earnestness he so easily assumed. "I have always regarded you as a daughter."

"I have no faith in you."

"Exactly, and the knowledge distresses me. You and Gloria were a large part of my life; I can't bear to lose you. I hope —and I believe—that her regard for me has changed no more than mine for her. It remains for me to regain yours. I'm ready to marry your mother."

"When?"

"At once. You shall plead my cause for me. You shall add your voice to mine——"

"That isn't necessary. You know mother is only waiting for you. It means so much to her that she couldn't refuse."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Natalie nodded. "It means more to me than to—any one else, perhaps. I have been carrying a great burden, almost more than I can bear. Sometimes I've wished I were a man—for just long enough to make you pay. Oh, no," she continued as he started to protest, "don't let us begin this new life with any false conceptions. You may as well know that I shall always hate you. We will see very little of each other."

"Nonsense! I can't let you feel like that. I sha'n't rest until I win back your love and confidence."

She eyed him searchingly for a moment, then opened her lips to speak, but closed them.

"Well," he prompted her. "Let us be frank with each other."

"I'm merely wondering how greatly your decision has been influenced by the storm and the fight at the railroad crossing. I understand how you feel toward Mr. O'Neil, and I know that he means to crush you."

"Oh!" Gordon's face lighted.

"Yes. He has never said so, but I can feel it. I wonder if you have snatched us up in your extremity as a defense."

"Ridiculous! Your suspicions are insulting. I have nothing to fear from him, for he is broken, his credit is gone, he is in desperate straits."

"Are you in any better condition? How long can you fool your people with that pretense of a mine?"

Gordon flushed, but affected scorn. "So! Have you and Gloria begun to balance my wealth against my love? If so——"

"You know she would marry you if you were penniless."

"I hope so—and, indeed, I can't believe her mercenary. Well, I shall say good-by to Kyak without idle regret, and we three shall return to Hope, where I can attack my problems with fresh courage. I can well afford my loss here if by doing so I gain the woman of my desires."

"You want me to go with you?"

"Of course. You can't stay in Omar, knowing what you do about O'Neil. Remember I shall be in the position of a father to you."

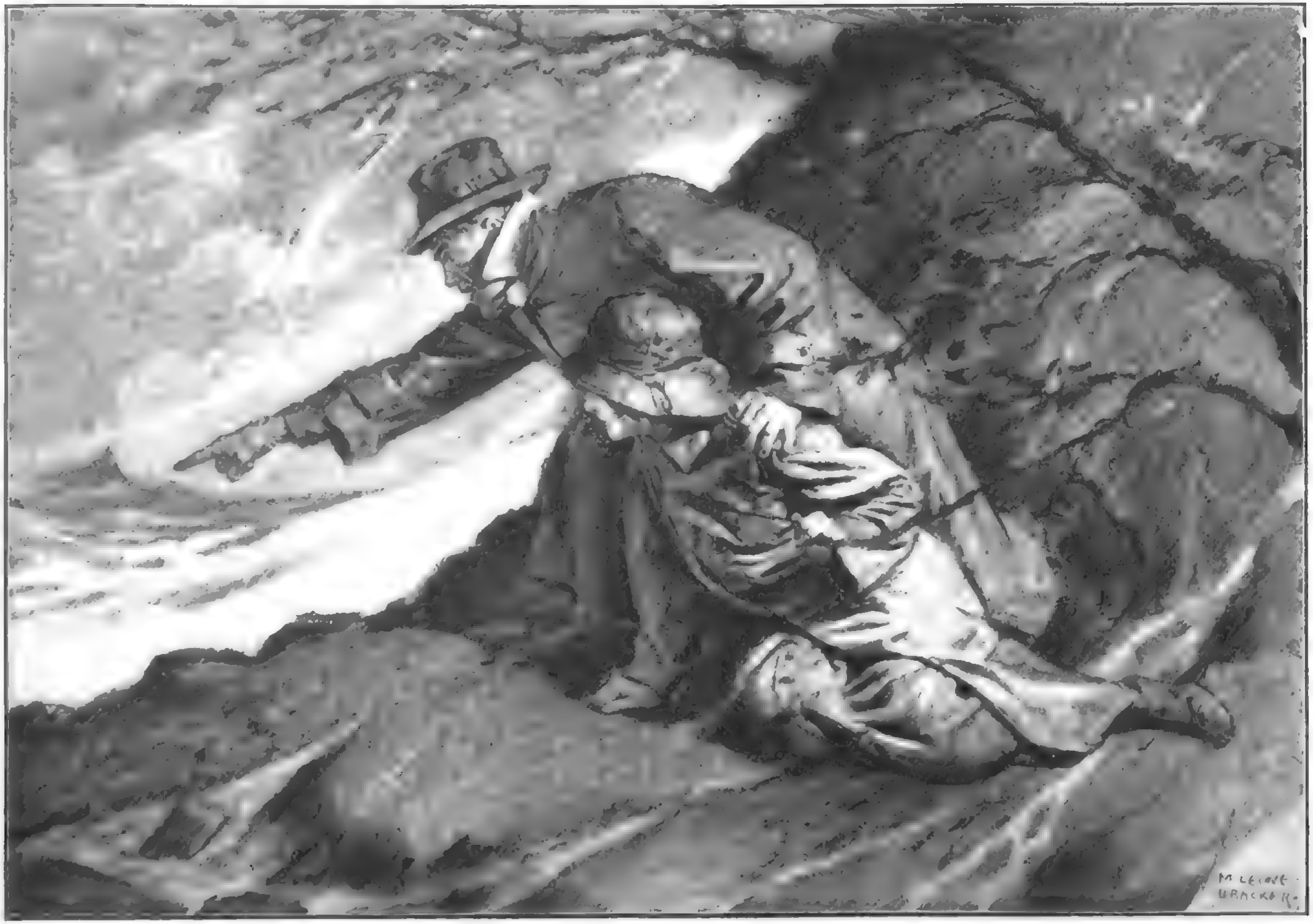
"Very well. It is the least I can do. Miss Appleton and I are returning to Omar in a few days. Will you go with us?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear." He smiled upon her in his most fatherly fashion, but she was far from feeling the assurance he meant to convey.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW THE PRINCE BECAME A MAN

The eighteen-hour train from Chicago bore Murray O'Neil into New York on time, and he hastened directly to the


M. LEONE BRACKER

"IT'S BREAKING UP!" HE SHOUTED. "IT'S BREAKING UP!"

Holland House, where the clerk greeted him as if he had run in from Yonkers instead of from the wilderness of the far Northwest. His arrival was always the forerunner of great prosperity for the bell-boys, and there was the customary struggle for his baggage.

An hour later, having bathed and changed his linen, he was whizzing toward lower Broadway, with the roar of the subway in his ears. New York looked very good to O'Neil, for this time he came not as a suppliant but as a conqueror, and a deep contentment rested in his heart. He held the winning card, and he looked out upon the world through eyes which were strained and weary but complacent.

Mr. Herman Heidlemann was expecting him. "You have the most confident way of arranging appointments from the other side of the world," he began, as O'Neil entered his office. "Steamships and railroads appear to be your obedient servants."

"Not always. I find railroads very troublesome, at times."

"Well, you're on time to the minute," said Heidlemann. "Now tell me about Kyak. Trevor cables that you were there during the storm which ruined us." The head of the copper syndicate did not look like a man facing ruin; in fact, he seemed more curious to hear of the physical phenomena of that hurricane than of its effect upon his fortunes.

"Kyak was a great mistake," he admitted when O'Neil had given him the particulars he asked for. "We're all agreed on that point. Some of our associates feel that the whole Alaskan enterprise has been a mistake—mines and all."

"Your mines are as good as they ever were, but Kyak is a long way from Wall Street, and you relied too much upon other people's judgment."

"We have to rely upon our experts."

"Of course. But that country must have a railroad."

"Must?" Heidlemann lifted his brows. "It has done very well without one, so far. Our friends call us crazy for trying to build one, and our enemies call us thieves."

"You can't afford to give up."

"No. There's an element of pride in the matter, and I really believe the country does need transportation."

"You can't understand how badly it needs it."

"Yet it's a heavy load to carry," said Heidlemann with conviction, "for a road will lose money for many years. We were willing to wait until the agriculture and the mining developed, even though the profit came only to our children; but—we have been misunderstood, abused by the press and the public. Even Congress is down on us. However, I suppose you came to tell me once more that Omar is the gateway and that we need it."

O'Neil smiled. "That's hardly necessary, now, is it? I own every inch of waterfront at that point and there's no other harbor. My track will be laid to the glaciers by the time snow flies."

"Trevor reports that a bridge is possible, although expensive."

"It will cost two million dollars."

"I don't see how it can be built to withstand the ice."

"I'll guarantee to build it so it will hold."

"What is your proposition?" asked Heidlemann.

"I'll sell the S. R. & N. for five million dollars and contract to complete the road within two years on a ten per cent. commission."

"It has cost you about three million dollars, I believe. That would leave you a handsome profit."

"One million for me, one million for my associates."

"What will the remaining hundred miles cost?"

"About ten millions. That will give me another million profit as contractor. My force and equipment are on the ground. I can save you money and a year's time."

Mr. Heidlemann drummed upon the top of his desk for a moment.

"You're a high-priced man, O'Neil," he said finally.

"You've had experience with the other kind."

"Counting the money we've already sunk, the road would stand us about twenty million dollars, completed."

"It will cost thirty to build from Cortez, and take two years longer."

Mr. Heidlemann seemed to consider this for a moment. "We've had this matter before us almost constantly, since the report of the storm," he said at length, "and after deliberation our directors have voted to do nothing just yet."

O'Neil opened his eyes in amazement. "I don't understand."

"It's this way. Our engineers first recommended Cortez as a starting-point, and we spent a fortune there. Then you attacked the other route and we sent Trevor up to find if you were right and we were wrong. He recommended the Salmon River Valley and told us he could build a breakwater at Kyak. You know the result. We relied upon him, for he seemed to be the best man in the country, but as a matter of precaution we later sent other engineers. Their reports came in not three months ago, and while all seemed confident that the breakwater could be built, none of them was certain about the bridge. One, in fact, condemned it absolutely. Now, on the heels of their statements, comes the news that the very work they united in declaring feasible has been undone. Naturally we don't know where we are or whom to believe."

"They simply didn't know the conditions at Kyak," argued O'Neil, "and they evidently haven't studied the bridge as I have. But you'll have to go at that breakwater again, or build in from Cortez, or give up."

"No, we have decided to mark time until that crossing is proved feasible. Understand, I voice the sentiment of the majority."

"If I build that bridge, you may find it more difficult to buy me out," said O'Neil quietly.

"We'll have to take our medicine," Mr. Heidlemann replied, without heat. "We can't afford another mistake."

"This is definite?"

"Oh, absolutely! We're going slow for a time."

A blow in the face could not have affected O'Neil more disagreeably than this statement. Fortune had seemed within his grasp when he entered the room; now ruin was more imminent than it had ever been before. The ground seemed to be slipping from beneath his feet; he discovered that he was dizzy. He felt himself utterly incapable of raising the two million dollars necessary to carry his road to a point where the trust would consider a purchase; yet to fail meant the loss of all he had put in.

"Hasn't this public clamor had something to do with your determination?" he asked.

"A great deal. We had the best intentions when we started—we still have—but it's time to let the general sentiment cool. We thought we were doing a fine thing for the country in opening Alaska, but it seems we're regarded as thieves and grafters. One gets tired of abuse, after a while."

"Will you take an option on the S. R. & N. conditional upon the building of the bridge?"

"We couldn't very well do that. Remember you are our rival." Heidlemann smiled his recognition of the fact that the rivalry was friendly. "To do so would fan excitement at Washington to a white heat. We'd then be in the position they now accuse us of occupying, and that would have a serious bearing upon the coal situation. No, we can't help you, O'Neil, but rest assured we won't do anything to hinder you. You have treated us fairly—we will reciprocate. Once you have built your bridge, we can discuss a purchase and the abandonment of our original enterprise, but meanwhile we must proceed cautiously. It is unfortunate for us all."

Especially for me."

"You need money badly, don't you?"

"I'm worse than broke," O'Neil admitted.

Although he felt that further effort was useless, he continued to argue the matter from various angles, hoping against hope to sway Heidlemann's decision. But he gave up at last. Out in the marble hall which led to the elevators he discovered that all his vigor of an hour ago had passed. The spring was out of his limbs; he walked slowly, like an old man. A glimpse of his image in the mirrors of the car as he shot downward showed him a face grave and haggard. The crowds jostled him, but he was hardly conscious of them. The knowledge that his hardest fight was yet to come filled him with sickening apprehension. He was like a runner who toes the mark for a final heat, knowing himself to be upon the verge of collapse.

The magnitude of the deal narrowed his field of operations alarmingly, and he had already learned what a serious effect upon capital the agitation about Alaska had produced. More than once he had found men who were willing to invest but feared the effect of public sentiment. Popular magazines, newspapers like the *Review* and writers like Eliza Appleton, had been largely to blame for the wrong. They had misunderstood the problem and misinterpreted the spirit of commercial progress. But, strangely enough, he felt no bitterness at thought of Eliza. On the contrary, his heart softened in a sort of friendly yearning for her company. He would have liked to talk the matter over with her.

Looking at the situation squarely, he realized that he must face a crash or raise two million dollars within the next month. That meant seventy thousand dollars a day. It was a man's-sized task.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE MAN BECAME A PRINCE AGAIN

O'Neil had the faculty of sleeping well, in spite of the most tormenting worries. He arose on the morning after his interview with Mr. Heidlemann, ready to begin the struggle with all his normal energy and confidence. But the day brought him only discouragement. He had a large acquaintance, and the mention of his name in quarters where he was not personally known gained him respectful attention; but he found himself working in the shadow of the Copper Trust, and its silent influence overcame his strongest arguments.

One banker expressed the general attitude by saying: "If the Heidlemanns were not in the field we might help you, but it would be financial suicide to oppose them."

"There's no opposition about it," Murray assured him. "If I build that bridge, they'll buy me out."

At this, his hearer very naturally wished to know why, if the bridge were indeed feasible, the Heidlemanns delayed action, and O'Neil had to fall back upon a recital of the facts, realizing perfectly that they failed to carry conviction.

No one, it seemed, cared to risk even a semblance of rivalry with that monstrous aggregation of capital, for the interlacing of financial interests was amazingly intricate, and financiers were fearful of the least misstep. Everywhere O'Neil encountered the same disheartening timidity.

Days passed in fruitless endeavors; evenings found O'Neil in his corner of the Holland House, racking his brain for some way out of his perplexities. Usually he was surrounded by friends, for he continued to entertain in the lavish fashion for which he had gained a reputation; but sometimes he was alone, and then his solitude became more oppressive than it had ever been even in the farthest wastes of the Northland.

A week, two weeks, went by. He was in constant cable communication with Omar, but not even the faithful Doctor Gray knew the dire straits in which his chief was struggling. Work on the S. R. & N. was going forward as usual. The organization was running at its highest efficiency; rails were being laid; gangs of rock workers were preparing the grade beyond the glaciers. Yet every day that passed, every pay-check drawn, brought ruin closer. Nevertheless O'Neil continued to joke and chat with the men who came to his table in the café—and kept his business appointments with his customary cheerfulness.

One evening as he ran through his mail he found a letter in a woman's handwriting, and, glancing at the signature, started. It was signed "Gloria Gordon." Briefly it informed him that she had married Gordon and that Natalie had returned with her to Hope. Gloria thanked him perfunctorily for his many kindnesses, but she neither expressed nor implied an invitation for him to visit them. He smiled a little grimly—already her loyalty had veered to Gordon's side, and Natalie no doubt shared her feeling.

Well, it was but natural, perhaps. It would be unreasonable to expect them to sacrifice their desires, and what they now seemed to consider their interests, to a business quarrel they could hardly be expected to understand. He could not help feeling hurt that the women should so readily exchange his friendship for the protection of his bitterest enemy, but—they were helpless and he had helped them; let it rest at that. He was really troubled, however, that they had been so easily deceived. If they had only waited! If he had only been able to advise them! For Gordon's intention was plain.

He was aroused from his reflections by a stranger, whom he found standing beside his table and looking down at him with wavering eye.

"Misser O'Neil, ain't it?" the fellow inquired. "Sure! Thought I knew you. I'm Bulker, of the old North Pass. Remember me?"

Mr. Bulker showed evidences of a protracted spree, not only in his speech but in the trembling hand which he extended. His eyes were bloodshot, and his good-natured face was purple.

O'Neil greeted him pleasantly; and, considering himself enthusiastically welcomed, the newcomer sat down suddenly, as if some one had tripped him.

"Been washing you for ten minutes."

"Washing me?"

"No! *Washing* you. Couldn't make you out — eyesight's getting bad. Too many bright lights in this town. Ha! Joke! Let's have a gill."

"Thank you, no."

"Must have a little dram for old time's sake. You're the only one of the North Pass crowd I'll drink with." Mr. Bulker gestured comprehensively at a group of waiters, and Murray yielded. "You were my friend, O'Neil; you always treated me right."

"What are you doing now?" asked O'Neil, with the interest he could not refuse to any one who had ever worked with him. He remembered the fellow perfectly. He had come on from the East as auditor and had appeared to be capable, although somewhat given to drink.

"I'm a broker. Wall Street's my habitat. They fired me from the North Pass. Wha'd you know about that? Fired me for drinking! Greatest injustice I ever heard of, but I hit running, like a turkey. That wasn't the reason they let me go, though. Not on your life!" He winked portentously, and, strangely enough, his eyelid failed to resume its normal position. It continued to droop, giving the appearance of a waggish leer. "I knew too mush! Isn't healthy to know too mush, is it?"

"I've never had a chance to find out," smiled Murray.

"Oh, don't be an *ingénue;* you savvied more than anybody on the job. I'll admit I took a nip now and then, but I never got pickled. Say! Who d'you s'pose I saw to-day? Old man Illis!"

O'Neil became suddenly intent. He had been trying to get in touch with Poultney Illis for more than a fortnight, but his cables to London had brought no response. "When did he arrive?"

"Just lately. He's a game old rooster, ain't he? Gee! He's sore!"

"Sore about what?"

Bulker winked again, with the same lack of muscular control. "About that North Pass deal, of course. He was blackmailed out of a cold million. The agreement's about up now, and I figure he's over here to renew it."

"You're talking Greek," said O'Neil, but his eagerness was manifest.

"I s'posed you knew: The North Pass has been paying blackmail to the Yukon steamboat companies for three years. When you built the line it practically put 'em out of the Dawson market. Understand?"

"Of course."

Now that Mr. Bulker's mind was running along well-worn grooves, his intoxication became less apparent. "Those Frisco steamboat men got together and started a rate war against the railroad; they hauled freight to Dawson by way of St. Michael's at a loss. Of course Illis and his crowd had to meet competition, and it nearly broke 'em the first two seasons. Gee! They were the mad ones! Finally they fixed up an agreement—had to or go bust—and of course the 'Native Sons' put it over our English cousins. They agreed to restore the old rate, and each side promised to pay the other a royalty of ten dollars a ton on all the freight it hauled to Dawson and up-river points.

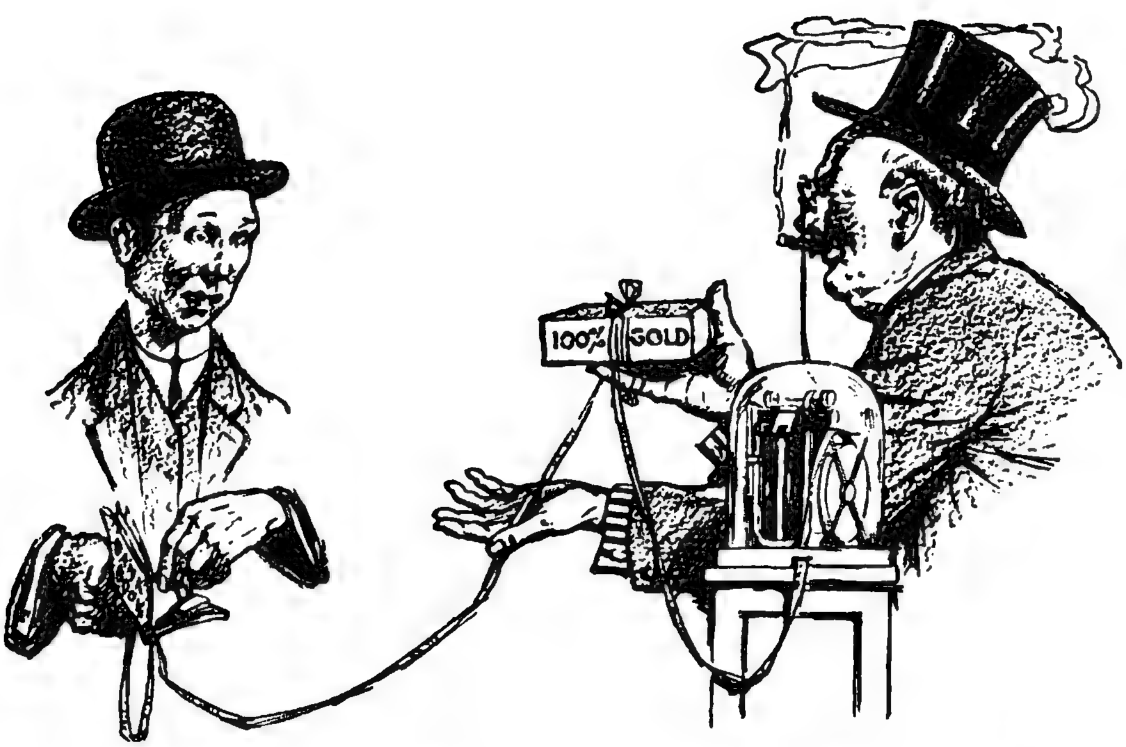
"You can guess the result, can't you? The steamboat companies let Illis haul all the freight and sat back on their haunches and took their profit. For every ton he hauled he slipped 'em ten round American dollars, stamped with the Goddess of Liberty. Oh, it was soft! When they had him fairly tied up, they dry-docked their steamboats, to save wear and tear. He paid 'em a thousand dollars a day for three years. If that ain't blackmail, it's a first cousin to it by marriage."

"Didn't the Interstate Commerce Commission get wise?"

"Certainly not. It looks wise, but it never gets wise. Oh! Believe me, Poultney Illis is hopping mad. I s'pose he's over here now to renew the arrangement for another three years on behalf of his stockholders." Bulker sat back and stared as through a mist at his companion, enjoying the effect of his disclosure.

O'Neil was indeed impressed—more deeply than his informant dreamed. Out of the lips of a drunken man had come a hint which set his nerves to tingling. A plan was already leaping in his brain whereby he might save the S. R. & N.

The next instalment of "The Iron Trail" will appear in the July number.



The REMEDY

by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

VIII

YES, WALL STREET HAS REFORMED

(Please don't laugh so loud)

THE other day I saw a vaudeville sketch entitled "My lip is cracked; don't make me laugh." At every turn and twist the leading character found himself confronted with a pedler of easy-money schemes, and each pedler's stock-in-trade was the solemn narration of the "facts" of his scheme. The plot was the stopping of each "fact" pedler in the middle of his tale with:

"My lip is cracked; don't make me laugh."

If the Stock Exchange press-agents for the present system of stock-gambling continue solemnly to shriek their "facts," I shall have to point to my cracked lip.

The old and conservative Stock Exchange members are frantically shrieking that they will reform themselves. The younger and more untrained are yelling that if worst comes to worst, let the state of New York do the controlling and regulating, while sotto-voce-ing: "When it blows over, a few hundred thousand judiciously planted will induce a Tammanyized legislature to repeal these laws and give us back our freedom."

"If you put us under state control," says the Stock Exchange, "the governing committee will have no authority to punish its members."

What has the Stock Exchange done in the way of uncrooking its crookedness during the past twenty-five years? In that time there have been scores of notorious crimes against the public committed by members on the floor of both the New York and

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Boston Exchanges, and never in a single case have their perpetrators been sent to prison through the act of either Exchange, except after they have been milked dry by their fellow members.

"BUCK" BUCHANAN—METEOR

A young Washington telegrapher, "Buck" Buchanan, came to New York and hired out to one of the old Stock Exchange houses. His stock in trade was: "I have personal acquaintance with all the expert telegraphers throughout the country. We will hire the best of them. They will act as managers of roping-in branch offices which we will establish in town and city all over the country. We will string lightning-quick private wires to each of these branch offices, and we will let it be known that the customers who play the game through us will receive quicker information of market changes than through any other house."

The success of "Buck" Buchanan was phenomenal. Branch after branch office was opened under his supervision.

All Wall Street was familiar with his methods and success. So vast became the business that the young telegrapher left this house and organized the firm of A. O. Brown & Co. It became the greatest wire house in the world. Its branch offices were everywhere. The expense of running them was eight hundred thousand dollars a year. The volume of business they sent into the Exchange was tremendous.

The capital of this house was, comparatively speaking, a shoe-string, and Wall Street knew it. The millions of cash which it handled belonged to the army of stock gamblers and investors roped in through its branch offices.

The personal extravagance of the mushroom-throned partners of A. O. Brown & Co. put to blush that of European monarchs. Automobiles, horses, yachts, and palaces were to them as confetti. But never a warning from the governing committee of the Stock Exchange to control, regulate, or curb the mad career of the mad telegrapher and his mad associates. Why? Because they distributed their roped-in dollars, in the form of commissions, among the most influential Stock Exchange houses.

One Saturday—one that otherwise would have been a dull, uneventful day—the storm burst—burst in a wild deluge. No one had ever before, and no one has ever since, seen its like. From the opening of the Exchange at ten until its closing at noon, there was one mad whirl of buying and selling. Apparently half the members of the Exchange had orders to buy all the stock in existence, while the other half had orders to sell what was wanted. No one, not even the most experienced manipulator, could make head or tail of what was taking place.

The ticker cascaded stock-name hieroglyphics and chasing figures in a vain effort to empty itself before its noon closing hour, and the tape tied itself in knots and tangles in its rush to record the outpouring prices of hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands of shares—railroads, mines, industrials. Yet the price went neither up nor down. It seemed as if a crazy man had deliberately laid out to buy and sell from and to himself the greatest number of shares of stock possible in two hours, and had employed the entire Exchange to assist.

Every one from the board-tending boys in the brokerage houses to the bank-and-trust-company presidents in the surrounding buildings—every one but the members themselves looked on dumfounded. At last, as the President's gavel announced high noon, the tape stopped—and the craziest Stock Exchange day of them all was done.

THE CRASH

Throughout the rest of the day and all through the following Sunday and into Monday, Financialdom stood upon its head in an effort to read the riddle in the great blue; for to try to read it in any sane way was fruitless.

Then came the crash. A. O. Brown & Co. went to smash, failed for millions. Woe, woe and lamentation, not only in Wall Street, but in the scores of cities and towns throughout the country where the roping-in shops were located. Millions were lost not only by Stock Exchange banks in New York, but by the thousands of deluded victims scattered everywhere.

And through all this mad whirl the Stock Exchange itself and its governing committee remained the same calm, cool, above-and-outside-laws-made-for-the-common-people-what-the-hell-do-we-care body. But when the get-rich-quick mad dollar dervishes had whirled themselves to a collapse, and there was no further chance of fattening pouches with commissions, the governing committee of the Stock Exchange got busy.

During the career of A. O. Brown & Co. from time to time I had pointed out to the public the coming crash. A few days after their papier-mâché temple toppled, and after the daring young telegrapher had crawled from beneath the tinseled débris and had sufficiently regained his wind to talk, I sent for him, and in the serene atmosphere of Dreamwold's library I sat for the better part of twenty-four hours, a breathlessly attentive audience while he reenacted his mad drama.

And of all the mad volcanoings of Stock Gambledom, Buck Buchanan's capitalization of a madhouse dream was the medal-winner.

"You see," he said, "we owed millions to our customers. We had nothing left. We had lost in our own personal gambles and in the enormous expenses and tremendous commissions we paid out to Stock Exchange members to keep their eyes closed to our game, the millions that had been entrusted to us by our customers.

"Finally we decided to take the short side and sell three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand shares. This would require, for any one outside Stock Exchange membership, about seven millions cash capital for margin. But nearly all the members and houses were our friends, for, you see, we were roping in more victims for the game than any one else.

"Because of this we had unlimited stock-trading credit with all the Stock Exchange houses; we could sell or buy any amount of stock without putting up margin.

"If we could by hook or crook bring about a twenty or twenty-five point break in the market we could recoup—get back six to eight millions.

"So some weeks before the fatal day we closed our eyes and went to it. When we were through selling, we were short more than three hundred and fifty thousand shares, and stood to make a killing. But somehow or other, try what scheme we would—and we took long chances and tried them all—the market would not go down or be put down.

"For weeks we stood short this big jag. In the meantime we got busy throughout the country, and roped in a million and a half to two millions of new margin coin. Still we were unable to bring about a market smash that would permit us to cover our big line of shorts at a profit. Despite all our downward manipulation the market was firm. The situation was desperate. Then we concluded to shift to the long side and try it the other way.

"I realized—we all realized, but I more than the rest of them—that I had the biggest job on hand ever tackled. If they caught us attempting to cover our line, they'd run ahead of us and jack up prices ten or fifteen points, and we'd be overboard for millions. On the other hand, if I could get in all our shorts at the market, it wouldn't be such a tremendous feat to get long three or four hundred thousand shares. Simply buying that amount of stock would start prices up, and we could later dump the lot in a bull market at four to five millions profit. You see, we had fattened our bank account with a million and a half to two millions new money, and that made us look, to the Street, like Gibraltar.

"For days and nights I worked for a way to do the trick, and at last it came to me, clear as a lightning streak out of a black sky, and damn me if I see yet why it didn't work!"

BUCHANAN'S DOLLAR-PIANO

He was always a picturesque character, young Buchanan: short and stout and Napoleonic in his cyclonic, breezy red-bloodedness. But as he paced my quiet library, living over again his crazy coup, he was more than picturesque. He was—Buck Buchanan.

"You see, it was this way," he went on. "I rigged up a sort of telegraphic piano. It had 72 numbered keys, running by straight wires direct to the Stock Exchange booths of 72 of the best houses on the Street. These keys were in two rows, one above the other. The upper row was numbered from 1 to 36, and the lower from 37 to 72. The names behind the numbers meant nothing to me that day. The biggest and most conservative banking-house was the same to me as a plunging 'commission house' like my own. Each one was simply a part of my mechanism of buying and selling, and the number was the only thing we went by. When my dollar-piano was finished it looked as if it were mighty capable of playing sensational music. It was a daisy!

"I had her all ready the Wednesday

before," he went on. "Then I showed myself for a couple of days on the Street around in the different offices, chuckling and looking so wise that rumors began to fly, that I had a 'hen on.' Friday I gave the tip to the seventy-two different houses tapped by the wires from my telegraphic keyboard, to sit close throughout Saturday and have plenty of brokers ready to handle rush orders. But I never let slip to any one, not even my partners, what my scheme was. And I never gave an intimation to any of the brokers whether they were to buy or to sell.

"All day Friday my secretary, whom I had brought along with me from Washington, and who was the best telegraph operator in the world, practised at the key-board. I would call off: '1 upper, 37 lower;' '2 upper, 38 lower;' '3 upper, 39 lower;' up and down the line; and over each wire he would send questions and receive answers. I had seventy-two Stock Exchange houses responding instantly to my secretary's practise questions and answers.

"The machinery was perfect.

HOW THE CHARM WORKED

"Now let me give you my scheme, and see if you ever heard of one that could touch it. When the gong struck ten I stood behind my boy with a big chart pad, divided into thirty-six columns upper, and thirty-six columns lower. The upper columns were to record the sales and the lower columns the buys. My job was to buy in one two-hour session of the Exchange three hundred and fifty thousand shares to cover our line of shorts, without lifting prices—a feat that no one had ever before even attempted. At ten o'clock, when the Exchange opened, I let her rip, giving my orders as rapidly to my secretary as they could be sent over the wires to the houses connected with my telegraphic key-board.

"On 'upper 1' it was: 'Sell 2,000 U. P. market.' This to one house. As soon as he had tapped it off, it was: 'Buy 2,600 U. P. market' on '37 lower,' to another house, and so on up the chart. But every time I sold I bought through another broker what I had sold, and about 25 per cent. more; and, as you and the Street saw, it worked to a charm.

"Every one was puzzled. Wall Street was dumfounded. Apparently everybody was buying and selling stocks, and yet so evenly balanced were the transactions that there was no price movement worth considering. It was the biggest mystery the Street had ever seen and the most active Saturday session since the Exchange began.

"Of course, the excitement and the mystery and the tremendous transactions filled up the offices everywhere; and after we had been under way for about half an hour every one expected something was going to explode.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

"I had doped out what you old operators had probably learned 'way back, that if there is sensational activity, and the market goes neither up nor down, it invariably brings on a scare, and with the scare every one begins to dump stocks. I figured that if I could make the tape act as sensationally as it does in a panic, and yet have nothing doing in the way of rise or fall, every one would figure that something was going to explode, and dump, and if I was holding the bag to the extent of three hundred and fifty thousand shares in two hours, the mystery would deepen with every sale and every sale would bring another—and it did.

"Every one was asking 'What does it mean?' But there had been no leak, no chance for a leak, and I never made a slip on the keyboard or got mixed in my chart.

"It was like greased lightning going through hell and out the other side and—zip!—it was all over when the gong struck twelve, and I had bought three hundred and fifty thousand more shares than I had sold, and the Street was an army of paralyzed mummies." Buck's voice thrilled with the memory of the feat. "Damn me if I can see yet where I lost out," he said, with an emphasis that was ludicrous.

I answered him that it was a simple problem in mathematics, and I was surprised he had not seen it when he laid it out. "Your net transactions were the purchase of three hundred and fifty thousand shares, but to purchase the three hundred and fifty thousand you had to buy over a million and sell over three-quarters of a million. This made it necessary for you to have capital enough on Monday to clear two million purchases and sales, which meant the temporary use of anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred millions of money or credit."

"Yes," he said, "but I expected to clear them without any difficulty in the regular way."

"Of course, you expected to have your checks certified by the banks for scores of millions and then to square up after deliveries were all made, which would have been good reasoning if the banks and the governing committee had been in with you, but after such excitement as Saturday you should have known that the banks would not over-certify for you."

"Exactly what happened," he said.

If Buck Buchanan had been an old-timer to Wall Street's game, he never would have tried such a crazy scheme without first securing a collusive partnership with a few bank presidents. If his scheme had been worked by a Money Trust head, it would have gone through like a Coney Island roller-skater, and A. O. Brown & Co. would still be the largest wire house in Wall Street, and Buck Buchanan probably one of the "good men" Money Trust trustees.

The Buchanan-A. O. Brown Frenzied-Finance episode is only one of scores that I have watched from their incubation to their putrefaction. And a Stock Exchange governing committee never rings a police-call until the burglar-alarms have been sounded elsewhere.

In the A. O. Brown Co. affair, did the absolutely controlling, regulating, preventing, and punishing Stock Exchange board of governors throw any monkey-wrench into the cogs of Buck Buchanan's ingenious easy-money-getting invention? Did it in any way interfere with or act as a brake on his inventive genius? And will it interfere with or act as a brake on any present or future Buck Buchanan's inventive genius, provided it has been sufficiently tested to supply a large number of the Stock Exchange members with easy-money commissions?

My lip is still cracked.

What would have happened to Buck Buchanan and his easy-money-making invention if the postal arm of the Federal Government had been in absolute control of the Stock Exchange?

THE HAWTHORNE-MORTON CASE

The other day the son of one of America's greatest novelists, Hawthorne, and the son of that great benefactor of humanity, Dr. Morton, the inventor of ether, were roped into an easy-money mining scheme. These talented sons of great fathers were unacquainted with Financialdom. One was a doctor and the other, like his father, an author. Whether they believed that their scheme was good or not, I have no means of knowing; but evidently they were ignorant of the fact that swindles of this sort are legal and "respectable" only when worked through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange.

Otherwise, the Government declares them to be against public policy and sends the schemers to jail.

In short order, Julian Hawthorne, Dr. Morton, and Freeman, the promoter, who held the same relation to the Hawthorne easy-money-making invention that Buck Buchanan did to A. O. Brown & Co.'s, were rudely dragged before the Federal courts, promptly convicted, and sentenced to terms in the Atlanta Federal prison.

And yet the entire amount of money involved in their easy-money-making scheme was not as much as Buck Buchanan paid out to Stock Exchange members in commissions, and the losses to innocent investors were not one-twentieth the amount lost by widows and orphans in the "Bingham" and "Sealskin Oysters" presided over by former Congressman and present United States Senator John Weeks's banking house.

Not a protest was raised in all Wall Street against the verdict in the Hawthorne-Morton case. Not a voice complained that the postal arm of the Federal Government had usurped the rights of individual citizens.

Why not try the same cure for that much more serious disease, Stock-Exchange gambling?

BOSTON STOCK-EXCHANGE "WASHING"

New York State legislation, however wise, will curb only the New York Stock Exchange—if the Exchange does not jump to New Jersey. And there are other exchanges pushing the gambling game to the limit in cities all over the country. As a qualified expert on the Boston Exchange, I assert that, in comparison with the New York Stock Exchange, during the past twenty-five years there has been more washing of stocks on the Boston Exchange, in proportion to the business done, than on the New York Exchange.

I say this, not to reflect upon the Boston

Stock Exchange or its members, for, as all know, the institution is very dear to me and its members are my associates and friends, but merely to draw attention to the fact that it is not the men but the hellish underlying principle of sure-thing gambling through stock exchanges that is the evil.

I have myself seen scores of stocks systematically washed in the Boston Stock Exchange, week in and month out, for years and years and years; and I have personally paid to members of the Boston Stock Exchange, for washing stocks, vast sums in commissions, as high as one hundred thousand dollars in a single six months. So common has been this practise on the Boston Stock Exchange that the "best houses" make it a part of the flotation of new issues thus to make and maintain stock prices.

THE "MATCHED-ORDER" BUSINESS

Many of the Stock Exchange houses in Boston, in competing for the handling of flotations of new stocks, or the market handling of old stocks, openly put down large sums for their Stock Exchange manipulation, which is only another way of saying their "washing." This is Boston's way of doing it:

A company is formed, let us say, with ten million dollars of one hundred dollars a share common stock. Before it is listed, "calls" are given to influential Stock Exchange members on two hundred, five hundred, or one thousand shares apiece at the inside flotation price. This means that they have as a gift the right to buy from the company's fiscal agents or promoters the optioned stock at the bottom price without any risk to themselves. As soon as the stock is listed and begins to advance, as it usually does, these influential members who may happen to be on committees, having "calls," sell their stock at the top price and "call" it—that is, buy it from the ones who issue the option at the bottom price.

This is the equivalent of giving to these members one thousand, five thousand, or twenty-five thousand dollars for their "good-will."

In more than forty years' experience, I have never until quite recently heard any member of the Exchange declaim against the morality or bad form of the practise. It has been looked upon as one of the necessary adjuncts of the highly respected business of Stock Exchange gambling.

When times are good and I am actively operating, there is hardly a week goes by but I am openly importuned by good Stock Exchange houses, other than my active brokers (for one who knows the game never gives his own active brokers tabooed orders), for business—with special stress laid upon the facilities for "matching" and "manipulating."

The reason for this is obvious: If I give a broker an order to sell five thousand shares of stock straight out, he receives $625 commission. Then he must borrow this stock for delivery and put into action his office machinery that results in the purchaser getting the stock that you have sold and your short order being carried on his books until you are ready to cover, all involving more or less expense.

But when I give B a "manipulative" order to sell five thousand shares and C a "manipulative" order to buy five thousand, B and C merely swap an initialed O. K. slip and each pockets $625.

"Manipulative," "matched" order business is the cream of the whole banking and stock-brokerage business. This is as true of the New York Exchange as it is of Boston. Of course the conscience-saving clause with the Stock Exchange member is that he does not *know* that my five-thousand buy order, which he executes, is "a match" for the five-thousand sell order given at the same time to his fellow broker. But this is mere pretense.

THE STORY OF "STEVE" DOW

In the office of one of the leading Boston Stock Exchange houses, known, because its head was a relative of Mr. Rogers, as a Standard Oil house, was a young clerk, Stephen H. Dow, or, to State Street, Steve Dow.

Even when making his application for Street deliveries, Steve Dow was noted for his short cutting of corners, clever dodging of manholes, and nimble hopping of gutters. It always was necessary for Steve, even while a young man, to give a double bond for his word.

Steve Dow was young when he joined the Stock Exchange. There is a hard and fast honor rule in both the Boston and the New York Stock Exchanges that a member must buy his seat with his own money. In fact, one of the most impressive ceremonies enacted with the entering into Exchange membership is the affirmation that the money with which the seat is bought is the new member's own money. Just previous to his being blindfolded and mounting the goat face to tail for his first entrance to "the floor," in the presence of the solemn-visaged "good men" of the Exchange, with his hand upon his heart the new member repeats after the initiating officer:

"On my sacred Bostonese honor, soon to be most sacred Bostonese Stock Exchange honor, I attest and affirm before Almighty, etc., etc. . . . that every one thousand of the twenty-five thousand dollars which I have paid for this seat, every one hundred of each one thousand dollars, every one dollar of each one hundred dollars, every nickel of each dollar, is my own, all my own, and no one's but my own, and that I have no debts outstanding nor instanding nor in or out between-standing."

Stephen H. Dow's solemnity on this occasion pained only the members who had cracked lips. Steve afterward said that the snicker from a few score of the assembled members was rather disconcerting. Pretty nearly every one knew that he had borrowed his twenty-five thousand dollars from Madame Johanna Gadski, the prima donna, and that outside of this debt Steve's worldly goods were more minus than plus.

This was Steve's start in the noble band of one hundred and fifty "good men" of the Boston Stock Exchange, and from that time on until a few years ago Steve made the Stock Exchange fur fly and the Stock Exchange members' fears flutter.

Then Steve struck oil, rich and greasy. No one knew just how he struck it, or just whose oil it was before he struck it; but, one and all, the members of the Exchange heaved a sigh of relief at Steve's striking it.

Steve hired elaborate offices, and was elected president of several copper companies. From then on the doors of the active Stock Exchange houses were self-inward openers whenever President Stephen H. Dow approached the block in which they were situated.

Soon word flew through the mysterious underground-rumor passages of the Stock Exchange that Steve Dow was dangling at the end of his financial rope. Then came a slump in the market, and rumor had Steve overboard. This was quickly followed by a meeting of Stock Exchange members to whom Steve Dow was heavily indebted, and after the meeting the welcome news was passed around that the committee had taken charge of Steve's affairs—had tided him over.

From time immemorial whenever the Boston Stock Exchange has taken possession of a member's affairs, tided him over—that is, provided his affairs run into the hundreds of thousands—such news has been received by good-form financial Boston with a grin.

DEBTS TO FELLOW MEMBERS COME FIRST

The committee in record short time turned Dow's affairs back to their fellow member, with the public statement that he had liquidated to the last dollar all his heavy debts to Stock Exchange members.

Every one in Boston Financialdom knew—particularly each of the band of one hundred and fifty Stock Exchange members—that the treasury of each of Steve Dow's copper companies was rich in cash. Steve had put his relatives and office clerks in control of these treasuries. The well-posted ones were not surprised at the announcement that Steve Dow's debts to fellow Stock Exchange members had been liquidated. But they were surprised to find shortly afterward that President Dow had stolen from each copper company's treasury every dollar it contained. He had stolen everything in the companies that was movable or liquidatable. And the Boston Stock Exchange moaned and sympathized when Steve Dow, indicted for the theft of a number of hundreds of thousands of dollars from the treasuries of his copper companies, was put on public trial.

A few days ago, after a sensational trial in which he frankly related his history from the day he borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars from Madame Johanna Gadski, for the purchase of a must-be-bought-with-your-own-money Stock Exchange seat, he showed that the money had all gone—into Stock Exchange houses to meet his obligations, and, poor fellow, he is now serving his twelve years' sentence.

My readers must not be confused into thinking that Steve Dow was sent to prison for any infringement of Boston Stock Exchange rules, or for any of the millions of losses which came to a deluded public through the collapse of his copper-mining schemes. No; Steve Dow would surely be to-day active and respected in Stock Exchange circles but for the fact that he made off with the funds of his companies in the old-fashioned rude and crude way, and by the vulgar methods of the common thief.

FIRE-PROOF ANTHRACITE

It is seldom that the history of any man has been marked by such a superbly brilliant array of successful flotations as those which halo the long career of that Massachusetts Pro Bono Publico financier, Henry M. Whitney, well known in Boston and political Massachusetts.

The thirty-five-million New England Gas and Coke philanthropy for investors was still hanging low in the dollar firmament of the Hub when, in 1909, Mr. Whitney, lieutenanted by our great Massachusetts reformer, Eugene M. Foss, hung to its rim the entrancing bunch of financial mistletoe labeled RHODE ISLAND COAL, or, in Stock Exchange parlance, Fire-Proof Anthracite.

Its capital was five million dollars, par value ten dollars. Mr. Whitney was its president and Governor Foss its leading director, and they acted as its consolidated godfather-godmother-wet-nurse, during the six months in which it was being prepared for its stock-market début.

A week after it made its appearance in public the following was extensively press-agented:

> "*Boston.*—Henry M. Whitney and Eugene N. Foss, two of the most enterprising citizens of New England, have entered into arrangements with certain promoters, chemists, and financiers under which they have undertaken to pump out the Rhode Island coal-mine to see if under a new chemical process—by the use of Chile saltpeter and calcium chlorate saturating this coal to promote its combustion—this well-known coal deposit can be opened on a commercial scale and made profitable.
>
> "The geologists say there are two 'outside' deposits of anthracite coal: this one in Rhode Island and another similar deposit near Baltimore; and the weight of geological and scientific opinion has been for one hundred years against these deposits as having commercial value. But when men like Mr. Whitney and Mr. Foss proceed to open up such a territory, one can feel assured that the enterprise will not be abandoned until all that men and money can do has demonstrated what of present commercial value Nature has put into this Narragansett basin, which it is figured should yield for the benefit of New England millions of tons of coal."

This coal-mine was not new. In fact, it was a moss-covered old financial demimonde who had long danced the boards under the nom de plume of Cranston Coal. Its merits as a coal-mine had long been acknowledged by all, although every one knew that there was an element of weakness attached to its product: the fact that the coal was fire-proof, and would not burn. Made into brick, it might have been a success as a furnace-lining, or if made into paint it could have competed with imported asbestos. As ballast it was excellent. But as it had acquired a local reputation under the name of coal, and because it was dark in color, it was decided to put it through its new investment stunt as a fire generator instead of annihilator.

Then, too, as coal it had investment advantages, inasmuch as it provided an opportunity for another outfit of promoters, who announced that a "special process" had been devised for firing Rhode Island Coal, and this "special process" was promptly incorporated as the Coal Treating Company, with a capitalization of five million more.

"NO STOCK FOR SALE"

The vice-president and working head of this second company and its treasurer were somewhat well known because of their indictment in connection with the North American Rubber Co., which also was a "special process."

Mr. Whitney, on February 10, 1909, came to the front in a public interview in which he stated:

> "I intend to remain with the Rhode Island Coal Company for an indefinite period, and none of the stock which either Mr. Foss or I own is for sale. I do not believe that there is a great deal of stock for sale by anybody." [Whatever else may be said of Mr. Whitney's participation in the non-burnable coal enterprise, he is a wit of the always-on-top sort.] "In regard to the proposition, all I will say is that I know that there is coal there and it will burn. Of course we could take out coal now, but we intend to wait until the property is in better shape."

This was followed, when the stock was listed, by the usual publicity campaign.

So attractively had the stage been set that on the first day of trading, July 13, 1909, 6,607 of the non-burning-coal shares were quoted at from 3⅜ to 3⅞. The price advanced steadily on heavy dealings until it touched its high record price at 12⅞ in December; and for the period of a little less than six months 337,011 shares had been quoted. Bearing in mind that Mr. Whitney and Mr. Foss had no stock for sale, and that the bulk of the capital stock was theirs, it must be assumed that the extreme scarcity of the stock was responsible for the sharp advance and the very heavy trading—although an indignant broker on one of its liveliest days remarked to his fellows that if the big insiders would only sew up their bag for twenty-four hours it would go to 100.

In August, 1909, while 114,976 shares were being bought and sold, the literary branch of the enterprise climaxed in a two-column press-agented article (Aug. 19, 1909). Mr. Whitney's connections with Dominion Coal, Dominion Iron & Steel, New England Gas & Coke, steamship, street railroad, real estate, timber, and asbestos enterprises, were properly lauded. An ingenious table was drawn up to show how Rhode Island Coal shares could sell for $130 per share.

Mr. Whitney, in this article, began his statement thus:

> "This is to me in its economic and its commercial possibilities the most interesting and by far the most important enterprise with which I have ever been connected. Here are millions upon millions of tons of coal right at our door, until recently considered of little or no value. But recent discoveries have given this coal substantially the same value as the anthracite coals of Pennsylvania."

"SETTLING THE FUTURE" OF THE COMPANY

The stock was kept selling actively around 10½. Then came the usual newspaper-advertised junketing tour, led by the thoughtful Mr. Whitney, and look what they found!

> "The party found the work above ground progressing contemporaneously with unwatering and diamond-drilling. The office-building is completed and occupied, and heated by coal mined on the property. The boiler-house, briquetting plant, and employees' houses are all under construction.
>
> "There are two hundred and ninety men at work on the property, forty of whom are underground. By the middle of April the property should be in condition to produce perhaps one thousand tons per day."

The press-agent omitted to state whether or not the personal conductor and his able side partner were included in the underground count.

Dropping down to 6 in March, 1910, the stock strengthened, following the announcements of the steadily increasing output of the mine and the statement by Mr. Whitney that by September 1, 1910, the company would "be on a self-supporting basis; in fact, after that date real net earnings should begin to accumulate."

It then became clear to Mr. Whitney and Mr. Foss that somebody would have to put more money into the enterprise, and it was decided in November, 1910, to sell twenty thousand shares to stockholders at 10, a reasonable proceeding in view of the fact that the stock had been marked up on the quotation-sheet from 5¾ to 10⅛.

SATISFACTORY TO WHOM?

Notwithstanding rumors that large Pennsylvania interests were trying to get the property, and reports from various experts, the shadows thickened and the stock, under a no-stop flow, got down below 2. Finally the company obtained one hundred thousand dollars from banks, at six per cent., secured by a mortgage on the company's property. When this loan had been obtained, Mr. Whitney announced that he considered "the future of the company as satisfactorily settled. The company now has money enough to complete its construction and development work." This was on September 30, 1911. He further said that the company was behind on its orders for coal and that the demand was increasing daily. But prices continued to fall, and about this time it was hinted that a reorganization might be necessary with an assessment of two dollars a share, the company by this time being hampered by an indebtedness of about six hundred thousand dollars.

It was apparent that somebody was getting tired, as in December the shares fell off to forty-seven cents on transactions amounting to 158,945 shares for the month. It was said that Governor Foss was a large seller, but the Governor was too busy reforming the old Bay State to discuss the matter.

The solar plexus was timed for February 1, 1912, when, on a bill filed by Henry M. Whitney in the United States District Court, a receiver for the company was appointed. Prior to this a large amount of the stock was unloaded (176,310 shares), with the price falling from sixty-one cents to twenty-five cents. It continued to fall until it reached four cents a share, which represented a valuation of twenty thousand dollars for what had but little over two years before been selling at a valuation of $6,437,500, plus the $5,000,000-to-fire-it process.

At the foreclosure sale the receiver paid fifty thousand dollars for the property, which was subject to a $100,000 mortgage.

Out of the coal dust and ashes into which the Rhode Island Coal Company crumbled, arose the Portsmouth Coal Mining Company. An examination was called for by a committee of stockholders, and A. D. W. Smith was engaged to make a report. The final paragraphs read as follows:

> "In brief, your Portsmouth proposition is confronted by three obstacles, namely: the inferior quality of the coal; its friability; and a high mining cost even under the most favorable conditions that have been developed. Any of these three is serious; any two extremely dangerous; and the combination of the three fatal to financial success.
>
> "In my judgment it is absolutely useless to spend any more money at your Portsmouth mine with the expectation of making it a commercial mining proposition."

An assessment of one dollar per share was levied, and of the four hundred and twenty thousand shares outstanding all but twenty-eight thousand subscribed. Two assessments of twenty-five cents each have already been paid, but the stock is quoted to-day at eight cents per share.

I recite the history of this ill-smelling, get-rich-quick, widow-and-orphan trap, to show the necessity for curbing all gambling on all stock exchanges as against public policy, whether they be wheat-pits in Chicago, or traps baited with seasonable stocks for the credulous in Boston or New York. Does any sane man suppose that if the law as recommended by the Pujo Committee were put upon the Federal statute-books the Post-Office authorities would allow such an affair as this to do more than get under way before jailing the whole outfit?

This is the only way to put an end to these schemes: Give the postal arm of the Government authority to wipe out overnight the gambling stock exchanges if they don't reform. The sane and reasonable law presented with the Pujo report will do this without injury to any legitimate business.

Every abuse that existed in the New York Stock Exchange four years ago when the admirable Hughes Report was made, exists to-day. The gentlemen who signed that report were innocent enough to believe that the Stock Exchange would purge itself of all its objectionable features. The sworn evidence before the Pujo Committee has demonstrated that it hasn't the moral perception to reform itself even if it would.

And remember that back of your banks, your insurance companies, your railroads, and your big corporations, all carefully regulated by the Government, is that unregulated private club of easy-money seekers—the New York Stock Exchange—more powerful than all of them combined. It is "private," in name only, for the benefit of its eleven hundred members. In reality it is a world's market-place with a legitimate, useful function to perform—a function that is now distorted by stock gambling.

The great power that the unincorporated New York Stock Exchange has had since its beginning has been exerted not to protect the private investor, speculator, or gambler, but to discipline severely the member who splits commissions. It is entirely respectable to "wash" sales and to perform the whole bag of tricks by which the public is fleeced directly and indirectly out of more than $2,000,000,000 annually. *But it is an expulsion or suspension Exchange crime of an unforgivable sort to split your commissions.*

Think of that, and then if your lip isn't cracked, laugh if you can.

As I finish this chapter, Representative George A. Neeley of Kansas has introduced in Congress the excellent Stock Exchange law submitted with the Pujo report, and the New York *World* says that Washington advices indicate its passage next December. But it won't pass if Wall Street by hook or crook can kill it. Aren't you, individually, willing now to line up against the gambling end of the Stock Exchange? Success is assured if you—you who pay through the high cost of your necessities two billions of dollars annually as the tolls of Stock Exchange gambling—are willing to write, and persuade your friends to write, to your congressman and your senators, asking them to support this bill.

Will you do it?

The next instalment of "The Remedy" will appear in the July number.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

A JUNE NIGHT IN AUBURN

BY PEARL WILKINS

MISS VICTORIA GRAHAM, in a pink linen dress and white shoes, sat in a hammock under the blossoming oleander trees waiting for Julius Eversleigh, her usual Wednesday-night "date." Back of her, the two-storied ranch-house; in front of her, across the road, a white village of tents standing out against the dark foliage of the apricot orchard, announcing the harvest of the fruit-rancher to be at hand. To the orchard fence was nailed a sign that could be read by moonlight:

"FRUIT PICKERS AND CUTTERS WANTED HERE. FAMILIES PREFERRED. GOOD CAMP-GROUND, WOOD AND WATER. LONG SEASON AND PLEASANT WORK."

The night was beautiful enough to make the senses ache. The fruit on the trees shone golden as the apples of Hesperides. Under their shade the campers and their families, relaxing after the day's toil, were enjoying the after-supper hour. By night, the orchard was like a city amusement-park.

But for Miss Victoria, familiarity with the scene had bred contempt.

She drew a slip of paper from the folds of her pink linen waist and read in the strong moonlight:

MISS VICTORIA GRAHAM, Auburn, Cal.

DEAR MADAM:—We regret that, after a careful perusal, the enclosed manuscript was found to be unavailable for our purpose. We wish to thank you, however, for letting us see it.

Yours very truly,
KELLOGG'S MAGAZINE.

The scent of an orange-tree in blossom in the yard was sickeningly sweet. Victoria crushed the letter in her hand and stared discouragedly into the white moonlight.

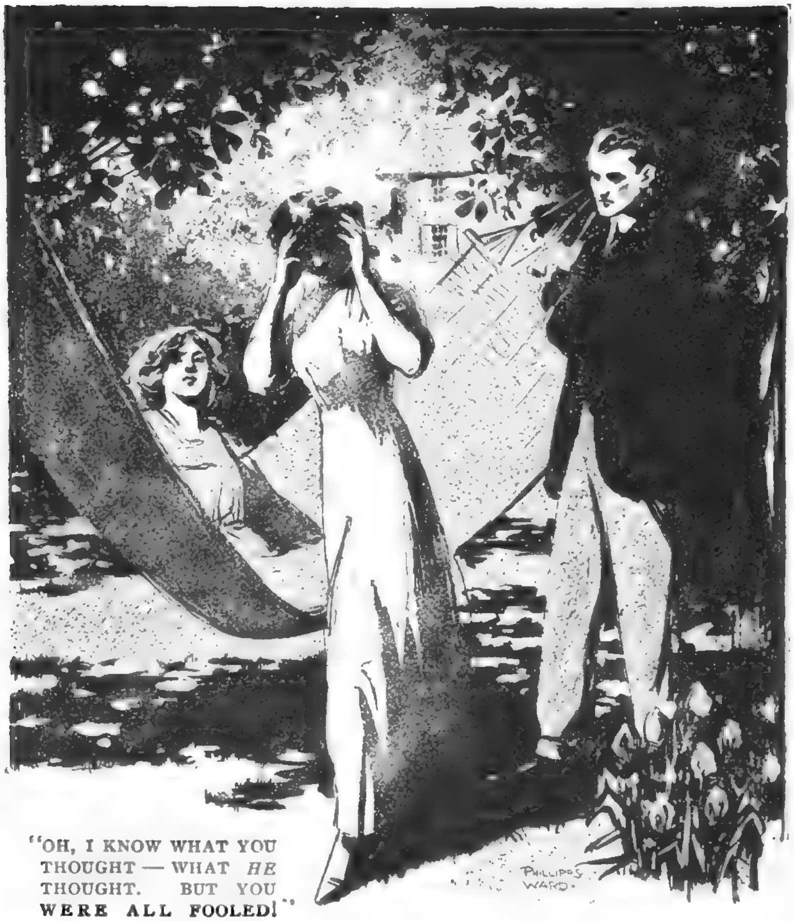
A buggy was creeping up the road that ran past the house; from it came the voices of two women talking:

"She hasn't been acting like herself for the last two weeks, and yesterday she told her mother she had a toothache and didn't feel like working. She said she thought she'd walk to Auburn and get something to stop her tooth. She went to the tent and changed her dress and started out in the direction of town. Willie Lowe says he passed her on the road and she was talking to Bob Fordyce and crying. That's the last any one's seen of her. I always said——"

The vehicle came opposite the house and passed on. Victoria flung her letter into the tuberose bed. Her story was ten thousand words long. The hero was a bored young millionaire. The heroine was poor, beautiful, aristocratic, and the daughter of a matchmaking mama. Her name was Sylvia.

Victoria did not see why—— She looked up and saw Julius Eversleigh at the gate. He had ridden up so noiselessly on his bicycle that she had not heard him. He opened the gate and came up the walk.

At twenty-four years of age, in addition to being sole manager and proprietor of Auburn's one and only moving-picture show, Julius was also, on Sunday, star pitcher of the "Auburn Athletes," with a salary of twenty-five dollars per game. His eyes were dark and long-lashed and belied his hobby, but his hands were brown and sinewy and proclaimed it.



"OH, I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT — WHAT *HE* THOUGHT. BUT YOU WERE ALL FOOLED!"

He crossed the moonlit lawn to the hammock where Victoria in her pink dress was seated under the oleanders. The pink blossoms had a silver sheen on them.

"Hello," he said, "thought maybe you'd given up waiting for me and gone to bed. It's pretty late, I guess."

He mopped his face with a blue-bordered handkerchief. "I exceeded the speed-limit coming from town," he apologized. "Mind if I smoke?" And, without waiting to find out whether she did or not, he produced a long black cigar.

He puffed a moment or two, and looked up at the measureless dome of the heavens.

"Great night, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" agreed Victoria, dreamily.

By the light of a kerosene-lamp set on a table outside her tent, a woman across the road was reading a newspaper aloud to a dozen others pressed closely about her. The regular rise and fall of her voice seemed to draw listeners as a flame attracts moths.

"Too bad about Nellie Parker, wasn't it?" said Julius, in a low tone.

"Yes." Victoria spoke distastefully, as if from the tips of her lips.

"I feel sorry for her folks. But I guess everybody but her mother's known for the last two months."

"Yes," said Victoria again, briefly.

Julius changed the subject. "Been writing any lately?" he inquired.

Victoria waited a moment before answering; she stirred with her white-canvas-shod foot a little ball of crumpled paper lying on the grass. Then she said: "I got my story back to-day."

"Your long one? That's a shame. What did they say?"

"Nothing"—dry and short.

Julius glanced quickly into her face. "Oh, well, I wouldn't feel bad," he consoled; "it's not as if the wolf was pawing at your door. You've got a good home here and pretty nearly everything you want. What do you care?"

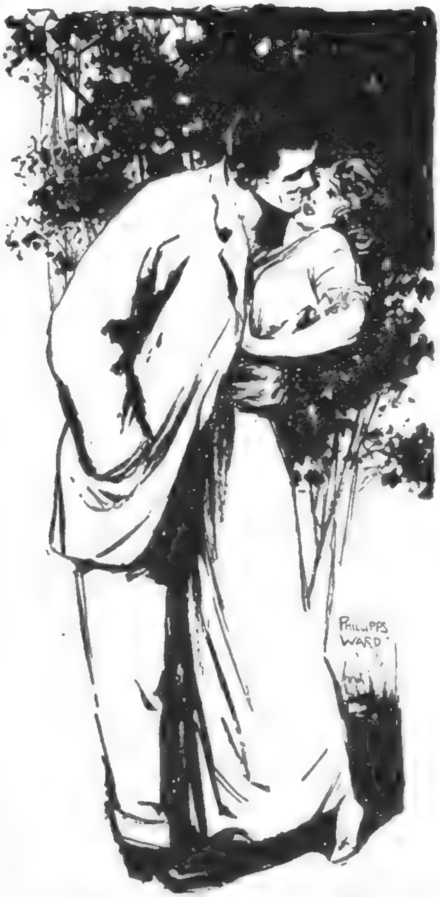
Victoria broke off a long branch loaded with pink blossoms. "I care!" she said passionately. "I care about it more than anything else in this world. And I know I could do something if I had half a chance! If I could only get away from here!" She lashed her pink skirt with the oleander-branch. "What is there to write about here?"

Julius let his black cigar waste for a second between his slim brown fingers.

Out in the orchard they had set a graphophone going. A tenor voice rang through the garden, blending with the perfume of the orange-blossoms and the moonlight on the leaves of the oleanders.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said, leaning forward. "Marry me. Marry me, and I'll take you away from here. Anywhere you want to go! We'll go on a hunt for stories. We'll live 'em. Then you can write."

Victoria dropped the oleander-branch she had been playing with. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed.



"WILL YOU GIVE ME A KISS, OR WILL I HAVE TO TAKE ONE?"

"You don't know what life is; you don't know what work is. You don't even know what love is. But I'm the fellow that can teach you." He made a gesture as if to take possession of her hands.

But Victoria drew back. "Don't spoil our friendship," she said hurriedly. "I don't want to marry you or anybody else. I think I'm too much interested in trying to get a little success, to fall in love."

"Can't you fall in love and be a success at the same time?"

Victoria shook her head.

"Then all I have to say," prophesied Julius hotly, "is that you'll never have any success. How in the name of common sense do you expect to learn to write? Watching other people? Reading? Then all your knowledge is second-hand, and who wants second-hand goods? You're on the wrong track."

"Do you think you could put me on the right one?" asked Victoria. Her smile, sweet and heavy-lidded, was as if she shared a secret with the oleanders and the silver-washed palms.

"Well, I could do it a good deal quicker than some of these educated highbrows who know *all* about life as it was lived some two thousand years ago, and so little of their own times they couldn't tell Eddie Collins from Battling Nelson."

He leaned back in his striped lawn-chair and wiped his forehead again.

"But I don't love you," argued Victoria.

"Well, I can love enough for both of us. Marry me, and I'll help you make good, and maybe love will come." He laughed ruefully. "No, I wouldn't help, either," he confessed. "Confound your work! Can't you think of anything else?"

"No, I can't," said Victoria.

"Well, this game isn't half over. I've had many a man yell 'Rotten. Take him out!' in the first inning, and then come around after the game and tell me I was a wonder. He changed his mind about me. And so will you change yours."

Victoria spoke to her cat, Omar Khayyam, who had returned from a prowl under the rose-bushes.

"He isn't conceited!" she said of her caller.

"No, I'm not conceited," retorted Julius. "Several times I've broken the other fellow when the betting was heaviest that he'd break me. I've known lots of girls——"

"Ssh," warned Victoria. "Here comes Mab."

Julius sat back, the heat dying out of his face, as the shadow of the school-teacher boarder was projected in the moonlight across the lawn.

Miss Schields was a black-haired girl with green eyes, whose face, usually too chalky for beauty, was to-night deeply flushed.

She came up to them, and Julius rose to his feet with the grace of William

Faversham. "Have a chair," he proffered.

The schoolma'am shook her head. "Don't get up for me, thank you. I'm not going to stay." She turned to Victoria.

"Victoria, your father telephoned he wouldn't be home to-night. He and Ben Parker and Mrs. Parker have gone on to Davisville. The hotel-man up there says a man and a girl answering Nellie's description passed through there yesterday in an automobile." Her hands were twisting and untwisting a silver locket at her breast.

The graphophone in the orchard was playing "Red Wing," popular three or four years ago, now handed down to the hurdy-gurdy.

"Oh, to-night the moon shines bright,
On pretty Red Wing!"

It went on to the tragic finale:

"While Red Wing's weeping her heart away!"

Mr. Eversleigh was lighting another cigar. "Whose description did the man answer?" he inquired carelessly.

The schoolma'am turned upon him, as if something in the simple question had stirred smoldering coals to a blaze. Her eyes were terribly green at that instant. "The man," she said, viciously, "answered to the description of your friend Bob Fordyce! Now, what do you think of him?"

The star pitcher of the Auburn Athletes took his cigar out of his mouth. "Nobody appointed me Bob's judge," he said slowly. "I'm only a good friend of his, not a jealous woman in love with him."

"Who's in love with him?" demanded the school-teacher, with too much anger. "As for me, I never liked him from the first. I don't care who he goes off with!"

"Why, I thought—" began Victoria, raising her heavy lids.

"Oh, I know what you thought, what you all thought—what *he* thought!" feverishly conjugated the black-haired girl. "But you were all fooled!" She put up her hands to her head. "Oh, you'll have to excuse me. I have a splitting headache. Good night."

"Don't rush off," Victoria called after her. But "Don't call her back," cautioned Julius, dropping again, as if much fatigued, into his striped lawn-chair. "She might come. She's a cat. I'd hate like the deuce to be the fellow she marries."

"Why?" said Victoria, gazing sleepily up at the golden moon.

"Why? She'd make a fellow mighty uncomfortable, that's why. She'd never rest herself, and she'd never let him rest. I'd never like a girl like that. Now you——"

But Victoria abruptly arose. "What's the good of going into that again?" she demanded, shaking out her pink skirts. "Besides, it's time for you to go home."

Julius drew out his watch. "It is pretty late," he verified reluctantly. "And I suppose, if you say so, I've got to go."

They crossed the lawn and stood on the walk. The moonlight shone on Victoria's tawny hair and her pink dress. Julius looked at her, and his eyes narrowed in a way they had just before springing a new and unlooked-for curve on an unwary batter. He suddenly put his arm around her.

"Will you give me a kiss, or will I have to take one?"

But Victoria pulled away from him. "Julius Eversleigh!" she exclaimed in an angry whisper, "let go my hands this minute! Don't you know Mab can see us from her window as plain as day?"

"Let her, then," said Julius savagely, and, holding her with a sinewy arm, he kissed her twice.

Victoria, much crumpled, was left standing on the walk. She was properly angry, but for a girl who had been kissed unexpectedly her other emotions were inadequate.

She put Omar Khayyam in his cushioned box for the night, entered the house, extinguished the hand-painted lamp left burning in the parlor, and went up-stairs. A smell of smoke preceded her, and when she reached the top step she saw the schoolma'am's door wide open, and the schoolma'am, in a purple-flowered kimono, sitting by the east window that overlooked the walk. Behind her the lamp was smoking, the chimney black; and a photograph torn in two and lying in the middle of the floor added to the struck-by-lightning aspect of the room. Victoria stopped on the threshold.

"Mab!" she said.

The schoolma'am did not turn her head.

"Mab, have you been sitting at that window all this time since you came up?"

"Uh-huh." It was the briefest answer possible.

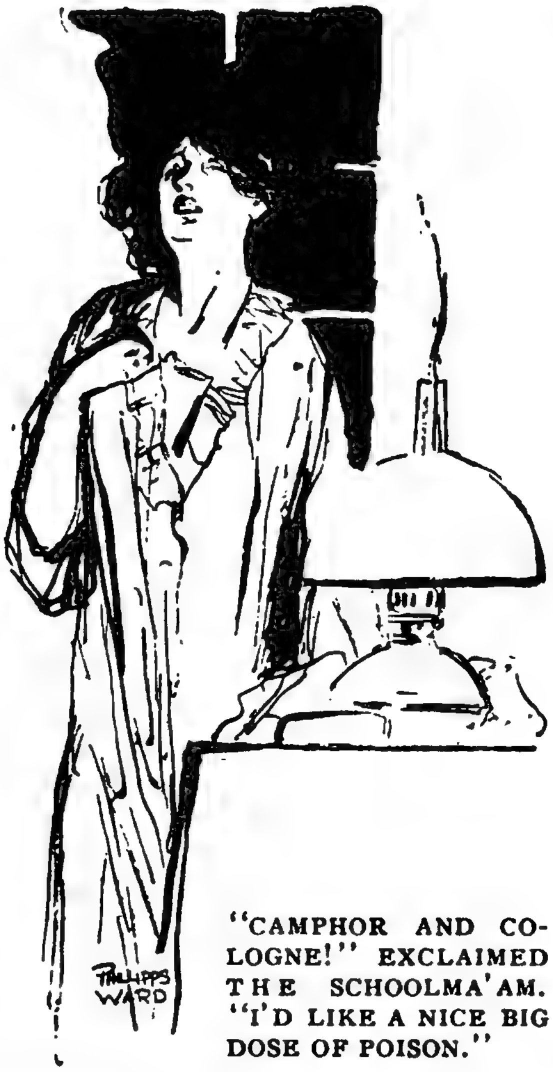
"Then you saw——"

The black-haired girl turned around.

"I saw him kiss you," she said dully, "if that is what you mean."

"Mab! I hope you didn't think——"

"I didn't think anything about it! I've got troubles enough of my own to think about." The voice, vibrant, irritable, seemed to come from depths racked by a parching fever, and Victoria saw then how white her friend's lips were, and the thunderstorm shadows under her eyes.



"CAMPHOR AND COLOGNE!" EXCLAIMED THE SCHOOLMA'AM. "I'D LIKE A NICE BIG DOSE OF POISON."

"What's the matter with you?" she asked practically. "Are you sick?"

"Sick?" The schoolma'am reached up and pushed back the toppling mass of her black hair. "I'm sick enough to die."

Victoria suggested: "There's headache-powders in the medicine-chest down-stairs, and camphor and cologne."

"Camphor and cologne!" exclaimed the schoolma'am. "I'd like a nice big dose of poison."

Victoria happened to glance down at the photograph that lay torn in two in the middle of the floor. "I thought you said you hated Bob Fordyce!" she said.

The other girl got to her feet and faced her. "Oh, of course I *said* I hated him!" she cried. "What else, in Heaven's name, *could* I say? He hasn't cared a snap of his fingers for me all along. And yet only last week— I wish I could kiss him, and then kill him!"

Color burned suddenly under Victoria's thick skin, as if *she* had been the one to make that confession. She went over and adjusted the lamp-wick. "Mab, I never dreamed—I never thought——"

"No, of course you didn't," the black-haired girl interrupted her. "You never see anything! Do you think he has married that girl?"

"I should hope so," said Victoria primly. "Think of her mother."

"Think of *me!*" said the black-haired girl, and flung herself face downward upon the bed.

Victoria waited uncomfortably while the little gilt clock on the desk ticked off five minutes. She began hesitatingly: "Mab, if there is anything I can do——"

"You can't do anything!" retorted the black-haired girl. "Go out and leave me alone."

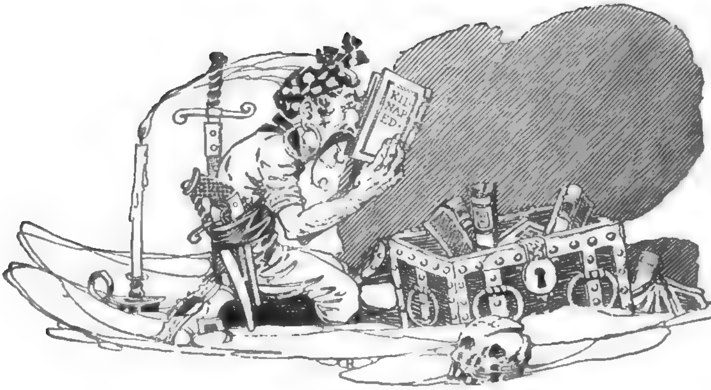
Victoria went out and shut the door. "The idea of breaking her heart over Bob Fordyce!" she said to herself.

She entered her own room and lighted the glass lamp on her desk; then her eyes fell upon the long flat envelope which had come back that afternoon. All evening the thought of it had been in her mind, through Julius's love-pleadings and the black-haired girl's hysterics and the persistent scandal about Nellie Parker.

She sat down and read the returned manuscript over twice, while the moths and June-bugs came in through the open windows, beating themselves against the hot glass chimney of her lamp and dropping on her papers unheeded.

Presently she got up from her chair, went to the window, pulled back the white swiss curtains, and gazed off beyond the apricot orchard, beyond the acetylene lights of Auburn, where, in his room in the hotel, Julius Eversleigh was at that moment explaining to his wash-bowl and pitcher that it was "ten chances to one"— beyond the grain-fields, in the direction she supposed New York to be.

"I know I could do something," she sighed, "if I could only get away from here!"



A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

IN "THE Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," a book little known in America, which has shaped the thinking of the best minds in England during the last thirty years, the following passage occurs: "I was somewhat surprised at being asked whether I would take potatoes *or* cabbage, but thinking it was the custom of the country not to indulge in both at once, I said 'cabbage.'"

To switch from vegetables to ideas, I find that Anglo-Saxon novelists almost invariably offer their guests potatoes *or* cabbage, realism *or* romance, the commonplace *or* glamour, love's heyday *or* love's disruption; at one helping they rarely give us both together. When the choice is between the life-sustaining, humble potato and the luxurious, succulent cabbage, most of us, like Mark Rutherford, throw up our hats for cabbage. Personally, I am fond of both and like them served on one platter.

Mr. Will Levington Comfort has flown in the face of the traditions of the country; in his latest book he gives us two vegetables, but he serves them as separate courses.

The first course in "The Road of Living Men" (Lippincott) is a love ecstasy which is enacted on a Chinese river. It is big and elemental, and likely, and wonderful.

Years and years ago in Spain, when they were children, Thomas Ryerson and Mary Romany met for a moment, gazed into each other's eyes, and parted. Neither has forgotten; out of sight and knowledge, each has waited, feeling that the separation can be only temporary.

In a hotel in Hongkong, just before the Boxer Riots, they come face to face. But again only for a moment; that night Mr. Romany sets out up the river with his daughter, sailing into the interior on a gold quest. Ryerson, unable to endure his loneliness, sails after her. Just as he has reached her the Boxer Riots break out; then begins the long escape, in which he takes her with him, past burning towns to the coast, so proving his manhood.

By every law of common sense and probability they ought to marry at this point. But no—Ryerson feels that he must do something really big to show that he is worthy of her. Here the cabbage course commences. She sails away with her father to America, while he stays behind to recover from his wounds. When he is better, he follows to Long Island. Surely he will marry her now! But again, no. They agree not to meet for a year—a year in which he shall accomplish something titanic.

He joins her father in South America, where he is mining gold in prodigious quantities and holding his valley against two republics. It is sufficient to say that had it not been for Ryerson and a secret door in the mountain, all the wealth would have been lost and not a soul would have escaped. When the year is up, they marry.

The story is remarkable for its high conception of womanhood and chastity, for the brilliance of its style and grasp of atmosphere, and for its extraordinary blemishes. What could have persuaded Mr. Comfort to bring his lovers out of China? The stage was all set: a war was in progress; the Yellow Man had come to life and was at the throat of the white tyrant—what better material could a reader ask or a novelist require? But Mr. Comfort is tired of reality. He clears the table and starts us all over afresh on succulent romance. Both courses are good of their kind, but they should have been served on the same plate, potatoes and cabbage together; moreover, he makes the fatal error of putting the better course first.

❧

"The Combined Maze" (Harper), on the other hand, is a potato book throughout. Miss Sinclair has seized on an every-day setting, an every-day theme, an every-day group of characters, and follows them relentlessly, never for one moment hesitating or turning aside. They are real; the reader knows them as well as he does his own countenance. The problem of the book may be stated in the form of a question: If a wife were to leave her husband for five years and he were on the point of getting a divorce in order that he might marry another woman, under what circumstances, if any, would he take her back?

Under no circumstances, most people would say; but before they answer they should read this book.

The title conveys little. It refers to a massed gymnastic display, in which men and women follow one another, tracing an invisible geometric pattern which brings them continually near, but keeps them inevitably separate. The real theme is the love-chase, with all its hazards, excitements, and thrilling opportunities for marrying the wrong person.

Miss Sinclair is naively in love with her leading character; she finds him noble, despite his Cockney accent and failure to get on in the world. He keeps the accounts in a furnishing establishment and spends the rest of his cramped existence in trying to grow a perfect body. The realization of the romance of love comes to him slowly—so slowly that he passes over Winny, with whom he could have been happy, and allows himself to be caught by the bolder strategies of Violet. After marriage he finds out his mistake. Violet is lacking in maternal instincts, a creature of the passionate and elusive moment, swift and changeable. As the wife of a London clerk she soon develops into a discontented slattern, only to resurrect her ardent beauty when the other man stands on the doorstep.

The deserted husband, left with his children, naturally turns to Winny. His relations with her, their common self-restraint and unspoken yearning, make a love-episode of unusual ideality. He wants to get a divorce, but he lacks the money. Several times he saves it, only to see it snatched away by haphazard raids of misfortune. When at last he has the money and has arranged with Winny, his wife returns, appealing to his compassion.

What happens?

In this book Miss Sinclair has refound her old and proper medium, which is lower-middle-class society in London. She writes with the same power and naturalness, humor and assurance, glamour and pathos, that set her among the notable novelists in "The Divine Fire." This book is equal in its achievement; it has the touch of genius, so rare and so unmistakable.

❧

Mr. Chesterton has written a vivacious account of his personal literary preferences and, with his wonted challenging effrontery, has entitled it "The Victorian Age in Literature" (Holt). It appears in that wise series of condensed-knowledge books which is published as "The Home University Library." The editors are at pains to apologize for Mr. Chesterton's audacity—they needn't. We are far more diverted, not to say instructed, by the sight of Mr. Chesterton smashing crockery in the literary scullery than we should have been had he obeyed orders and done his work with precision and promptitude. He comes before us in his dressing-gown, presenting an entirely unconventional and burlesque appearance.

Usually when we think of a literary historian, we picture a venerable and spectacled adviser—one who weighs his words and issues his judgments with authoritative gravity. Mr. Chesterton tells us of a friend who, after vainly endeavoring to explain the word "mistletoe" to a German, said despairingly: "Well, you know holly—mistletoe's the opposite!" And so, if you ask me about this book, I reply: "You know the ordinary literary history—well, this book is the opposite!"

It is most invitingly refreshing. Something worthy of quotation occurs on every page—something that stabs the mind into thoughtfulness. After recalling certain lofty lines he writes: "I can never think of that rousing and mounting description of the storm without seeing an immense balloon rising from the ground, with Shakespeare grinning over the edge of the car and saying: 'You can't stop me: I am above reason now.' "

That, according to Mr. Chesterton, is the nearest we can get to the general national spirit which he follows with shouting and clangor through the curious and eventful episode termed the Victorian Era.

❧

If there is one characteristic more exceptionally typical than another about recent American fiction, it is its extreme agility. Most of our short-story writers are hurdle-racers. At the crack of the pistol they are off, leaping and bounding and breasting the tape before the average English competitor has well started. Here are two volumes of short stories which afford a fair contrast.

"Roast Beef, Medium" (Stokes), by Edna Ferber, describes a series of whimsical contortions in the life of a lady-drummer, who traveled, taking orders for T. A. Buck's Featherloom Petticoats. Her name is Emma McChesney; she has been married and would evidently like to be married again. Each contortion is a separate story—a glimpse for a moment of something odd and laughable, then ended. Everything is done with a sudden burst of cleverness—so sudden that it scarcely seems possible to vary the cleverness again, and so sudden that little is remembered when the performance is over. Our memory is not of any one story, but of a spectacular, breezy little person who sold Featherloom Petticoats, vaulting hurdles of hindrances at a prodigious rate.

◆

On the other hand, "The Nest" (Century), by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, contains only five stories. They are long and leisurely; there is no hurry in their telling so that they may be crowded into the smallest number of words. Behind each lurks an idea, which has a universal application. When they are good, their length makes them impressive; when they are inferior, their length makes them tedious.

For the sake of the first story the entire volume is worth possession. Nicholas has been told by his doctor that he has only a month to live. His chief concern is for his wife, Kitty, whom he likes but does not love. She is younger than he, and for some time they have been of little consequence to each other. As he walks in his garden, thinking how he shall break the news to her, he hears voices: his wife is being tempted by a neighbor to an elopement.

Naturally, Nicholas thinks that if she knows that she will be free in a month, she will postpone the elopement and so avoid scandal—instead of which out of pity she falls hopelessly in love with her own husband, and makes for him a nest of affection in which he stifles. When, at the end of the month, the doctor tells him that his diagnosis was mistaken, how does Kitty feel about it? Here is plenty of material for argument.

The cleverness of Miss Ferber's stories is in the quickness of their observation and the rapid vernacular of their writing; the cleverness of Mrs. Sedgwick's is in the situations they present. Both books are well worth reading for themselves, and additionally so for the sake of comparison.

◆

Harry Leon Wilson, in dedicating "Bunker Bean" (Doubleday Page) to H. G. Wells, is gracefully acknowledging a righteous debt: there can be little doubt that his inspiration was the defiant timidity of Wells's greatest character-creation, Mr. Kipps. This is mentioned as a reason for reading "Bunker Bean." One can not have too much of Kipps—and this is the story of his further adventures, this time as an American.

Bunker Bean had always been timid—he was frightened of policemen, of dogs, and of girls—and of girls especially. He was stenographer to a railroad magnate. One day he stumbled on his Karmic past, which is to say, he visited a clairvoyant. She told him that in his last incarnation he was Napoleon, whereupon he purchased a book called "Napoleon, Man and Lover"—after reading which he ceased to be afraid of girls.

A second visit to the clairvoyant revealed to him that in the remotest of all ages he had been Ram-tah, King of Egypt. The influence of these lies on his hesitating character gave him the assurance to stampede Wall Street and marry the railroad magnate's daughter. His former employer confessed to him: "You're a puzzle t'me. Can't make y'out."

"Often puzzle myself," said Bunker Bean.

And well he might.

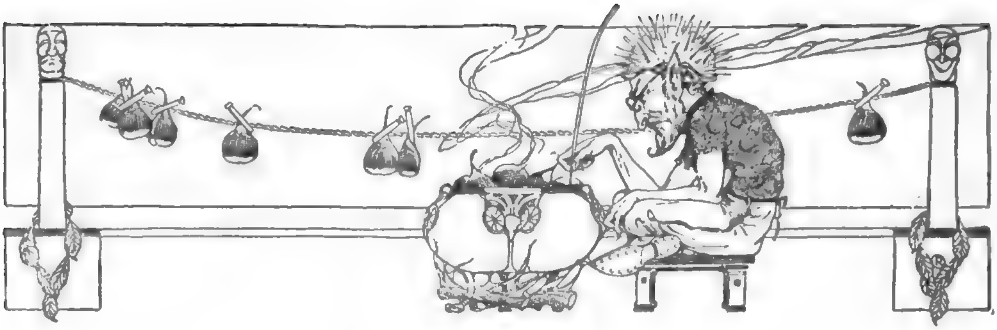
◆

OTHER BOOKS

To combine intense beauty with a riot of laughter is a great achievement—to write a book which keeps one hesitating as to whether one should turn back and chuckle again over pages already read or should push forward, is a greater. Both of these Mr. Hutchinson accomplishes in "The Happy Warrior" (Little, Brown).

John Fox, Junior, gives us another glimpse of the mountaineers of the South in "The Heart of the Hills" (Scribner). We know what to expect—it is not very different from his other stories. There are boy and girl love-affairs, poverty, ambition, misunderstandings, and, in the end, marriage. But the fact that it is not very different will recommend it to a host of readers who like a clean, out-of-doors, and lovable novel. The influence of landscape on character is strongly felt; the passages descriptive of nature are unforced and hauntingly beautiful.

In "Martha By-the-Day" (Holt), Julie M. Lippmann has invented a wholesome charwoman character who can scrub souls as clean with the wit of her humanity as she does floors with the strength of her powerful hands. The dust of pessimism, dimming the spiritual outlook, makes her just as resentful as does any other kind of dirt spattered on any other kind of window.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A certain Irishman living in New York owns a number of tenement houses on the East Side in the Jewish district. One day one of his tenants, a little, short, wizened-up Jew, called at his office to make a complaint.

"I tell you, Mister Murphy, I am goin' to leave it your flat."

"Sure, now," answered Murphy, "and what is the trouble?"

"Vell, I tell you dere's too many rats in dot flat. Vy, only yesterday I kills eight!"

Murphy jumped to his feet in anger, and bellowed forth: "An' 'tis rats, is it, that is bothering ye? You lave thim rats alone! What do you want for eight dollars a month? Hunting privileges?"

◆

Mabel had gone to the art exhibit. Not that she cared for pictures; but every one went.

A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend Number Two met her a few days later.

"Why, hello, Mabel, I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"

◆

Down South a man was driving in the country in search of one "Bill Jones." He met an old negro, and stopped to make inquiries.

With an air of importance the negro answered:

"Well, boss, dey are two Bill Joneses around heah. Now, suh, if hit's dat Bill Jones what wuks up to Mistah Smiff's fahm, I don't know whah he is. But if you wants to know whah dat Bill Jones is what wuks up to Mistah Smiff's office, why, I don't know whah he is also."

◆

A Chicago man was invited by a New York friend to call on him whenever he happened to be in that city.

"Don't think of going to a hotel," he said, "but come to my house any time, day or night, and you will always be welcome."

Just for fun, the next time the Chicago man was in New York he waited until about half-past two in the morning, and then went to his friend's house.

"Does Mr. Brown live here?" he asked the sleepy maid who came to the door.

"Yes," she said; "carry him in."

◆

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went out to her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing-room.

The following afternoon the bell rang and, not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise he was standing waiting outside.

"Why, Sing, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"You foolee me yesterday. I foolee you to-day," was his reply.

A well-known lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So he advertised him:

"To be sold, for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

◆

"Now," asked the teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?"

Silence for a moment, while small brows were knit in strained effort at remembrance. Then little Tommy's facial muscles relaxed and eagerly he raised his hand.

"I know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

◆

'Rastus had lost his girl. She had "gone with a handsomer man." Meeting her on the street one day, he accosted her thus:

"Look here, 'Liza, does that other fellow give you any bettah presents than I used to give you?"

"Don't know as he does," replied Eliza calmly.

"Does he show you any bettah time than I used to show you?"

"Don't know as he does."

"Does he buy you any bettah dinners than I used to buy you?"

"Dinners, man!" exclaimed 'Liza. "Why, that man found appetite on me I didn't know I had!"

◆

"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" said the lady of the house, reproachfully.

"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so we can look out," replied Bridget, "but I intintionally lift thim a little dirty on the outside, so thim ignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

◆

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls," complained a young lawyer's client. "Now, I don't want to have any trouble with Neighbor Smith, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

◆

A man riding a wheel along a country road in late October, dismounted, climbed a fence, and picked up an apple from the ground. He stood eating it, when a farmer came along.

"Say, what're you doin' there?" the latter asked.

The man apologized, and said he had picked the apple up from the ground.

"Waal," half snorted the farmer, "don't you go doin' anything like that ag'in! Und'stand?"

"All right, sir," said the man. "But I thought it would be all right because I found the apple on the ground."

"Waal, that's just it," cried the farmer. "Them apples on the ground is fur my hogs. If you want one, you pick it off the tree."

◆

In a part of the city where the conductors on the street-cars still come around to collect fares, George Cohan recently jumped on a car. The conductor collected fares and went to the rear of the car. Mr. Cohan, wishing to be near the exit, left his seat and took another nearer the door. The conductor meantime, on the lookout for passengers, saw, as he thought, a new man taking a seat, and went to collect his fare.

Mr. Cohan put his hand in his pocket and offered the conductor a coin. "This is only one cent," said the conductor, handing it back.

"Yes," said George slowly. "I know that. I paid my fare when I was in the other seat. This time I supposed you were taking up a collection."

◆

Sam met Joe on the way to their morning work and said:

"Say, Joe. You knows dat nigger, Ed? Well, what you think that fool gone and done? Why, dat fool nigger gone and bought a razzer."

"Well, I dunno," said Joe; "a razzer am a mighty handy instrument to hab in emergency."

"Shore! Shore!" replied Sam. "But this fool nigger done gone an' bought a *safety* razzer."

Everybody's Magazine
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Erman J. Ridgway
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Sec'y and
Treasurer
Robert Frothingham Adv.
Manager

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With EVERYBODY'S PVBLISHERS

ANOTHER Birthday. How the years roll round! Though they do not seem really to "roll round." Rather they seem to stretch back like a ribbon road until soon lost in the hills and valleys crossed, and forward until soon lost in the mountains to be scaled.

Most of us probably have difficulty in sensing time. A lifetime, like a life, can only be approximated by making a chain of the incidents along the way.

It seems like ages since we bought Everybody's from John Wanamaker, and it seems like minutes. Strangely enough, the more we think about the incidents along the way, the shorter seems the time. But when we think of the time since as a chunk, it seems ages.

However, you are not specially interested in how time seems to us. You *are* interested in what we purpose doing with the stretch of road just ahead of us. The stretch of road just ahead and the stretch of road just behind: these are the vital interests in most lives.

Everybody's did not make much money last year.

Money to a magazine is like bread to a man. When a magazine stops making money it dies.

Everybody's is not facing an empty pantry. But the showing last year was not nearly so good as the previous year's showing.

Not in dollars.

We spent over one hundred thousand dollars advertising Mr. Lawson's series.

We spent this money because we believed in the campaign that Mr. Lawson is fighting against the Stock Exchange gambling and *for low cost living*.

Two billions of dollars annually filched from you to pay Wall Street's gambling toll: Worth while telling you how this money may be saved, isn't it?

We appreciate the thousands of new readers who have been added to Everybody's circulation. But, as we have explained at length to you before, added circulation does not mean added profits until the advertising catches up.

That is how magazines are built.

First you make the magazine: Buy the stories. Make the book.

Then you persuade the public to buy it.

THE PERSUASION CHAIN

Not an easy job, that. Magazines do not sell themselves, by any means.

Not even when the magazine is interesting and vital.

Do you realize that we must spend nearly every penny we get from circulation to keep circulation coming? Spend it in advertising and circularizing and canvassing.

Well, you persuade the public to buy.

Then you persuade the advertiser to try his hand at persuading your readers to buy his goods.

You see, it is persuading—persuading.

And if you get your persuading out of proportion, if you persuade the readers faster than the advertisers, you lose money.

And if you persuade the advertisers faster than the readers, you lose money because the advertising won't pay and the advertisers quit.

Mr. Lawson's series added thousands to the circulation. Now we must hold the circulation and persuade more advertisers to use the magazine.

An endless chain of persuasion, you see.

Like all business, in fact.

Like the business from which your own livelihood comes.

But the magazine business, while like all business on the business side and on the good-will side—the prestige side, is different from most other businesses in the opportunity it offers for work in a different field.

Good furniture builds up a big furniture business — provided the makers are also good persuaders.

Good furniture gives esthetic satisfaction. Lifts the tone of a family.

A good magazine ditto.

And in addition a good magazine has the opportunity to sow thoughts. And thoughts transform the world.

Mr. Lawson thinks the Stock Exchange as managed at present is a menace.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE spreads his thought before the thousands, who spread it to the millions, and lo! the thought transforms the nation.

New York State passes laws.

Congress in all probability will pass laws.

Probably never again will the Stock Exchange gamble as it has gambled.

A great work. But unfinished.

EVERYBODY'S will hammer away at it until it is finished. And another big job will be announced soon.

Sometimes we get tired of thinking how, after we have landed a big thing, we must holler about it and advertise it and circularize it, and send canvassers everywhere to peddle it. And then, after we have hollered about it and advertised and circularized and canvassed, and landed thousands of readers, we must again holler and advertise and circularize and canvass to land the advertisers.

This landing business is no trout-stream pastime. It's work.

We're not complaining. Everybody else has it to do in his business. There's no reason why we should have it easier than anybody else.

And, besides, when success does crown our efforts all along the line, no other business can bring any greater possible rewards than our business brings.

Not financial rewards alone, necessary as they are, but the satisfaction of helping.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

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Managing Editor, Trumbull White	New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, James F. Birmingham	Brooklyn, N. Y.
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The Butterick Publishing Company	New York, N. Y.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

George W. Wilder	New York, N. Y.
Gertrude C. Wilder	New York, N. Y.
Julia Marlowe	Philadelphia, Pa.
The Butterick Company	New York, N. Y.

JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM.
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st *day of* March, 1913

[SEAL] A P. SCHOEN,
Notary Public No. 3452,
New York County
(My commission expires March 30, 1915.)

NOTE

Subscribers who may change their address during the summer will confer a favor by stating how long the summer address is to be continued. This will enable us to send the magazine to your permanent address at the proper time without any further request from you.

PAYING TOO MUCH FOR YOUR COFFEE?

Here's the Reason See Page 772

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His Name in Print—The Pride of It

The Men Who Regard This Directory As a Roll of Honor

A MAN asked the other day, "What is the real motive which makes men advertise? I mean, the deep-down motive which pushes them over the line into advertising and keeps them there?"

"Why, to make more money, of course," was the answer.

"No," he replied, "that isn't the deepest motive of advertising. For, above and beneath that motive is a man's feeling of pride in telling the public about his own achievement."

"Do you mean to say that a hard-headed business man is investing his big money in advertising chiefly, or even largely, because of personal pride?"

"I surely do," said our friend. "It doesn't make any difference whether it is the man's own family name or whether it's the name of the concern of which he is the head and master. That name represents the one great big thing he is accomplishing in the world—the thing in which his honor is most involved.

"That is the personal thing which he wants to convey in a personal way to the public.

"He isn't satisfied to have a lot of salesmen —100 salesmen or 10,000 salesmen—simply selling that manufactured article to a public which knows nothing of the personality behind it. He gets hungry to tell the public that he himself is making this article; that he is putting himself into it; that his biggest purpose in life is to make that article right; that his own repute in business, that his good name among men, that his greatest pride—all are involved in that article.

"Consequently, when he takes up a magazine, he considers the page on which his advertisement stands the most important page there; he considers his name at the bottom the most important name in the whole book. The magazine's cover, its articles, its stories, its pictures, are all less important to him than his name at the bottom of his advertisement.

"No matter how big and influential a magazine is, as soon as he begins to advertise in it, its chief importance to him is that it carries his name at the bottom of his single advertisement."

THAT'S a new one, but it's true. The more you think of it, the more you realize the human nature of it.

It is a reassuring fact for the readers of a magazine to be reminded of.

The gentlemen who advertise to you in these pages are concerned in something more

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YSAYE BONCI

You may think you already know Brahms' Fifth Hungarian Dance. But hear it as Ysaye plays it; under the master's bow it fairly leaps with vivid vigor; there is an exultant abandon in the tremendous rhythm, such as probably no other interpreter ever produced.

The first series of his records issued comprises eight selections — including that Hungarian Dance—and the price is $1.50 a record.

The new Bonci records supply a better translation of "Bel Canto" than all the dictionaries in Christendom. Not for nothing has Bonci been called the "Master of Bel Canto". If you have not heard him, listen to his Columbia records and you will understand.

Records ready from "La Boheme", "Elisir D'Amore", "Rigoletto", "Luisa Miller" and "La Favorita".

All Columbia records can be played on Victor talking machines—likewise all Columbia instruments will play Victor records. You can get descriptive lists and catalogues from any dealer in talking machines or by mail direct from us.

Columbia Records
TRADE MARK

PHOTOS © MISHKIN

The Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" $50.

Columbia

GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, Box 211, Woolworth Building, New York

Toronto: McKinnon Building. Prices in Canada plus duty.

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Dealers and prospective dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money."

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His Name in Print—The Pride of It

than selling you their goods. Of course, they couldn't afford to advertise to you unless they did sell you their goods. Without greater sales, no advertising.

But it is well to realize that back of each signed advertisement there is a personal Ideal.

The man who signs his advertisement is not ashamed of his handiwork. He doesn't allow it to be hidden under the private brands of the merchants who sell it.

He comes out into the open—into the biggest open—and says, "Fellow-citizens, this article which I advertise is the best article of its kind that I am able to make. The best material, the best workmanship, the best efficiency which I can command for the price I charge, I am putting into it. In token whereof I sign my name to it in letters so large that you can't forget it and you can't forget that I am making it. Whether you buy it or not, I am proud to describe it and to commend it to you."

That idea of honorable pride moves behind and shines through every signed advertisement.

Only the other day the fact unexpectedly came out on a public occasion that the Standard Sanitary Company was accustomed to smash up and throw into junk any of its bathtubs which fell below its standard advertised specifications. It was explained that the advertising was a specific promise to the public which could not be broken.

There is nothing uncommon in that. All the great advertisers whose names for years have been proudly signed to their announcements follow a similar course.

You probably remember one of the early advertisements of the Macbeth lamp chimneys. It read something like this: "Macbeth makes other lamp chimneys but he doesn't advertise 'em." That funny epigram years ago taught this same lesson.

A signed advertisement is the certificate of honorable handiwork.

In some cases, after many years of advertising, the article itself becomes so amply recognized that the maker's name may seem superfluous. But in those cases it is only a transfer of identity; the thing created has come to overshadow its creator. Thus, the far-flung title of some soap or food product, so familiar at last as to be a universal household word, contains just as much of its maker's honorable pride, whether he now feels it necessary to sign his name or not.

For Dad + the boys

Ingersoll

The Watch that Made the Dollar Famous.

31 Million Sold

The Ingersoll watch industry is something to be proud of.

It has provided over 31 million good watches to that many good people who needed economical time.
Philanthropy? No! But an industry dedicated to the principle of —
Giving all we can for what we get, instead of getting all we can for what we give.

The five Ingersoll models are:

Ingersoll Dollar Watch	$1.00
Ingersoll Eclipse thin model watch for men	1.50
Ingersoll Junior medium size thin model	2.00
Ingersoll Midget Ladies and girls model	2.00
Ingersoll Wrist Watch for men and women	2.50

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 27 Ashland Building, New York

The Biggest Magazine Feature in Years!

The Diary of the late

Captain Scott

Hero of the Antarctic

begins in the July issue of

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

The most sublimely tragic story of the century. Every line from the time he set out, buoyant with hope, down to the last sad moments when the pencil dropped from his numbed fingers.

Illustrated with his own unique photographs. This diary will thrill the civilized world. Order in advance and save all chance of disappointment.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

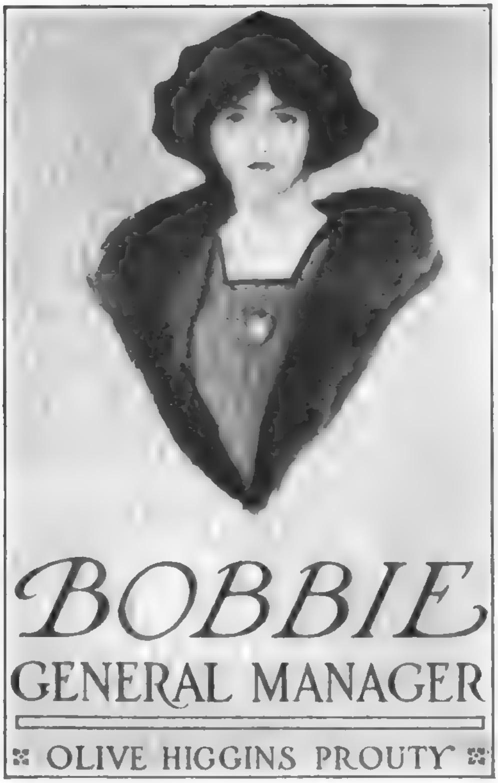
15c **Everywhere**

Do You Know "Bobbie"?

Let us introduce you.

MISS LUCY CHENERY VARS, (Bobbie for short) has been, ever since she can remember, mother for a family of six—"three older and three younger than herself." Bobbie happens to be the heroine of a novel—a splendid "little woman"—and her family is a good, old-fashioned New England one, just like the neighbors.

Their difficulties in college, in business, in love and in marriage she makes her own. We love her, not because she is pursued by admirers, but because she is such a trump. Wholesome, funny and pathetic at the same time, this novel will delight you because it is *human* and *real*. Bobbie has her own love affair to manage, too.



A novel which shows every sign of huge success. Six large editions demanded at this writing—and booksellers report that they have yet to find a person who does not like it.

Get the first two chapters of this novel free and try it for yourself. Just mail coupon

WHAT REVIEWERS SAY:

"Just a good, wholesome, sweet and thoroughly natural story."—*Buffalo News.*

"Every bit as sweet as the books by Miss Alcott . . . has more force than 'Little Women.'"
—*Lexington Herald* (Ky.).

"Shows the ability to catch and put into words without seeming to try to do so that elusive thing, the atmosphere of a human life."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The one book that can bear comparison with Louisa Alcott's 'Little Women' and not suffer thereby"—*Albany Times-Union.*

"She is the American girl at her best."—*Louisville Post.*

"A novel that will go right to the heart."—*Kansas City Star.*

Publishers—FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY—New York

**F. A.
STOKES CO.
443-449 Fourth Ave.**

Send me free first two chapters of "Bobbie." This involves no obligation on my part.

Ev 6-13

EVERYBODY'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Summer Camps—Conn., and Vermont Schools

Gahada: an Adirondack Mountain Camp for Boys. Fifth Season. Modern, expensively furnished lodge. A No. 1 equipment. Everything a boy delights in and a parent demands. References required. Booklet. A few part term vacancies open for August. An opportunity if you are thinking of making an extended trip and desire to place your son in a camp while absent from the city.
William B. Efner, P. O. B. 238, Schenectady, New York.

New Hampshire, Peterboro.

Sargent Camp for Girls On our own lake. Dr. D. A. Sargent, Pres. All field and water sports. Amateur theatricals. Music. Food from farm. Songs and stories around the camp fire. Address
The Secretary, 8 Everett St., Cambridge. Mass.

Connecticut, Bantam Lake.

Camp Wonposet Boys' camp. 100 miles from New York.
LeRoy Mercer, Ted Meredith, Don Lippincott, Counsellors.
Write for booklet.
Robert Tindale, Box "G," 31 East 71st St., New York.

Camping Tours For Boys and Young Men. Yellowstone Park, Teton Mts., Jackson Hole, Great Salt Lake. 30 days on horseback and in camp. A horse for each boy. $220 includes R. R. fares. Glacier Park. 20 days on horseback in land of glaciers. Boys' paradise. Small parties. Ref. required. Ask for details. Geo. J. Miller, Blaine Building (Box 9), Univ. Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

Keoka Maine's most exclusive summer school for boys. Senior, Intermediate and Junior camps. Tutoring in any subject. Instruction in woodcraft, manual training and photography. Wonderful location and equipment. New 40 h. p. launch. All sports. For catalog address
C. S. Mitchell, Box E, Hightstown, New Jersey.

New York, Catskill Mountains, Lawrenceville.

Kyle Camp A model Bungalow camp for boys; no tents. All land and water sports. Free courses in English and German, if desired. Tutoring. Rifle range. Handicraft.
Dr. Paul Kyle, Kyle Institute, Boarding School for Boys. Flushing, Long Island, Box 505.

Maine, Belgrade Lakes.

Camp Abena for Girls Camping, Coaching, Yachting. 7th season. Land and water sports, horseback riding. Yachting trip along Maine coast. Board floor tents. Bungalow. Experienced councilors. Trained nurse. Number limited to forty. Booklet.
Miss Hortense Hersom, Friends' School, Washington, D. C.

Canada, Lake Temagami.

The Keewaydin Camps

Real Camping, Canoeing, Fishing and Hunting with Indian Guides in the Canadian Woods. Also Camp for Younger Boys in the Green Mountains. Address
Commodore Clarke, Washington, Connecticut.

Vermont, Milton.

Camp Winnisquam For Boys. On Lake Champlain. Bronco riding. Scouting on Indian trails. Mountain, river and lake trips. Land and water contests. 2 baseball diamonds; 3 tennis courts. Cottages and tents. Booklet.
M. H. Moody, Box 19, Waterbury, Vt.

New Hampshire, Stinson Lake.

Camp Sagesau for Girls

In the White Mountains. Stinson Lake, New Hampshire. Lodge accommodations for parents and friends. Send for booklet.
W. C. Barker, Manager. Rumney, New Hampshire.

St. Regis Camp for Boys

In the heart of the Adirondacks. Free tutoring in all subjects by experienced graduates. All land and water sports. $135 covers all expenses.
Dr. F. R. Langon, Saranac Lake, New York.

Lake Morey, Vt., & Lake Katherine, N. H.

Aloha Camps For Girls. Ninth Season. Healthful location. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handcrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. Substantial house. Board floor tents. Experienced councillors. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet.
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gulick, 60 Lyme Road, Hanover, N. H.

Pennsylvania, Pocono Mts., Fern Ridge.

Halcyon Camp

A camp for girls. Tents if preferred—board floor. Tennis and Nature Study. Instruction if desired. Address:
The Misses Metcalf's School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Kamp Kill Kare Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Two baseball diamonds. Three tennis courts. Waterproof tents with floors. Motor and sailboats. Trips to the Adirondacks, Green Mountains, Lake George and Montreal. Exclusive patronage. Senior and Junior camps. Seventh season. Send for Booklet.
Ralph F. Perry, Box 4, Pennington, N. J.

Connecticut, Brookfield Center.

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Two hours from New York. A wholesome life in the foothills of the Berkshires. Constant and careful attention to individual development. Separate room for each boy. 50 acres. Gymnasium. Write for booklet. Frederick S. Curtis, Principal.

Connecticut, New Haven, St. Ronan Terrace.

The Gateway

A School for Girls of all ages.
Miss Alice E. Reynolds, Principal.

Connecticut, Waterbury.

Saint Margaret's School

College Preparatory and Diploma Courses. Thirty-ninth year. Modern equipment.
Miss Emily Gardner Munro, A. M., Principal.

Connecticut, Greenwich.

The Ely School

For Girls. In the country. One hour from New York City.

Connecticut, Windsor.

The Campbell School A home school for girls of all ages. Beautiful suburban location. Careful supervision of study. Regular courses. Special work in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science.
A. H. Campbell, Ph. D., Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Principals.

Connecticut, Bridgeport, 865 Lafayette Street.

The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. One and two year course. For catalogue address
Fannie A. Smith, Principal.

Vermont, Saxtons River.

The Vermont Academy for Boys

An ideal school for wholesome training and thorough education. Special attention to life in the open. Certificate to Colleges. Lower school for younger boys. Terms $400—$500.
George B. Lawson, A. M., D. D., Principal.

Vermont, Burlington.

Hopkins Hall

An endowed school for girls. 120 acres overlooking Lake Champlain. Modern buildings. Outdoor sports. Upper and lower school. College preparatory and general courses. Write for circular.
Miss Ellen Seton Ogden, Principal.

Massachusetts

WORCESTER ACADEMY

Campus, Buildings, Oval, 1-5 Mile Track.

EQUIPMENT:
Kingsley Laboratories
Dining Hall
Megaron
Swimming Pool
Isolated Infirmary
Playing Fields
Modern Dormitories

80th year begins
Sept. 16th, 1913

Gaskill Field, 1-4 Mile Track, Tennis, Football, Baseball.

160 boys prepared in last four years for 31 different colleges and professional schools. Alumni now in 43 states and 15 foreign countries. 25 states and 10 foreign countries represented in enrollment. Liberal courses, classical and scientific, give fine general education. Faculty of 20 experienced men, including Prussian Exchange Teacher. Standards of scholarship the highest. School spirit and atmosphere pure, broad and democratic. Only boys of high character admitted. Scholarship aid for worthy and able boys. Organized and required play gives every boy benefit of graded physical training. Material equipment unusually complete and efficient. Send for catalogue.

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D., Principal, 101 Providence Street, Worcester, Mass.

THE MITCHELL MILITARY BOYS SCHOOL

MAIN BUILDING

Billerica, Mass.
TWENTY MILES FROM BOSTON

Location unsurpassed for health and beauty. A preparatory school for boys from eight to sixteen. Modern buildings. Extensive improvements in equipment this year. Outdoor and indoor gymnasium. One hundred acres. Table supplied from school gardens and model dairy.

New athletic field designed for every form of sport. A moderate military system. Young boys of the school receive particular attention in all details.

Limited to fifty boys. Write for booklet.

ALEXANDER H. MITCHELL, Headmaster, Box E

HOWARD SEMINARY

A REAL COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

25 miles from Boston **Ten acres for all outdoor sports**

DRURY HALL is a modern, comfortable and attractive home, with large, sunny rooms.
PACKARD BUILDING, for school and class work, has been remodelled this year, with an outdoor class room, art and music studios, domestic science laboratory. Well equipped gymnasium.
COURSES—College preparatory with certificate privileges. Two years' course for high school graduates. Academic course. Unusually thorough work in household economics, music and art is included in every course. Write for illustrated booklet. Address

Miss SARAH E. LAUGHTON, A. M., Principal, West Bridgewater, Mass.

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HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personalities

Genuine happy home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is **exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life,** which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 1000 feet of seashore, ponies. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts; French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All [illegible] under patient and enthusiastic [illegible].

Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box R, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

Massachusetts—Continued

Lasell Seminary

For Young Women

Auburndale, Massachusetts, 10 Miles from Boston

Home making in all its phases is thoroly taught at Lasell. The principles of hygiene and sanitation, the science of foods, marketing, cooking, the art of entertaining, house furnishing and management, sewing, dressmaking and millinery are studied in a practical way under the supervision of competent teachers.

Regular college preparatory and special courses, including art and elocution. Music faculty of ten teachers, organ, piano, violin and voice.

Tennis, boating, swimming, riding and other sports are encouraged. Beautiful suburban location. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal,
114 Woodland Road

Mount Ida School

Send for new year book

FOR GIRLS

6 miles from Boston

All studies elective.
Preparatory; finishing school.
Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate.
Graduation from High School not necessary for entrance.
Pipe organ, violin, voice with NOTED men.
Music counts for diploma.
Swimming pool, new building.
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.

81 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

The Weston School For Girls

43 St. James St., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

Situated on a quiet hilltop street, with large grounds for outdoor sports.

Special courses for household sciences and handicrafts. College preparatory and general courses. Separate department for junior pupils. Fits girls for *life* as well as for examinations.

Mrs. Elisabeth Mathews-Richardson, A. B.
Miss Lucy Jane Dow, A. B. } **Principals.**

"I have always considered Monson Academy a school of the highest class, and admirably adapted to fitting boys for college."
Henry B. Brown, Ex-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

MONSON ACADEMY

110th Year.

Fifteen miles from Springfield. An **endowed** school, preserving the virility of the **"Old New England Academy."** A school that has nurtured famous men, and encouraged **Christian manliness.**

Over 2,000 graduates have entered college. Certificate privilege. New Athletic Field. Five buildings.

Cushman Hall, unexcelled in New England, provides homelike residence for boys. Expensively appointed gymnasium. Resident Physical Director. For catalogue and book of views, address **Henry Franklin Dewing, Principal,**

Rate, $250 to $350. **Monson, Massachusetts.**

Fund for boys of proven worth.

Alumni References

Hon. Marcus P. Knowlton, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.
Prof. James H. Tufts, Ph. D., Department of Philosophy, University of Chicago.
Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore, D.D., First Congregational Church, Waterbury, Connecticut.

MASSACHUSETTS, Groton.

Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture and Gardening

A new opportunity for women in a profitable profession. Two-year courses. Thorough work. There is always a demand for our graduates. $370 a year. Write for information.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 15 Craigie St.

Mass. College of Osteopathy

Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 30 Osteopathic physicians in active practice. Instruction in science and practice largely individual. Term begins Sept. 15th. Write for catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS, New Bedford, 323 Purchase Street.

New Bedford Textile School

Thorough preparation in art of cotton manufacture and allied industries. Two and three year courses. Graduates hold many responsible and lucrative positions in textile and allied industries. Write for catalog.

WILLIAM E. HATCH, President and Manager.

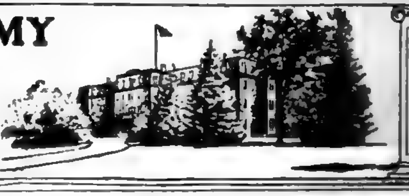
BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN

BRADFORD, MASS.
110th year.

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates.

Address Miss **LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M., Principal.**



Powder Point School for Boys

Duxbury, Mass. **By the Sea**

Five modern buildings. Sixteen acres. Large athletic field. Tennis. Outdoor running track. All sports. **Safe** boating and swimming in landlocked Plymouth Harbor, on which school grounds border. Summer camp in the Maine woods. Thorough preparation for college or business. The spirit of the school develops individual responsibility. Non-military. Upper and Lower Schools. For illustrated catalog apply to

HENRY P. MOULTON, Jr., Director, or RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster, 55 King Caesar Road.

Massachusetts, Continued—New York City and State

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. (40 minutes from Boston.)

House in the Pines

A school for girls. Intermediate and academic courses. Languages—native teachers. Music, Household Arts. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness.

MISS CORNISH AND MISS HYDE, Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, West Newton.

Allen School For Boys. A school where boys are made self-reliant. Preparation for all colleges and scientific schools. Teacher for every 6 boys. Music, Manual Training, Drawing. 6 buildings. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Athletic Field. Junior School for younger boys. Catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

"The Elms" School for Girls

A city school with country sports. Open air sleeping room. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Simmons. Graduating and special courses. Domestic Science, Music.

MISS PORTER, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley Hills.

Rockridge Hall School for Boys

The fall term begins Wednesday, Sept. 17th, 1913. For entrance requirements, address the Principal,

DR. G. E. WHITE.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 46 St. Botolph Street.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

Courses of one, two and three years. Positions for graduates. Similar courses in Medical Gymnastics.

For full particulars apply to THE SECRETARY.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wilbraham.

Wilbraham Academy

Fits Boys for Life and for College Work. Remodelled Rich Hall one of the most convenient, comfortable and complete dormitory homes in New England.

GAYLORD W. DOUGLASS, Headmaster.

MASSACHUSETTS, South Byfield.

Dummer Academy 151st year. A high grade, well equipped school for boys. Beautiful location; 8 buildings. 330 acres. Healthful outdoor life. Prepares for college, technical schools and business. Junior School for boys under 14. Number limited. References required.

Address THE SECRETARY.

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

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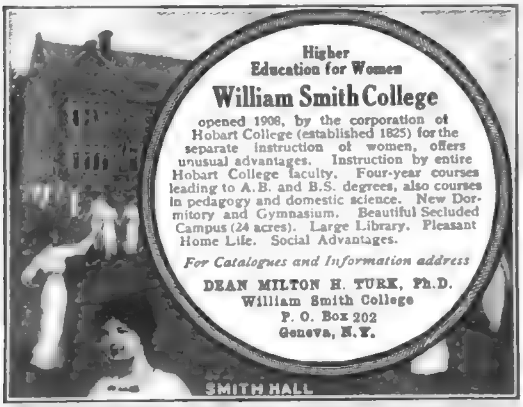

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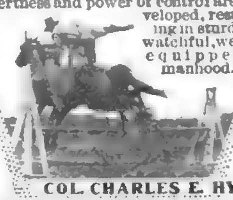

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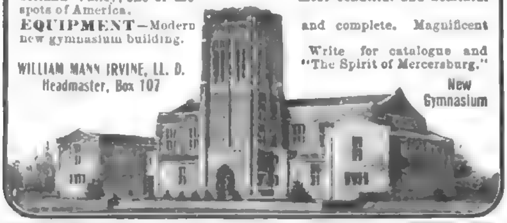

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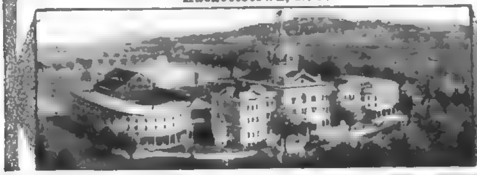

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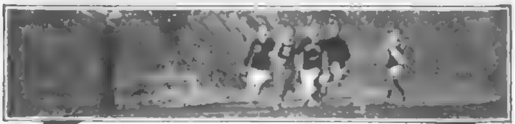

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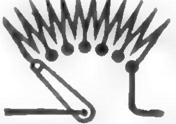

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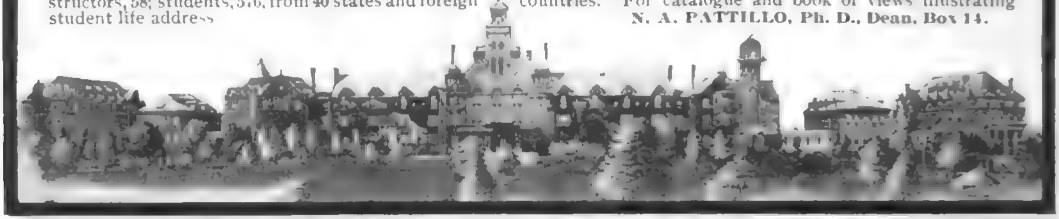

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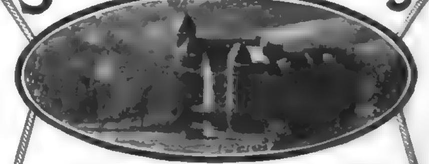

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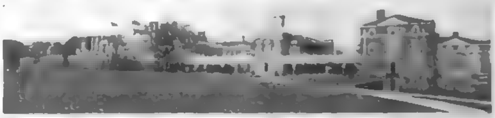

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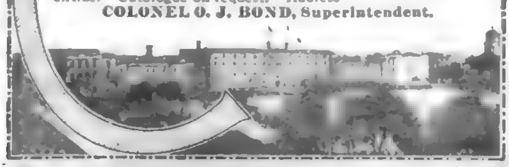

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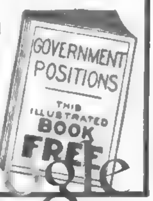

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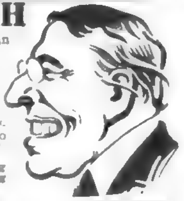

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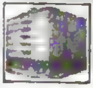

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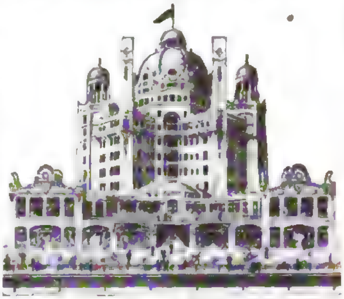

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Greatest of all outings. Live at delightful permanent camp or sleep in a tent on hemlock boughs, eat camp-fire cooking, among the

WILD MAINE LAKES

Fish, canoe, explore, study the moose and deer. Come out made over.

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500 Ideal Summer Resorts

112 Page Illustrated Brochure with information regarding **500 Summer Resorts** in **Vermont** and shores **Lake Champlain** with hotel, farm and village home accommodations. Sent on receipt 4c. stamps for mailing. Address Summer Homes, No 1, St. Albans, Vt. *

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Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfort," concrete, steel & marble. At center of things. English grill. Auto Bus. Rooms $1 up. With bath $2 up.

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* *Write for further information.*

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Bureau
8 BEACON ST. BOSTON

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West End Hotel, Portland, Maine. Opp. Union Station. Remodeled. Up to the minute. Running hot and cold water in all rooms. Our own farm & dairy supplies. Garage. Center for tourists. **H. N. Castner.**

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INTERVALE HOUSE A SUMMER HOME OF REFINEMENT AND REST WITH AMUSEMENT ALL IMPROVEMENTS, GRAND SCENERY, CARRIAGE & GARAGE LIVERIES, FINE ROADS, ALL SPORTS, ORCHESTRA, EXCELLENT TABLE Booklet H. S. MUDGETT.

Forms close 8d of month preceding issue.

The Land of Evangeline
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LET US HELP YOU to decide where you will spend your Summer Vacation by sending to you our 48 page beautifully illustrated booklet descriptive of the River St. John—the Rhine of America—and the hunting, fishing, canoeing and camping opportunities in the delightful climate of this country. Enclose 2 cents in stamps to

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$36.25
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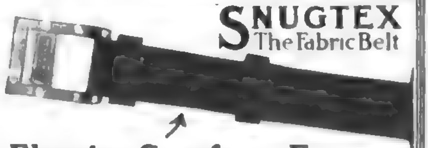
SNUGTEX
The Fabric Belt



This Elastic Comfort Feature

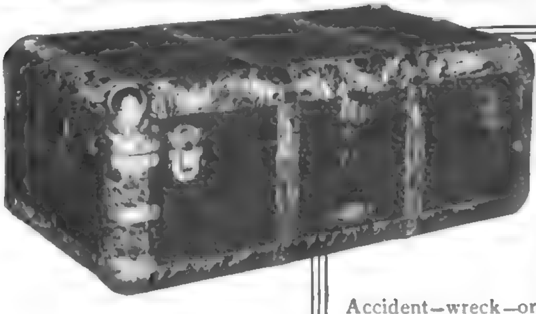
is found only in SNUGTEX BELTS. The elastic extends between the two loops. It allows just enough *give* for comfort yet holds snugly. Appeals to every well-dressed man, especially automobilists and out-of-door folk. In colors to harmonize with fashionable suitings

Worsted $1.00. Special Fabric 50c

If not at your dealer's write Department C.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Smith Webbing Co. Pawtucket R.I.



Here is a trunk that must stand all the hardships of travel for 5 years or you get a new one free

Accident—wreck—or carelessness hold no terrors for an Indestructo Trunk.

Your Indestructo is guaranteed for 5 years, regardless of what happens or how far you travel.

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The Indestructo is the Trunk for you to buy—NOW

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.,
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THE DELINEATOR
JUNE
1913

The Delineator's Birthday is in June

Are you reading "The Fortunate Youth," by William J. Locke? There's the most adorable boy in it. You'll lose your heart to Paul. "The Fortunate Youth" is the quaintest of all Mr. Locke's stories, and no woman in America should miss it. It's absolutely fascinating. The second instalment is in *The Delineator* for June. Begin it to-day.

Read Lafayette McLaw's "Women Worth While." It's an inspiration. Turn to William Hard's stirring article, "An Oath of Office for Bride and Bridegroom."

There are heaps more delightful things in this birthday issue. All the chic styles for June beautifully illustrated.

Get *The Delineator* at any Butterick agency or news-stand.

15 Cents a Copy

THE DELINEATOR

"The Fashion Authority of the World"

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The Butterick Publishing Company :: Butterick Building, New York

Business Men of America:

This country never before offered as great opportunities as it offers *to You Today*

Hugh Chalmers, president, Chalmers Motor Co., says: "The only famine in this country is the famine of $10,000-a-year-men."

W. C. Brown, president, New York Central R. R., says: "The demand for competent men to fill places of responsibility far exceeds the supply in every line of business."

Theodore N. Vail, president, American Telephone & Telegraph Co., says: "Opportunities never were more plentiful than now for men who have the training to recognize and take advantage of them."

In every business organization there is the same insistent demand for men who can think and direct. Business leadership goes to those best equipped.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO GET READY?

Whatever your present position may be, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you to assume bigger responsibilities.

Our Course and Service is broad and thorough. It covers the basic principles of Organization, Finance, Accounting, Economics, Commercial Law, Banking, Real Estate, Insurance, Advertising, Selling, Credits and Costs.

The Institute work appeals both to the executive who seeks new viewpoints on business problems and to the young man looking forward to an executive position. It is being followed and endorsed by officers and department heads of Panama Canal Commission, United States Steel Corporation, Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Ford Motor Company, National City Bank of New York, Spencer Trask & Co., and hundreds of other important business institutions.

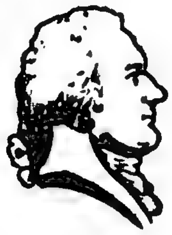
ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

Do you agree that "the man whose education is finished is the man who has marked with definiteness the limits of his progress?"

Are you fully prepared to take advantage of the opportunities that business life sooner or later brings to us all?

Are you following any systematic plan to increase your organized knowledge of business principles?

Joseph French Johnson, Dean of New York University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, is the author of a striking and interesting booklet on "Organized Business Knowledge," a frank discussion of an important subject. Can be read in fifteen minutes. Written especially for picked men in every field—for presidents and other corporate officers, department heads, factory and technical men, university graduates in business, and young men who in ten to twenty years will rank as business generals.



Request the booklet; it will come to you immediately without any obligation on your part. Our story has interested thousands of keen-witted, go-ahead men — it will interest you.

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Position..

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"BUSINESS IS GOOD"

LIKE **the brook,** the sale of the **Encyclopædia Britannica** goes on forever. The demand is constant; nothing seems to stop it.

As a matter of fact, more sets of the **Encyclopædia Britannica** have been sold since its first appearance in 1768 than have been sold of all other encyclopædias in all languages, including English, combined. There must be a good reason for this.

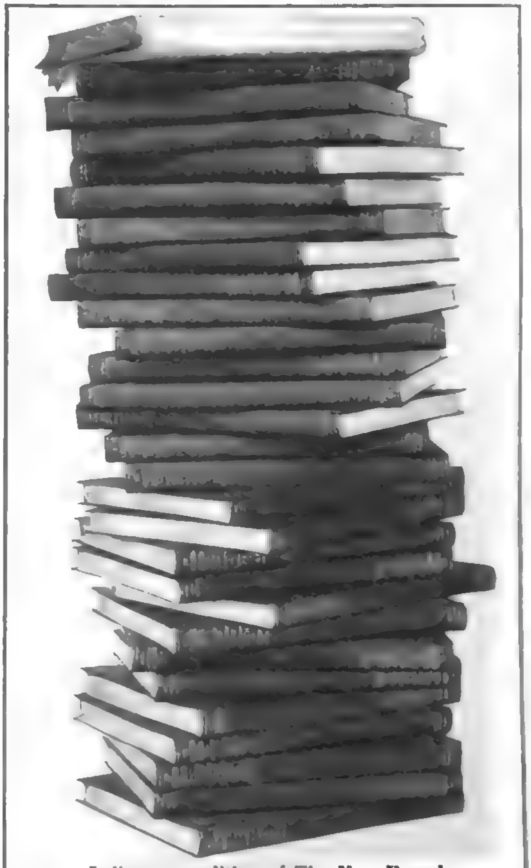
THE past history of the work is being repeated in the case of the New 11th Edition, published by the Cambridge University Press of England. **16 PRESSES** have been steadily at work since January on a fifth printing, they are at work today, and will continue to run until June 15th, and then, immediately after, a sixth printing will be started, to be finished by Christmas, and this to be followed by a seventh. As one season follows another with mathematical certainty, so each printing of this incomparable work follows upon another without interruption. The supply of **Britannicas** must keep pace with the demand for **Britannicas,** and the demand is continuous, like that for any other recognized staple product. While most books that are published have a short career, then die, and are forgotten, **the Britannica** goes on, always increasing its fame, its sale and its usefulness.

Without Precedent in Publishing

THE New Encyclopædia Britannica is a big book, the largest single work ever published, consisting of 29 volumes, with 28,150 pages and 44,000,000 words of text. There have already been printed in a little more than two years 52,500 complete sets (1,522,500 volumes) all but about 5,000 on the now famous thin India paper. There have been used 83,100 reams of this India paper, 8,750 reams of ordinary book paper, and 5,500 reams of art paper for the 450 full-page plates and the maps; over 30 tons of ink and 450 tons of type metal have been employed in printing the English and American editions. As it takes six months to print 5,000 sets, the printing must be arranged for well in advance, so that there may be no shortage in stock, no delay in filling orders, no disappointment on the part of an eager public. "Business is good," but there **must be** a good reason for it.

The Bank of Certified Knowledge

THE reason this book has so far outsold all other encyclopædias—today as in the past—and the reason it is necessary to keep the presses running continuously, is very simple: **The Encyclopædia Britannica** serves a useful purpose—that of supplying **authoritative** information. "The feeling which one



India paper edition of The New Encyclopædia Britannica. Each volume but 1 inch in thickness although containing 1,000 pages.

There must be a good reason for it.

has that in consulting these volumes he will obtain an absolutely authoritative opinion, is alone worth the cost of the work," writes Professor Henry Crew, of Northwestern University. Its contributors are men of thought, men of action and men of practical knowledge; men of the standing, for example, of the Nobel Prize winners. To purchase **The Encyclopædia Britannica,** therefore, is equivalent to **buying a draft on the Bank of Certified Knowledge;** it means that the person who owns this book will have at his command a fund upon which his drafts will never be dishonored. He will have the essential knowledge and accumulated experience in every field of learning and practical endeavor **guaranteed** as accurate and trustworthy by the signatures of the contributors.

HERE is information he can absolutely rely upon, because the men whose words he reads are recognized authorities, whether he is reading about the construction of an ocean liner or dreadnought (Sir Philip Watts), the production of steel (Prof. H. M. Howe of Columbia), the government of the United States (Right Hon. James Bryce), the microbe of malaria (Dr. Sims Woodhead), radio-activity (Prof. Ernest Rutherford), the art of China or Japan (Captain Brinkley), the people of Africa (Sir Harry H. Johnston), the Polar Regions (Nansen), the statistics of Christianity (Prof. G. W. Knox), or any one of half a million topics, —about anything, in fact, that can touch his interest at any point, or arouse his casual curiosity.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE BOOK

The names of the 1,500 specialist contributors of international reputation, representing 21 countries, who wrote the articles in this wonderful new 11th edition certify to a quality which has always given The Encyclopædia Britannica its unique position as a **final court of appeal** in all matters of inquiry, research or study. In this list are to be found:

Astronomers
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Business Men
Manufacturers
Diplomatists
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Legislators
Librarians
Physicists
Geologists
Geographers
Cartographers
Physicians
Surgeons
Veterinarians
Military and Naval Officers
Philosophers
Psychologists
Novelists
Poets
Actors
Essayists
Statesmen
Sociologists
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Art and Dramatic Critics
Lawyers
Judges
Economists
Bankers
Industrial Experts
Musicians
Collectors
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Sportsmen

To draw upon this bank of universal knowledge is to do so with confidence that the information secured is the best obtainable and cannot be controverted. It supplies the unassailable answer to every reasonable question. This—and only this—is the reason of its ever increasing success.

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Do you know of any other means of securing reliable information at so low a price, and do you not know that unreliable information is dear at any price?

"I would not willingly spend a day without having the work accessible," writes one subscriber. "I should make many sacrifices rather than do without The Encyclopædia Britannica," says another. These letters are typical, and voice the general verdict of subscribers.

Are you a man with a closed mind? Or do you still desire to grow? If you do, take this opportunity to investigate the new Encyclopædia Britannica through our 160-page prospectus of specimen pages, maps and illustrations. **Write for it today.**

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE

Ev. 8-9

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120 West 32nd Street, New York

Please send me full information of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, together with your *100-page Prospectus* of specimen pages, etc.

Name..
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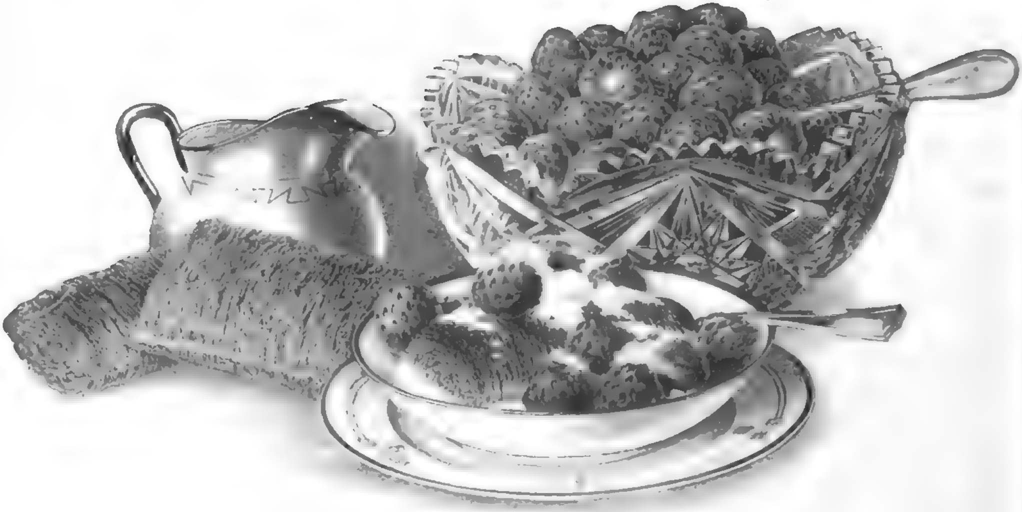
The Happy Health Habit



The happy health habit is not easy to acquire in Summer when the appetite is fickle, when the digestive powers are not in fullest vigor and when the warm weather necessitates a change in diet. The surest way to get Summer comfort and palate joy is to drop heavy meats and starchy vegetables and eat well-cooked cereals, fresh fruits and fresh vegetables. The most deliciously wholesome combination for the Summer days is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

With Strawberries

—a dish that is appetizing, satisfying and easily digested. One or two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with strawberries or other fresh fruits and cream is not only a rare palate pleasure, but will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work.

Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with strawberries or other berries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste—more nutritious and more wholesome than ordinary "short-cake."

The Only Breakfast Cereal Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Breaking the Bonds of Habit

Most of us cling to the things of life which please the senses, and continued indulgence leads to fixed habits—some good, others exacting a heavy penalty.

If any habit, such as coffee drinking, is found to interfere with one's welfare and comfort, it's time to break away.

Medical opinion and the research of pure food scientists agree that the coffee habit is extremely harmful to many persons.

It is hard to induce people to give up coffee, but if they are given the pure food-drink

POSTUM

they will find a distinct gain in health without loss of satisfaction or pleasure.

This nourishing table beverage, made from choice wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane, possesses a rich Java-like flavour, but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, *caffeine*, or any other substance which could prove injurious to the most sensitive organism.

The ever-increasing demand for Postum amply proves its worth as a safe table beverage for those who seek the freedom and power which come with mental and physical poise.

"There's a Reason"

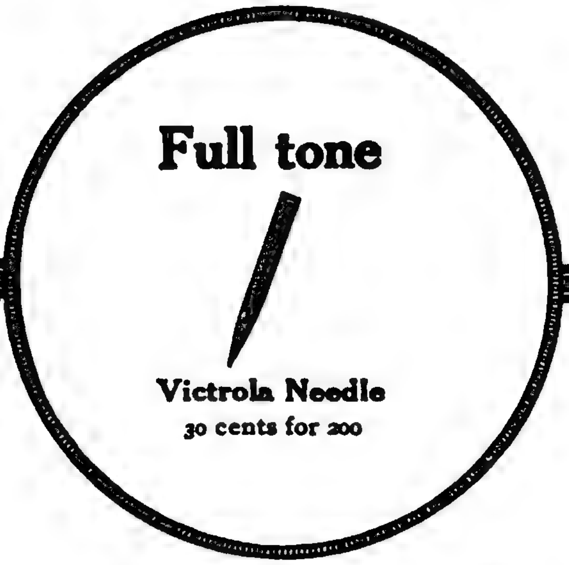
for

POSTUM

Sold by Grocers.

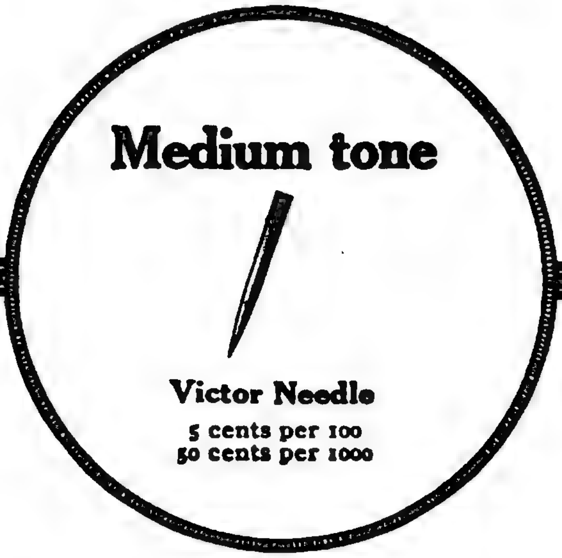
BREAKING
THE
BONDS

From Bronze in the private Galleries of C. W. Post.



Full tone

Victrola Needle
30 cents for 200



Medium tone

Victor Needle
5 cents per 100
50 cents per 1000

The Victor system is the only way to

The perfect tone—the tone *you* like the best—is different with different selections.

You will never be satisfied with any musical instrument which does not respond to your individual tastes and requirements. How many times have you been actually irritated by hearing music played too loud, too fast, too slow, too low, or in some way which did not answer your desire at the moment?

The only way you can be sure of having your music exactly the way you want it is to own an instrument which you can control at all times to suit your varying desires.

Victor Changeable Needles enable you to exercise this control, to play any selection exactly as *you* wish it, and to make the instrument constantly adaptable to your different moods and your varied demands for musical entertainment in your home. Victor Changeable Needles can thus be compared to the pedals of the piano, the stops of wind instruments, or the bowing of the violin.

There are four varieties of Victor changeable needles—the Victrola, the Victor, the Victor Half-Tone, and the Victor Fibre Needle. Beginning with the Victrola Needle which gives the fullest tone-volume, these needles vary in the intensity of the sound down to the Fibre Needle, which yields the softest tone of all.

Soft tone

Victor Half-Tone Needle

5 cents per 100
50 cents per 1000

Subdued tone

Victor Fibre Needle

50 cents per 100
(can be repointed and
used eight times)

# of changeable needles get the perfect tone

All of these needles are inexpensive and with the four kinds on hand you can play every record precisely as *you* like to hear it or as your friends like to hear it.

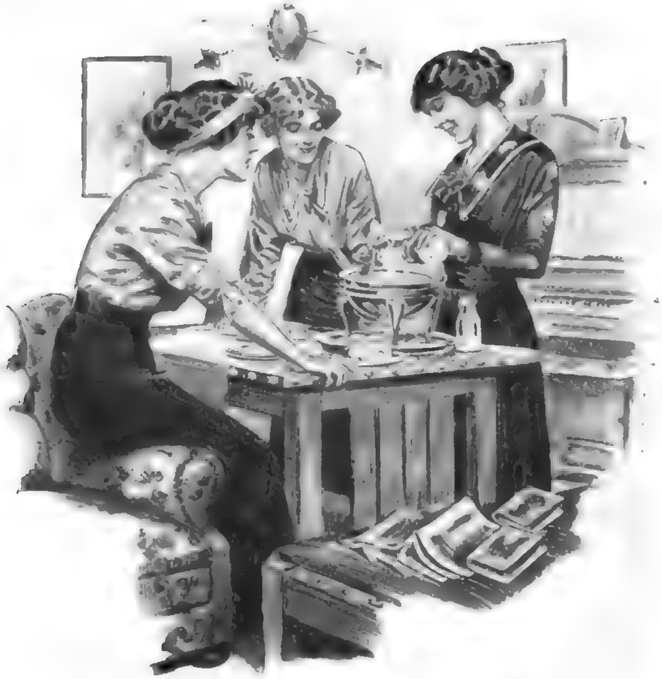
Victor Changeable Needles give you definite graduated effects, adding immeasurably to the variety, beauty, and enjoyment of the music.

Contrast the advantages of the Victor Changeable Needle system with the old style fixed or unchangeable point in other instruments, where *all records must be played exactly alike* and where there is no possibility of changing the sound volume or the tone quality.

Because the Victor is always subject to your complete control, it gives you *more* entertainment, *more* variety, *more* personal, individual satisfaction day in and day out.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the value of the changeable needle.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



"Now we'll have a feast!"

"Yes. And a feast that is not only tempting but wholesome and nourishing; easy to digest and easy to prepare—a perfect bisque made with

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

The simple directions on the label show exactly how. Put in as much milk or cream as you choose. Serve it with croutons or rice if you like, or grate a little cheese over it. You never tasted anything finer.

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a dozen other ways to prepare this tasty soup?

"I'm free to state, I lap the plate
When *Campbell's Soup* I get.
Although perhaps this is a lapse
From strictest etiquette."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

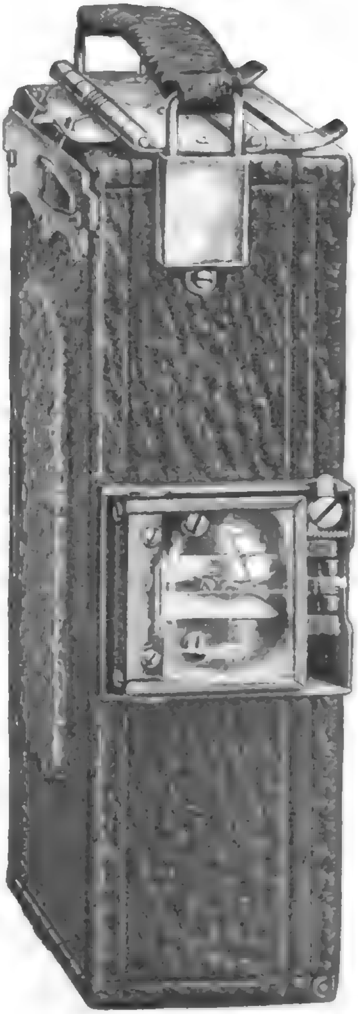
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Look for the red-and-white label

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Just a trifle larger than
the picture it makes
and costs but $5.00

Premoette Jr.



Actual Size of Camera

From a Premoette Jr. No. 1 Negative (Actual Size)

Beautifully finished and fitted with tested meniscus lens and Ball Bearing automatic shutter of great accuracy.

Loads in daylight with 12 exposure Premo Film Packs and is so simple to use that you can start right in and make good pictures without any previous experience.

An excellent camera for your vacation—amply efficient for all-around every day work.

The illustration shows the Premoette Jr. No. 1, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. There is also a similar camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures—the Premoette Jr. No. 1A. Price, $8.00.

Get the New Premo Catalogue

It describes these and many other Premos, as well as the Premo Film Pack and tank developing system. Free at the dealer's, or postpaid to any address on request.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Quality
Is
Economy

Murphy Varnishes make very strong appeals to those who pay the Re-varnishing bills.

Murphy Transparent Wood Finish Interior is still in perfect condition after 25 years of service in many homes and offices.

Murphy Palest Motor Car Body shows up better after 18 months' wear than do some finishing varnishes at the end of 6 months.

Murphy Perfect Railway Body, on wooden or steel cars, lasts at least 25% longer than the world's next best Railway varnish.

These are samples. We make a specially Durable Varnish for each purpose to which a varnish is put. Write for our book—
Quality and Economy in Varnish and Varnishing.
It costs you nothing. It saves you much.

The Varnish That Lasts Longest

Murphy Varnish Company
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILLS.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

The DUTCH PIONEERS of NEW AMSTERDAM

The UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, through the Census Bureau, has proclaimed

THE ANGELUS THE PIONEER PLAYER-PIANO

"In 1895, Messrs. Wilcox & White of Meriden, Conn., began manufacturing an interior attachment, and in February, 1897, built their first '*Angelus*,' a cabinet piano player. This instrument, the invention of E. H. White, may be regarded as *the pioneer of the various similar attachments that have since been placed on the market*."—From the Official Census Report.

This leadership of the Angelus has been maintained by the possession of exclusive features absolutely essential to the playing and enjoyment of real music, including the wonderful

PHRASING LEVER

(Patented)

By the mere pressure of one finger on this marvelous device you can play any piece of music ever written and impart to it every desired delicacy of shading. Thus the Angelus is not only the pioneer, but the simplest of all Player-pianos.

Other exclusive Angelus features are the Melodant—which gives distinctiveness to the Melody; the Sustaining Pedal device, the Graduated Accompaniment and the Melody Buttons.

Knabe-Angelus
Grands and Uprights

Emerson-Angelus
Grands and Uprights

Angelus-Piano—An upright built expressly for the Angelus
In Canada—The Gourlay Angelus and Angelus Piano

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner

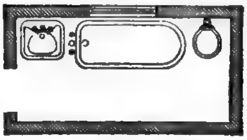
THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.
Business Established 1877 **MERIDEN, CONN.**
233 Regent Street, LONDON

Agencies All Over the World

Pertinent Queries for the Home Builder

THIS is the average experience in planning the bathroom equipment of a new home—

First you see your bathroom shown in the architect's blue prints. It looks something like this:



Then you read over the specifications. They call for a bath, a lavatory, etc., described in more or less technical language.

Then the estimates come in and are approved, if they seem reasonable.

But do you know the *difference between the various kinds of plumbing ware?* Do you know the true economy of Imperial porcelain—vitreous ware—enameled iron?

Do you consider each on the basis of eventual value as well as present cost?

Do you know which will best fit your requirements—which can be most easily kept in spotless condition—which will save repairs—which will contribute most to the value of your building if rented and sold?

Have you studied the possibilities for harmony, for comfort, and for luxury that can be had in modern bathroom equipment?

To answer these pertinent questions we offer a 79-page booklet "Modern Plumbing." It shows 47 views of model bathroom and kitchen interiors with full descriptions and prices of the fixtures used. Sent free.

One of the Model Interiors featured and described in "Modern Plumbing." Send for a copy.

MOTT'S PLUMBING

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS

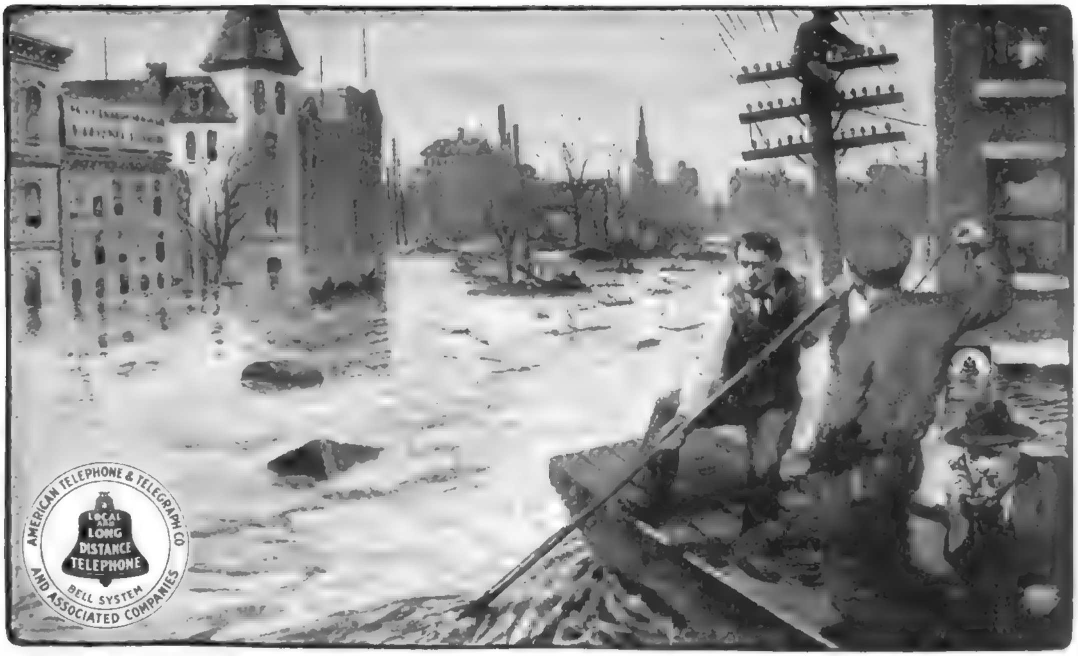
1828 EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OF SUPREMACY 1913

Fifth Avenue & 17th Street, New York Works at Trenton, N. J.

BRANCHES:

Boston
New Orleans
Chicago
Denver
Indianapolis
Philadelphia
San Francisco
Pittsburgh
Detroit
San Antonio
Cleveland, O.
Minneapolis
Atlanta
Kansas City
Washington
Seattle
Salt Lake City
St. Louis
Portland (Ore.)

CANADA: Mott Company, Limited, 134 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.


AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Voice of Reconstruction

When a flood sweeps over a vast area, desolating the cities and towns which lie in its course, the appeal for assistance gets a unanimous response from the whole country.

With all commercial and social order wiped out, an afflicted community is unable to do for itself. It must draw upon the resources of the nation of which it is a part.

In such an emergency, the telephone gives its greatest service when it carries the voice of distress to the outside world, and the voice of the outside world back to those suffering.

At the most critical time, the nearest telephone connected and working in the Bell System affords instant communication with distant places.

And always the Bell System, with its extensive resources and reserve means, is able to restore its service promptly, and in facilitating the work of rebuilding, performs one of its highest civic functions.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

They cut down tire bills

Just what kind of a tire do you want?

Pick out the features you want to find in the tires you buy. You want generous mileage, full rated size, flexibility, protection against rim cutting, ease of manipulation and security of fastening.

Measure up this ideal tire against every other tire on the market and then compare with a United States Tire.

You will find United States Tires combine all these identical features of your tire in a way that no other tire on the market approaches.

We believe that every tire maker in the country has been making the very best ideal tires that his facilities would permit.

Some of these tires have been greatly strengthened at one or two points—some at others.

But it is a matter of general comment among dealers, car owners and car manufacturers, that never has any tire combined *all* these special points of superiority as do

United States Tires

In the matter of mileage—the most accurate tests have proven that United States Tires today yield on an average from 25 to 50% more mileage than was ever given by any make of tire previous to the organization of the United States Tire Company.

No tire has ever been made with a larger average size or a larger average air capacity than the United States Dunlop.

No tire has ever been made as flexible or as resilient as the United States Dunlop.

This is the first and only tire that has ever been **absolutely guaranteed** against rim-cutting.

It is by long odds the easiest tire in the world to put on or take off—yet it can't possibly come off the rim until you are ready to take it off.

In fact if you were to have a tire built to your order it would be difficult for you to specify a single desirable feature that you can't get today in a United States Tire.

If this is the kind of a tire that you want to use, United States Tires ought to be the exclusive equipment on your car this season.

They are made in Plain, Chain and Nobby treads and in three styles of fastening, including the famous Dunlop (straight side).

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

Tire-ly Satisfied

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure and attached to a rim bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for *air* or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is withdrawn.

United States Tire Company
New York

American Bankers Association
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
10
10

These cheques are accepted for travel bills all over the world.

You can use them like actual money and they are safer to carry. You can pay your hotel bills with them; your railway and steamship fares. You can make purchases with them in the principal shops. And you can cash them without charge in any one of 50,000 banks.

"A. B. A." Cheques

An international currency—a money good in all countries—has always been needed by tourists. "A.B.A." Cheques supply that need. They are accepted in every civilized country because they are known everywhere to be as "good as gold," and because your signature identifies you.

50
American Bankers Association
50
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Your traveling money is SAFE if you carry it in "A. B. A." Cheques. If stolen or lost your cheques may be replaced. Without your signature, they are useless to a thief. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns National Detective Agency.

"A.B.A." Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100, convenient for daily expenses and purchases. Each is plainly engraved with its value in the currency of the principal nations. You always know just how much foreign money each cheque is worth.

"A. B. A." Cheques are distinctly an American institution, particularly suitable for American travelers. They are issued by thousands of American Banks. They are the only travelers' cheques accepted, under the law, in payment of United States Customs duties.

Get them at your bank.

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO. New York City

Next Year's Cars

By R. E. Olds, Designer

All men can see that these are some features which next year's cars must have.

Reo the Fifth is the only car in its class which offers them all *this* year.

Left Drive

The leading cars this year have left-side drive. You know that all cars must follow.

The delay on some cars is simply due to the cost of changing old-style models.

The laws in Europe compel the driver to sit close to the cars he passes. And he sits there now in the best cars built in America.

Reo the Fifth has this left-side drive. More than that, it has a single-rod center control.

All the gear shifting is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers to block one front door. There are no center levers to block entrance at right. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So the Reo driver is never forced to dismount in the street.

Another year, cars with levers in the way will hardly be considered.

Big Tires

Skimpy tires are also going out. Big tires are costly. But they save the extra, over and over, in cost of tire upkeep.

We could save $60 on Reo the Fifth by using smaller tires. But your cost per mile would be twice as much.

Set-in Lights

All the best cars now have set-in dash lights—electric lights—instead of projecting oil lamps.

Note all the fine models. Projecting lamps, by another year, will be sadly out-of-date. Reo the Fifth, like all the best cars, abandoned them this year.

Fine Finish

Cars are also coming to lasting finish. Reo the Fifth has a 17-coated body. It has genuine leather upholstering, filled with the best curled hair. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. And every detail shows the final touch.

Cars skimped in these things, however well they look today, will very soon look shabby.

Watch these features. They are visible, conspicuous. The lack of them, to every man who sees it, marks a passing type of car.

Better-Built Cars

Men are also coming to well-built cars. By the Reo standard, this is what that means.

Our steel is made to formula. Each lot is analyzed twice.

Gears are tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. Springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations.

All driving parts are made one-half stronger than necessary. That leaves a vast margin of safety.

Each engine is given—for 48 hours—five very radical tests.

Costly Parts

We use 15 roller bearings, 11 of them Timkens. Common ball bearings would cost one-fifth as much.

We use 190 drop forgings, to avoid risk of flaws. Steel castings cost half as much.

We use a $75 magneto, a doubly-heated carburetor, a smokeless oiling system, a centrifugal pump.

We build slowly and carefully, grind parts over and over, employ countless tests and inspections.

Does it Pay?

A car without these extremes, on fair roads for one summer, may serve about as well as the Reo. But the second year brings costly repairs. From that time on the upkeep is excessive.

I am building a car to run in five years as well as it runs when new. It is costly to build, but I save the extra by building a single model.

Thus we offer a car, built as I describe, at a price which none will match. Will it pay to get a lesser car?

Sold by a thousand dealers. Write for our catalog and we will direct you to the nearest Reo showroom.

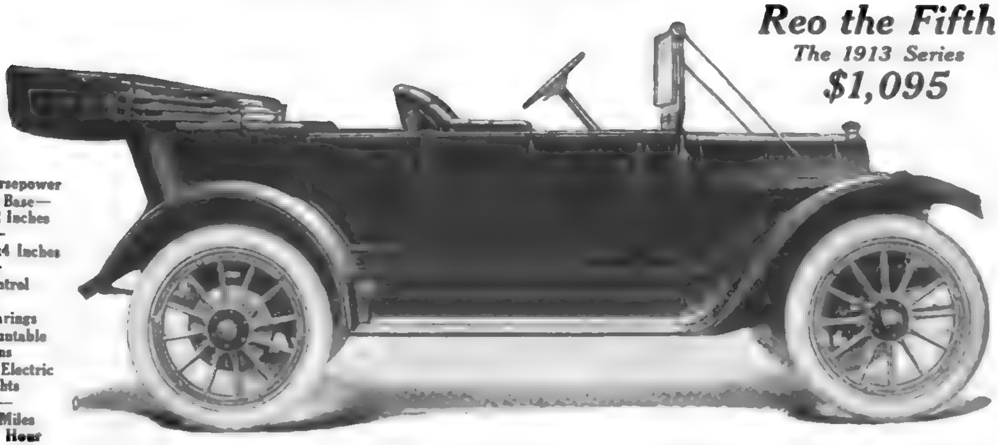
R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

Reo the Fifth

The 1913 Series

$1,095



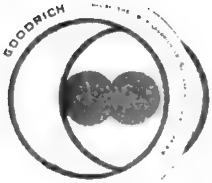
30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34x4 Inches
Center Control
Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
Three Electric Lights
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 5 and 2 Passenger Bodies

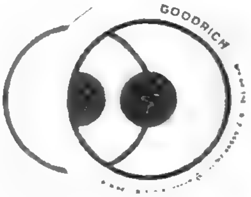
Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

(196)

You really *ride* on Goodrich Tires





THE enthusiastic increase in the already tremendous demand for Goodrich Tires shows what confidence the tire user puts in experience and quality.

Goodrich Dealers, Goodrich Branches and Goodrich Service Stations all over the country are alertly ready to satisfy your wants. Whatever car you own or buy you can have it equipped with Goodrich Tires.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES
BEST IN THE LONG RUN

How Unit Molding makes a tire that can't come apart

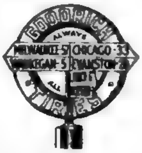
The Goodrich principle of Unit Molding is what we *learned* in our forty-three years of experience in rubber manufacturing. By this single vulcanization all the layers of the tire, including the thick, tough tread, are literally molded into a unit. The layers disappear and you have a one-piece tire which *must* give you satisfaction.

Unit Molded Tires selling by the hundreds of thousands

This enormous demand for Goodrich Tires has been created solely by the service which their value and quality delivers to the user. The reinforcement of the sides to overcome strains and prevent accidents, and the unifying of the thick, tough tread with the strong buoyant body insures long, uniform wear—and the treads, naturally, can't strip.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich Tires themselves are Goodrich advertisements. Their long history of successful, satisfactory service, with *never* a season when they were anything but the best and highest quality, is to every tire user a most convincing argument why he should use them.



Write for the Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Everything That's Best in Rubber

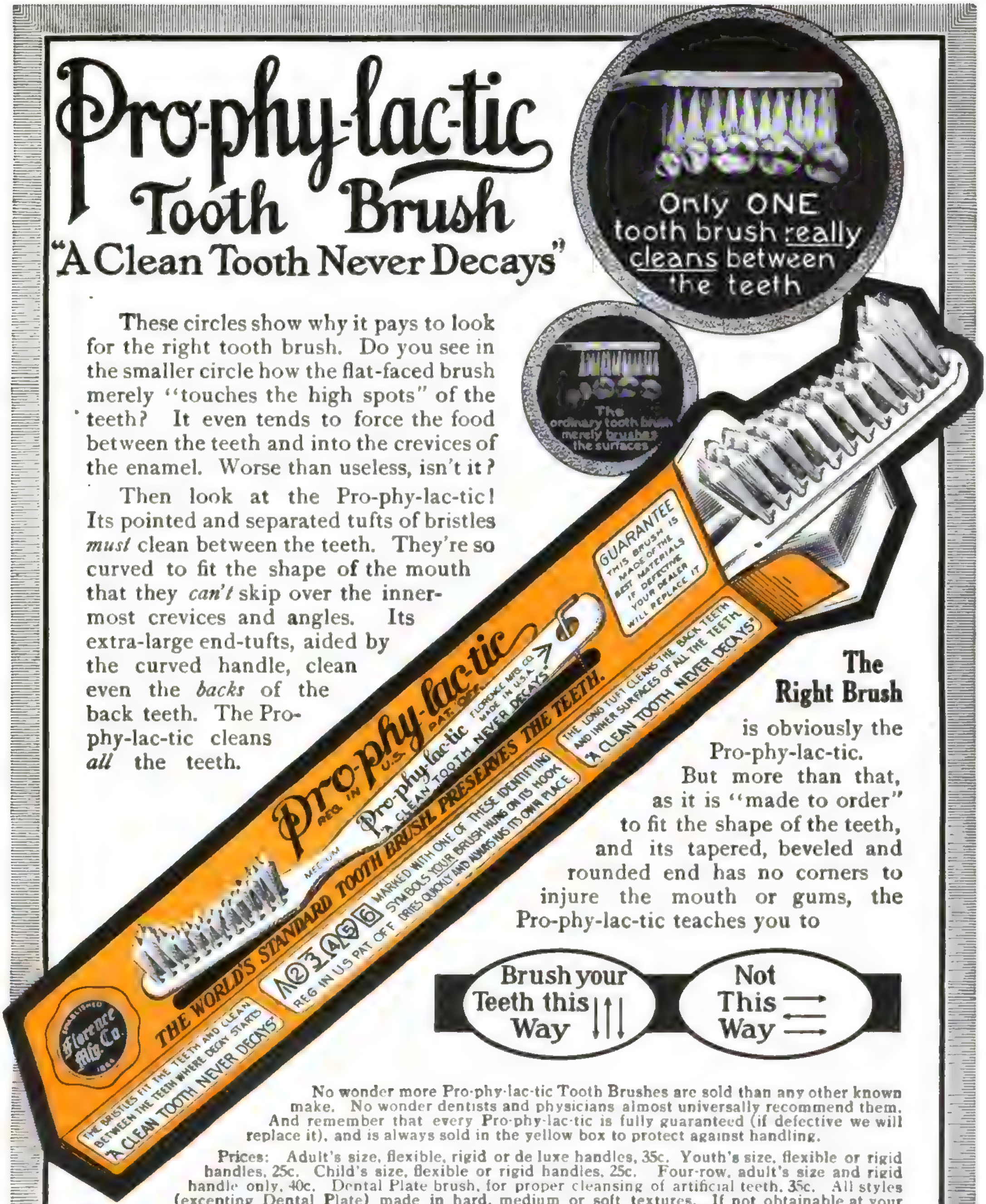
TRADE MARK

Branch Houses and Service Stations in All Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"


Only ONE tooth brush really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
GUARANTEE THIS BRUSH IS MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS IF DEFECTIVE YOUR DEALER WILL REPLACE IT
Pro-phy-lac-tic REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Pro-phy-lac-tic FLORENCE MFG. CO. MADE IN U.S.A.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
MEDIUM
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
①②③④⑤⑥ MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS YOUR BRUSH HUNG ON ITS HOOK DRIES QUICKLY AND ALWAYS HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
ESTABLISHED Florence Mfg. Co. 1866

These circles show why it pays to look for the right tooth brush. Do you see in the smaller circle how the flat-faced brush merely "touches the high spots" of the teeth? It even tends to force the food between the teeth and into the crevices of the enamel. Worse than useless, isn't it?

Then look at the Pro-phy-lac-tic! Its pointed and separated tufts of bristles *must* clean between the teeth. They're so curved to fit the shape of the mouth that they *can't* skip over the innermost crevices and angles. Its extra-large end-tufts, aided by the curved handle, clean even the *backs* of the back teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans *all* the teeth.

The Right Brush is obviously the Pro-phy-lac-tic. But more than that, as it is "made to order" to fit the shape of the teeth, and its tapered, beveled and rounded end has no corners to injure the mouth or gums, the Pro-phy-lac-tic teaches you to

Brush your Teeth this Way ↕↕↕

Not This Way ⇄

No wonder more Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are sold than any other known make. No wonder dentists and physicians almost universally recommend them. And remember that every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed (if defective we will replace it), and is always sold in the yellow box to protect against handling.

Prices: Adult's size, flexible, rigid or de luxe handles, 35c. Youth's size, flexible or rigid handles, 25c. Child's size, flexible or rigid handles, 25c. Four-row, adult's size and rigid handle only, 40c. Dental Plate brush, for proper cleansing of artificial teeth, 35c. All styles (excepting Dental Plate) made in hard, medium or soft textures. If not obtainable at your dealers, we will supply direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Free Book and Portrait of "Miss Florence" sent Free A 12x16 portrait of "Miss Florence," suitable for framing, reproduced in full color from the original portrait in oil, will be sent to any address for 10c in stamps or coin. With it we will include our free book on tooth brushes, which every lover of mouth cleanliness should have.

Book alone sent FREE on request

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 167 Pine Street, Northampton (Florence Sta.), Mass., U. S. A.

Where miles of Crystal Domino Sugar Plates are dried.
CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

COMPLETING its ten hour journey, before being cut into the familiar dainty dominoes.

A closing step in the process of manufacture, making CRYSTAL DOMINO the purest, sweetest and most wholesome sugar.

Tested for immaculate whiteness, the cut dominoes are packed in moisture-proof cartons ready for the table of the discriminating housewife where, with cut glass, snowy napery and gleaming silver, CRYSTAL DOMINO adds a final touch of refinement.

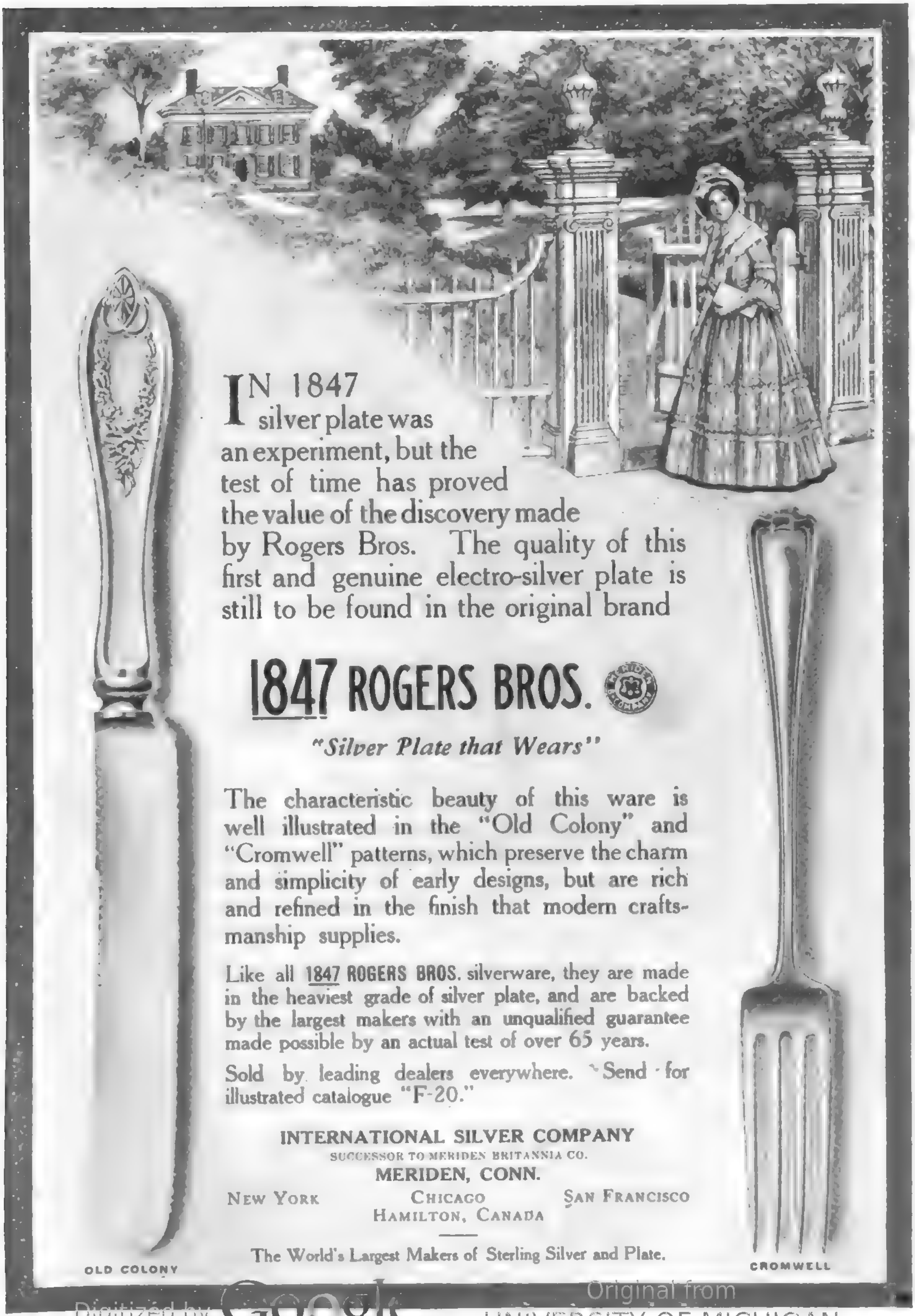
One of the Quality Products of

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY
Address **New York**

Full and Half Size Pieces

CRYSTAL
Domino
Granulated
SUGAR
A New Domino Product
A Pure Granulated
SUGAR
Packed only in
Germproof Cartons
2lb 3½lb
5lb
5 lbs
3½ lbs
CRYSTAL
2 lbs
CRYSTAL
Domino
GRANULATED
SUGAR

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
The American Sugar Refining Company



IN 1847 silver plate was an experiment, but the test of time has proved the value of the discovery made by Rogers Bros. The quality of this first and genuine electro-silver plate is still to be found in the original brand

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

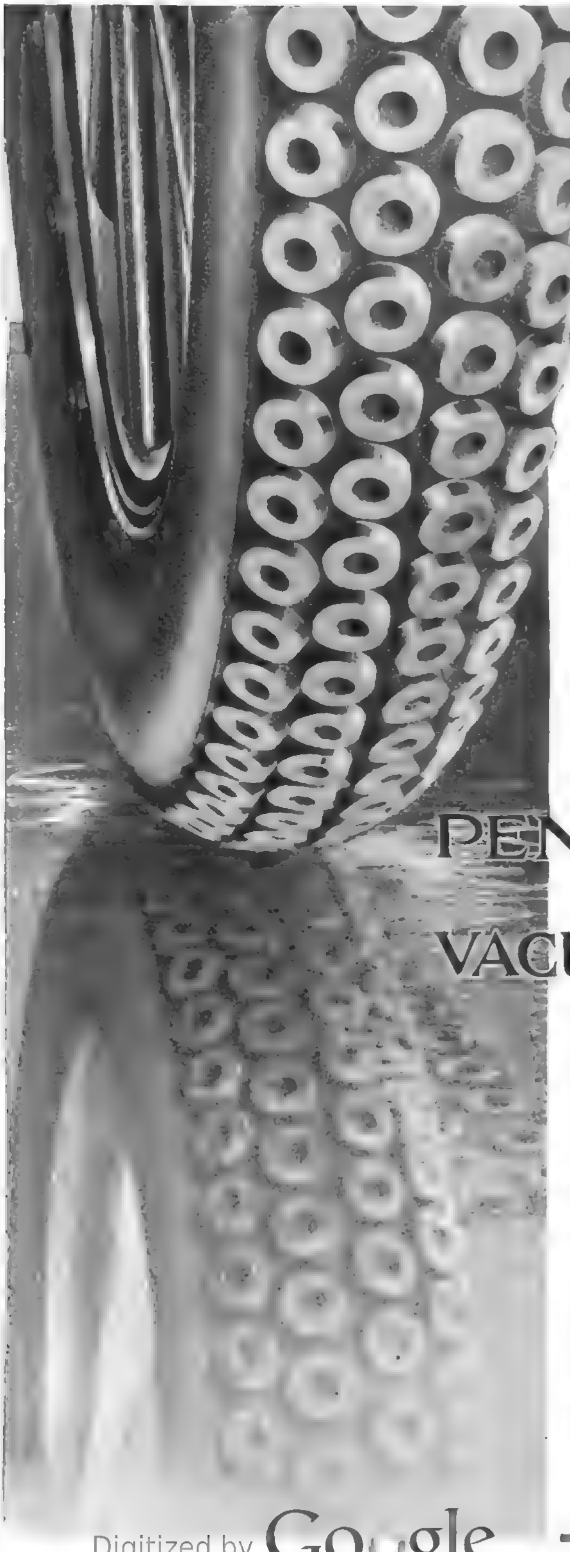
The characteristic beauty of this ware is well illustrated in the "Old Colony" and "Cromwell" patterns, which preserve the charm and simplicity of early designs, but are rich and refined in the finish that modern craftsmanship supplies.

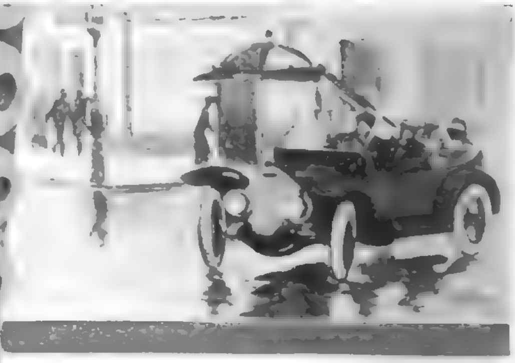
Like all **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware, they are made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and are backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
MERIDEN, CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.





THE mirror-like, slippery pavement affords as sure a footing for the car shod with Vacuum Cup Tires, as the fine, dry macadam road.

Whether the surface is wet or greasy, these tires are *guaranteed* not to skid, or are returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial.

The thick-walled cups drive deep and give positive traction in mud.

Your discontent with tire *service* also ends abruptly when you equip

PENNSYLVANIA *Oilproof* VACUUM CUP TIRES

They are the heaviest tires of the rated sizes manufactured. Their construction is the strongest, their composition the toughest — and absolutely *Oilproof* — immune from "oil disease."

With each Vacuum Cup Casing goes a definite printed guarantee of **4,000 miles.** Their actual service mileage averages a far greater distance.

At your Dealer—or write

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Avenue
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Avenue
Detroit, 254 Jefferson Avenue
Chicago, 1004 Michigan Avenue

Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th Street
Kansas City, Mo., 514 E. 15th St.
Omaha, 215 S. 20th Street
Seattle, Armour Building

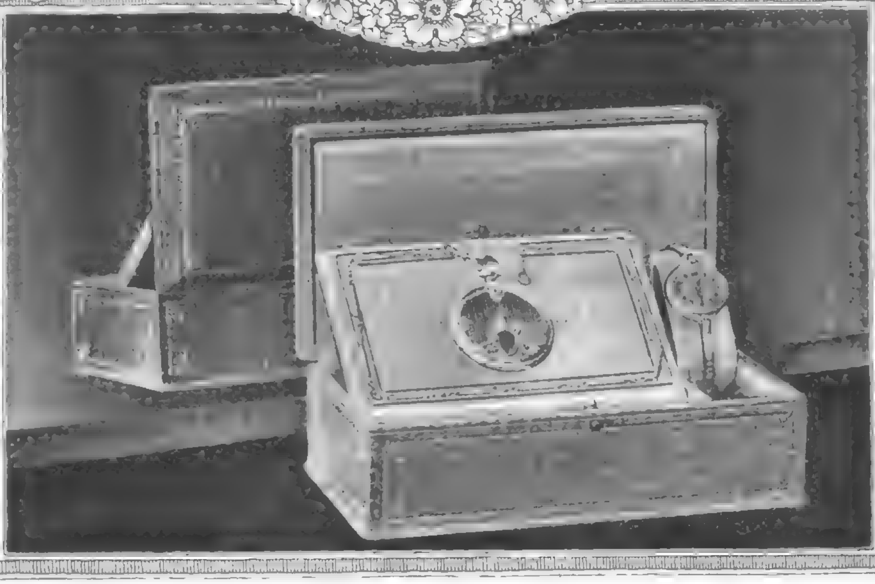
Pennsylvania Rubber Company of New York

New York City, 1700 Broadway
Boston, 149 Berkeley Street
Dallas, 411 S. Ervay Street

Pennsylvania Rubber Company of California

San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street
Los Angeles, 930 So. Main Street

An independent Company with an independent selling policy



A marriage of Waltham Watches for the Bride and Groom

Wedding gifts which are at once beautiful, useful, and appealing equally to the bride and groom, are rarer than a day in June.

To persons of taste, we commend this new Waltham idea, the mere description of which is sufficient praise.

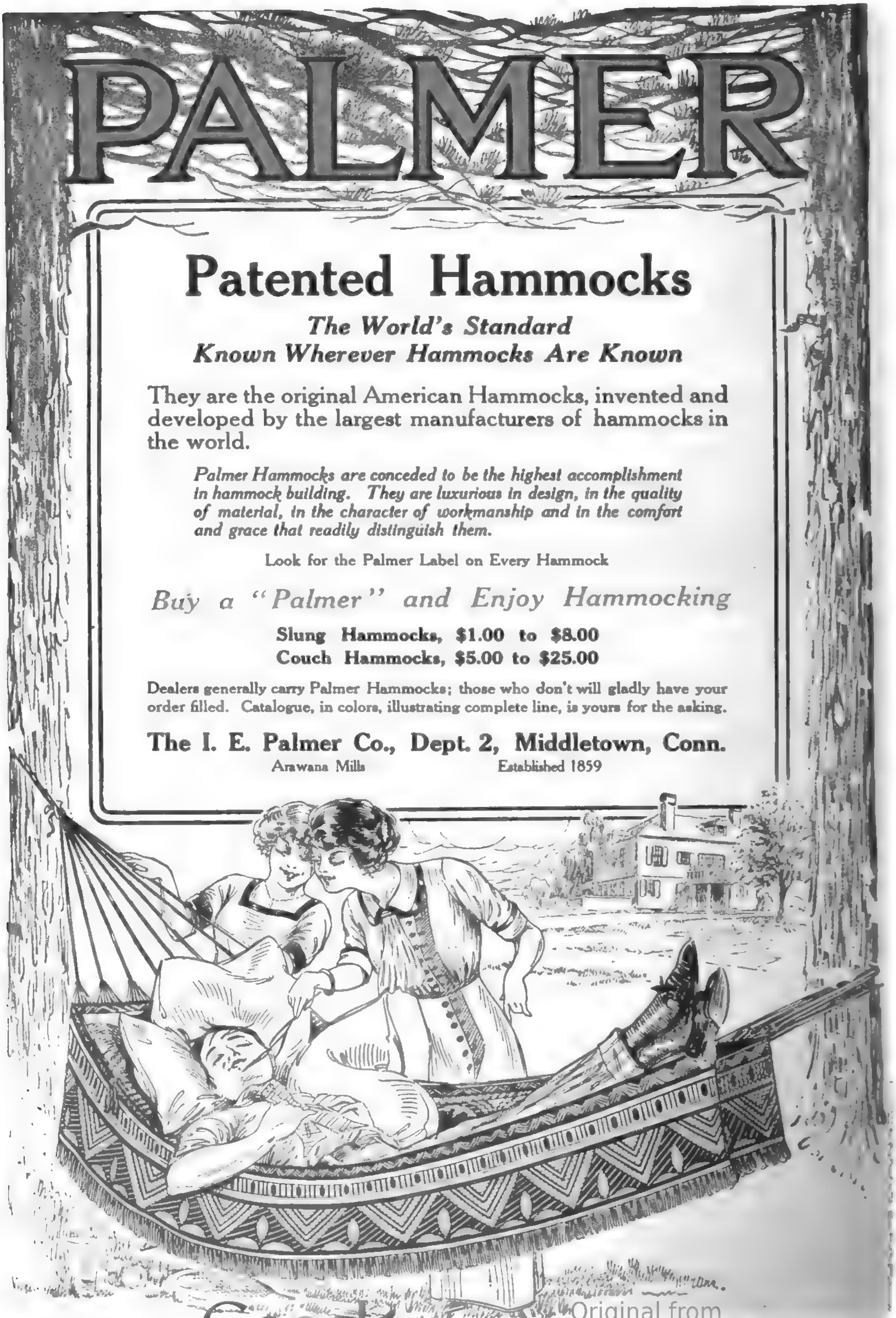
We have arranged combinations of high-grade Waltham movements in corresponding cases and in suitable sizes, the pair being contained in an exquisite leather box which can afterwards be used as a jewel case. (The man's watch shown in the illustration is open-face but the back of the case is shown to indicate the engraving). The sets complete range in price from $100 to $400.

Time is the stuff that life is made of, and what wedding gift could be more suitable for those who are to spend their lives together than timepieces which beat as one? Among other wedding gifts this Waltham combination will be noteworthy, original, distinctive.

If your jeweler has not yet secured any of these sets, we request that you write for our free booklet. We will also take pleasure in arranging for you to see the actual sets, if desired, without any obligation on your part. When writing please mention the "Bride and Groom" booklet.

For a graduation gift do not forget the supremacy of the Waltham (Riverside) Watch.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.



PALMER

Patented Hammocks

The World's Standard
Known Wherever Hammocks Are Known

They are the original American Hammocks, invented and developed by the largest manufacturers of hammocks in the world.

Palmer Hammocks are conceded to be the highest accomplishment in hammock building. They are luxurious in design, in the quality of material, in the character of workmanship and in the comfort and grace that readily distinguish them.

Look for the Palmer Label on Every Hammock

Buy a "Palmer" and Enjoy Hammocking

Slung Hammocks, $1.00 to $8.00
Couch Hammocks, $5.00 to $25.00

Dealers generally carry Palmer Hammocks; those who don't will gladly have your order filled. Catalogue, in colors, illustrating complete line, is yours for the asking.

The I. E. Palmer Co., Dept. 2, Middletown, Conn.
Arawana Mills Established 1859

For Mental and Physical Comfort wear the cooling, dependable

GOTHAM

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

FOR the warm days of Spring and Summer GOTHAM Athletic UNDERWEAR is the acme of cool, refreshing comfort. Some men wear it the year 'round. See the new fabrics of exquisite color and design specially woven for GOTHAM garments. Each is distinctive and exclusive.

Athletic Knee Length
SHIRTS & DRAWERS
50c. to $3.50 the garment
UNION SUITS $1.00 to $4.50
PAJAMAS
$1.50 to $10.00 the suit

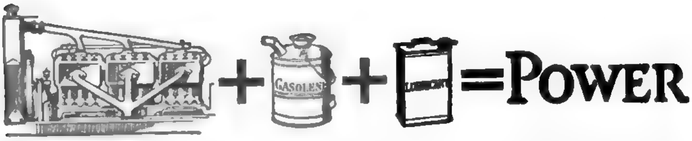
Sold at the Best Shops

You'll be interested in the Style Book De Luxe of GOTHAM GARMENTS. It's yours *gratis*, on request to

Gotham Mfg. Co., Fifth Ave. Bld'g
New York

GOTHAM

This Label on a SHIRT—*Implies*
Correct Fit
Color-Fast Fabrics
Dependability, Satisfaction *and*
STANDARD of MERIT



The power of your automobile is simply the sum of your *motor-efficiency* plus your *fuel-efficiency* plus the *efficiency of your lubricant.*

Today most automobile *motors* are well designed. You are offered little choice in *gasoline.* But *lubricating oils* differ widely both in quality and in "body."

Despite this, motorists often select their lubricating oil with an indifference that is little short of reckless.

The penalty is paid in a multiplicity of motor troubles.

Only oil of the highest lubricating qualities can properly protect the moving parts.

Only oil whose "body," or thickness, is suited to your feed system can properly feed to the friction points.

Only oil that combines these qualities can give your car:—

(1) The greatest horse-power efficiency.

(2) The smoothest operation.

(3) The fewest repair troubles.

(4) The lowest operating cost.

(5) The longest life.

(6) The greatest second-hand value.

We have undertaken this serious problem with the thoroughness that has established our standing in the general lubricating field.

Each year we make a careful motor-analysis of each of the season's models. Based on these analyses and on practical experience, we specify, in a lubricating chart (printed in part on this page), the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that is most efficient for each make of car.

If you are not interested in correct "body," there still remains the best of reasons for using Gargoyle Mobiloils.

In sheer lubricating quality they stand alone.

But you will make a serious mistake if you do not note down, from the chart, the grade whose "body" is best suited to your motor.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart and points on lubrication, will be mailed on request.

Correct Lubrication

SMOOTHEST OPERATION | MOST POWER | FEWEST REPAIRS | LONGEST LIFE

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Avery			A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	B	A								
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case					A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders			E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.		
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.							Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm					A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.				
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"									A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)									B	A
" (water)									A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A		
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A						
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Kelly Springfield									Arc.	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan			Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige Detroit			E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Knight"					A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder									A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Rayfield							A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.					B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service					A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"									A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"							A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E		
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit			Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free **carbon, are:**

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels, and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

BRANCHES:
DETROIT Ford Bldg.
BOSTON 49 Federal St.
NEW YORK 29 Broadway
CHICAGO Fisher Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA 4th & Chestnut Sts.
INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Bard Avenue, West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. Road treated with "Tarvia B."

Of Interest to Taxpayers

A CLOUD of dust behind an automobile means that the road surface is being destroyed — blown away. It also means that the road is unfit for modern traffic—that it has been built in the old way intended for slow-moving, horse-drawn traffic.

The science of MacAdam has been rewritten these last few years. A mineral binder is no longer enough to hold the stone together.

Something stronger is needed, and the use of Tarvia is the logical and necessary answer to a difficult problem.

In the tarviated road, there is a matrix of Tarvia around each stone, holding it firmly to its work and preventing it from shifting. There is no internal movement, and the attrition of traffic is reduced to a minimum.

If the road is built with Tarvia the extra cost of the treatment is more than made up in longer life and reduced maintenance costs.

Booklets on Request

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

Full of Refreshment

—delicious coolness and sparkling, thirst-quenching vivacity—

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A lastingly refreshing beverage. Different and better; absolutely wholesome.

Ask for it by its full name—Coca-Cola—to avoid imitations and substitutions.

Delicious–Refreshing

Thirst-Quenching

Drink
Coca-Cola
5¢

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

Send for our Free Booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

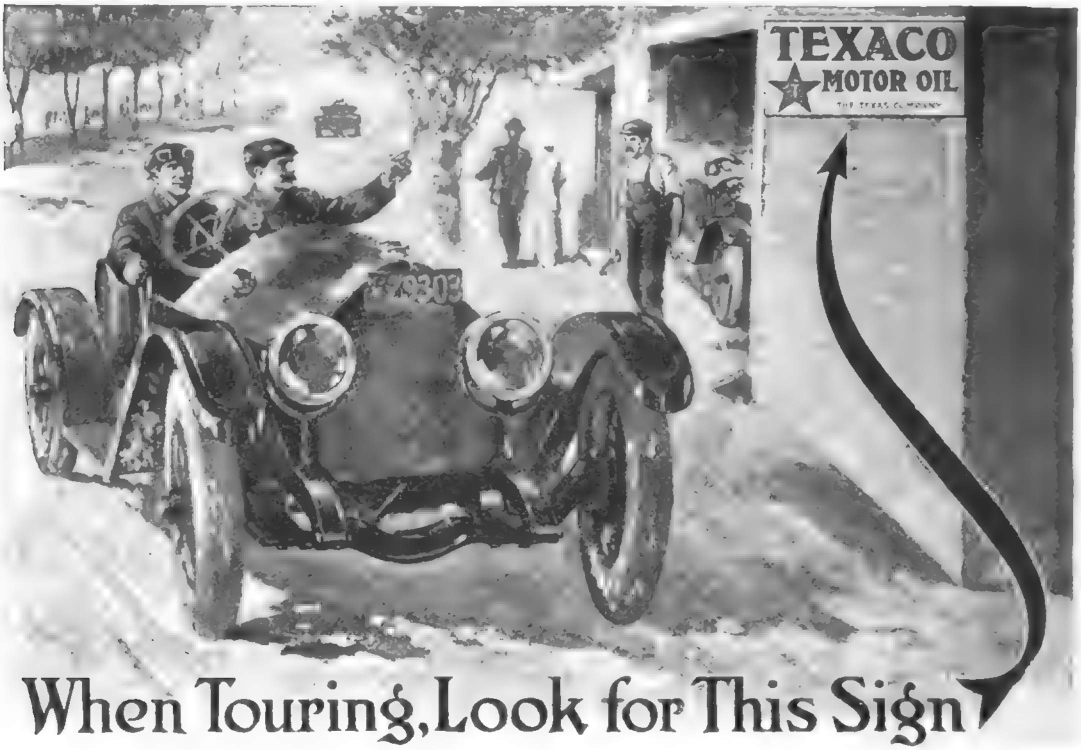
Time works quick changes in the growing girl. Pig-tails and short skirts are soon forgotten in the maturer charms of the debutante.

Sometimes though you will ache for a picture of her just as she romped in from school or play.

Think how she would like one too, in the after years—to show her friends and possibly her children. Make the appointment while the thought is fresh in your mind.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



IT INDICATES unfailingly garages where you will receive courteous, efficient service and where you can get Texaco Motor Oil. It blazes the main highways from Tampa to Bangor; from New York to Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis. From the Mississippi, East, it acts as a friendly, helpful guide.

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

and a good garage usually go together. When you find one you find the other. For the garage man who has the interests of his customers at heart gives them the best of everything regardless of profit or price.

Texaco Motor Oil gives *maximum power with minimum consumption.* Many tests conducted during long, hard runs have shown an *entire absence of carbon* accumulation. Perfect lubrication is obtained at all times in any type of car. You will find that your gasoline consumption is reduced from 15 to 30% by the use of Texaco Motor Oil. This means considerable saving in the course of a year.

For sale in 1 and 5 gallon cans at most good garages and supply shops. For instructive and interesting booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," address Dept. D, 8 West Street, New York City.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
HOUSTON NEW YORK
BRANCH OFFICES:
Boston Dallas St Louis Tulsa New Orleans Chicago Pueblo Atlanta Philadelphia El Paso Norfolk

TEXACO
T
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES

HEAVY CAR TYPE FISK TIRES Are the Product of ONE Company Whose Sole Effort, Since the Advent of the Automobile, Has Been to Produce the BEST Pneumatic Tire

From the beginning the Fisk Rubber Company has had but one policy—that is, to produce the BEST pneumatic tire. No pressure has been strong enough to change this policy, and every suggestion pointing to a reduction in quality has been instantly dismissed.

The Fisk factory always in the process of enlargement to meet the demand for Fisk Products, is devoted solely to the manufacture of tires, with no side lines to divert attention from the one objective goal—to produce *Greatest Tire Service.*

Reports from Fisk users everywhere show that this concentrated effort has been crowned with success.

FISK HEAVY CAR TYPE Construction is the result of this continued effort to attain tire perfection. It offers users uniform quality and ***Greatest Service*** in all Fisk Tires. A special rubber cushion minimizes the disastrous effect of road shocks, an extra breaker strip and heavier tread lessen the possibility of puncture and specially re-inforced side walls are provided to prevent rim cutting.

One Quality Only

Heavy Car Type Fisk Tires are a One Quality product, the same quality for the manufacturer as for the dealer and consumer. Small sizes possess the great strength that Heavy Car Type Construction makes possible in the large sizes. Fisk is thus the most economical tire for the small car owner. The entire Fisk production is governed by one master thought—that of the Greatest Tire Service for the Car Owner.

Time to Re-Tire

Interchangeable Sizes

Overloading is frequently the cause of tire troubles. Recognizing this the Fisk Rubber Company has provided an unusually complete line of interchangeable sizes which allow the use of larger tires without added expense or inconvenience in having rims changed. Any Fisk Representative will be glad to tell you whether one of the interchangeable sizes will be better for your car than the one you now use.

Write Dept. L for Latest Fisk Booklet

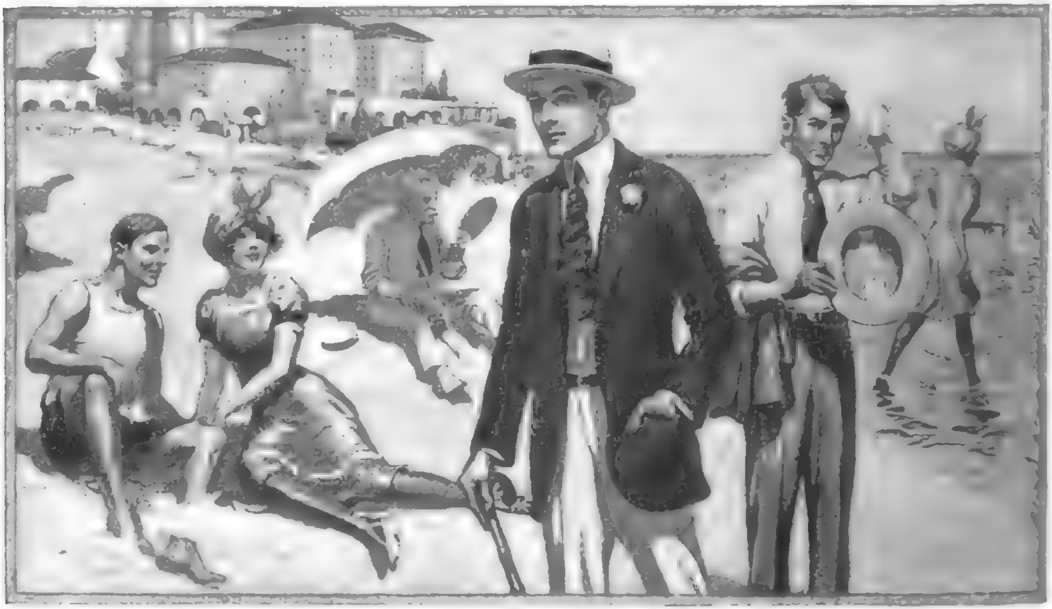
The Fisk Rubber Company

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

DISTRIBUTORS

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY OF N. Y. BRANCHES IN 41 CITIES

FISK PNEUMATIC TIRES ARE GUARANTEED WHEN FILLED WITH *AIR* AT THE RECOMMENDED PRESSURE AND ATTACHED TO A RIM BEARING EITHER ONE OR BOTH OF THE ACCOMPANYING INSPECTION STAMPS. WHEN FILLED WITH ANY SUBSTITUTE FOR *AIR* OR ATTACHED TO ANY OTHER RIMS THAN THOSE SPECIFIED OUR GUARANTEE IS WITHDRAWN

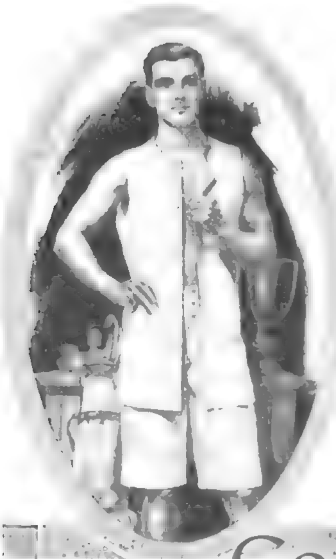


The Cool One Wears B. V. D. Do *You?*

It's no puzzle to find the B. V. D. Man. He's in the foreground of the picture and in the forefront of comfort. You can "spot" him at a glance—*cool* and *contented* despite summer heat and fag. Stop fanning and mopping—wear Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits and be *cool.*

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label.* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label



MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

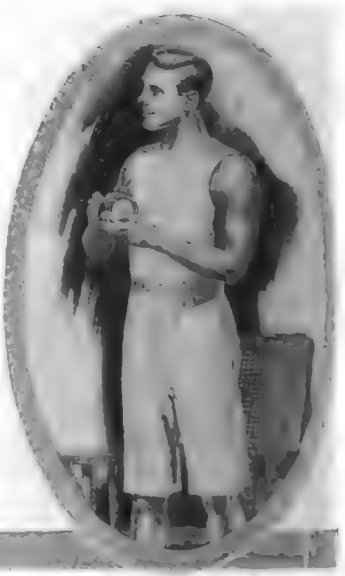
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A., 4-30-07.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V. D. Company,
New York.
London Selling Agency:
66 Aldermanbury, E. C.



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The B.V.D. Company.

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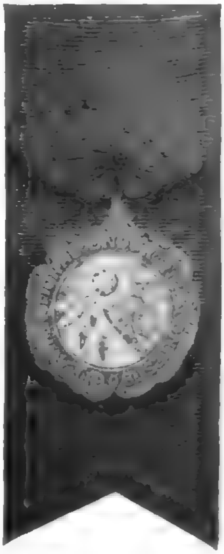


AWARDED PERFECT SCORES IN

National Endurance Contest
Western Dist. Endur. Contest
Lake District Endur. Contest
Savannah Endur. Contest
Los Angeles Endur. Contest
Peninsular Endur. Contest
Linden Endur. Contest
North Shore Endur. Contest
San Francisco Endur. Contest
New York Quarterly Trials
Cleveland 3-Day Endur. Run
New Jersey 24-hr. Endur. Run
And Many Others

The Most Coveted Trophy Ever Won By Any Motorcycle

THIS diamond medal was awarded a Harley-Davidson when it won the National Endurance Contest held by the Federation of American Motorcyclists. So exceptional was the showing the Harley-Davidson made that the judges not only awarded it a diamond medal and a perfect score of 1000 points, but in addition, because of the super-excellent performance, gave it a plus five, or 1000+5 score in all. This was the first and only time any motorcycle has been so honored. It was a fitting tribute to the quality of the

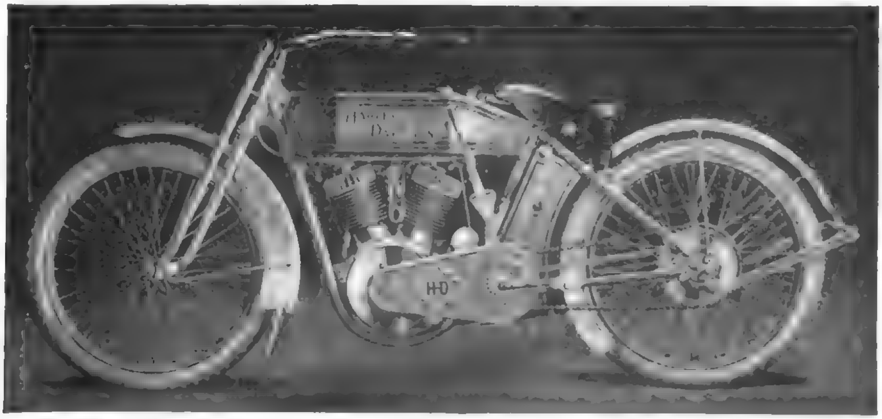
HARLEY-DAVIDSON

This world's record proves its absolute reliability and durability, as no amount of minor records could.

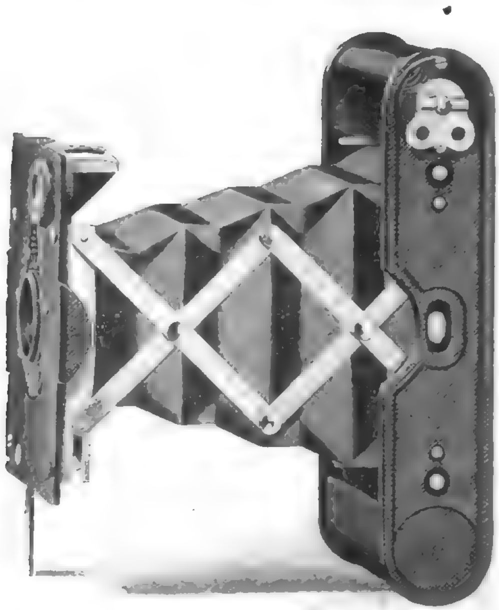
Harley-Davidson dealers everywhere are demonstrating its many features, among which are the ***Ful-Floteing Seat*** and the ***Free-Wheel Control,*** exclusive patented features, which make the Harley-Davidson "the comfortable motorcycle."

Ask your dealer for a demonstration, or write for catalog.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Producers of High-Grade Motorcycles for eleven years.
304 B Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.



The Vest Pocket



KODAK

Literally small enough to go into the vest pocket (or a lady's handbag)—big enough to bring home all outdoors—a miniature in size, but lacking nothing of Kodak efficiency or simplicity.

Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens, Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

Pictures, 1⅝ x 2½ inches. Price, $6.00

Catalogue at your dealers, or on request. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Guaranteed from Start to Finish

CHALMERS

TRADE MARK

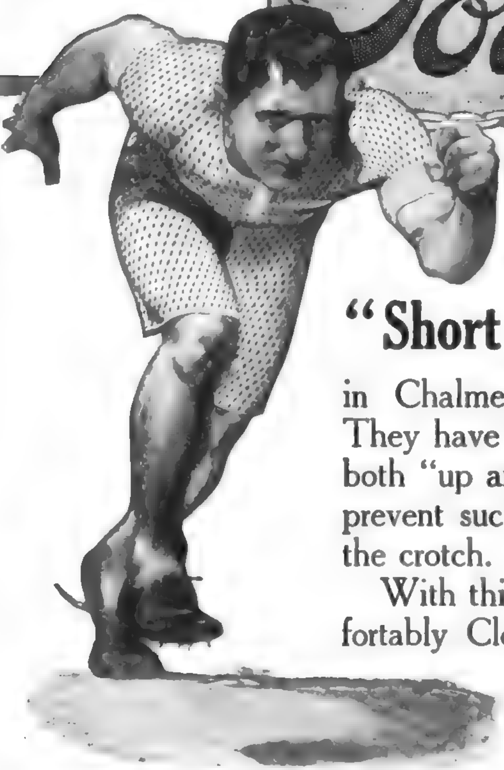
PAT. DEC. 12. 1905

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1906

GUARANTEED

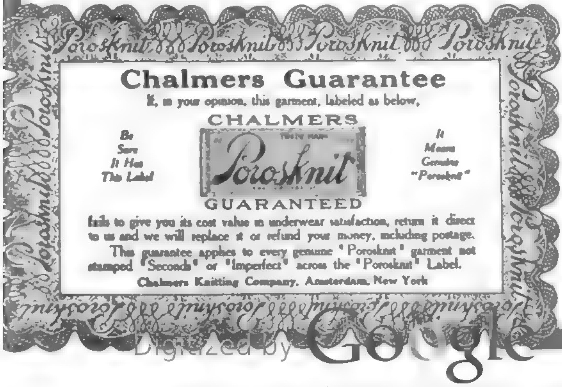


There's No "Short Waisted" Feeling

in Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits. They have elastic fitting backs that stretch both "up and down" and "sideways" and prevent such discomfort as "cutting in" at the crotch.

With this easy-fitting feature and Comfortably Closed Crotches that can't gape open, "Porosknit" Union Suits give you absolute ease in every position—no binding, no pulling, no bulging.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is light, cool and durable. Insist on the label and your Guarantee Bond (as shown here) with every garment. Made in every style.


Porosknit
Porosknit
Porosknit
Porosknit

Chalmers Guarantee

If, in your opinion, this garment, labeled as below,

CHALMERS

Be Sure It Has This Label

Porosknit

It Means Genuine "Porosknit"

GUARANTEED

fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage.

This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.

Chalmers Knitting Company, Amsterdam, New York

Send for Booklet Illustrating Styles

For Boys	25c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	50c	For Men
For Boys	50c	Union Suits Any Style	$1.00	For Men

Men's mercerized (looks like silk) **$1.00** per garment; **$2.00** a Union Suit.

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
9 Washington Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

CAN you imagine a cleaner or more delightful effect in your home than woodwork made white with Vitralite?

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with Vitralite, showing its porcelain-like gloss. It is tough, durable and water-proof, whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. Vitralite is economical, easy to apply and will not show brush marks nor turn yellow like most enamels.

On your floors and linoleum, whether old or new, "61" Floor Varnish will give you a finish that is water-proof, heel-proof and mar-proof. Test it yourself. Send for

Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61." Hit it with a hammer — you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. Also send for booklet *Decorative Interior Finishing.*

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 93 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 35 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories
New York Buffalo Chicago
Bridgeburg, Canada

Established 64 Years

Foreign Factories
London Paris
Hamburg

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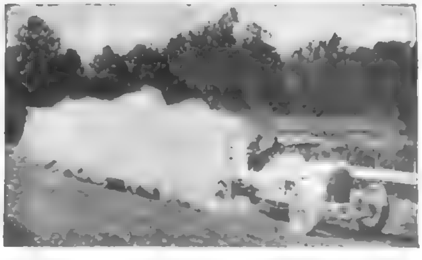
GRAFLEX CAMERAS

No camera is so good as the *Graflex* for making pictures of children. Indoors or in the shade snapshots may be made fast enough to secure perfect pictures.

You can photograph on dark days when you use a *Graflex*. This picture was made on a rainy, heavily clouded day in December.

The *Graflex* is best for those who "hunt with a camera."



On clear days, when the sun is shining, the *Graflex* will make pictures in 1-1000th of a second.

The GRAFLEX makes better photography possible by eliminating the uncertainties. Focusing scale and "finder" are done away with. With a GRAFLEX you see the image full size of finished picture, up to the instant of exposure right side up. You know to a certainty that the picture is in focus, without having to guess the distance between the camera and subject.

The Graflex Focal Plane Shutter works at any speed from "time" to 1-1000th of a second.

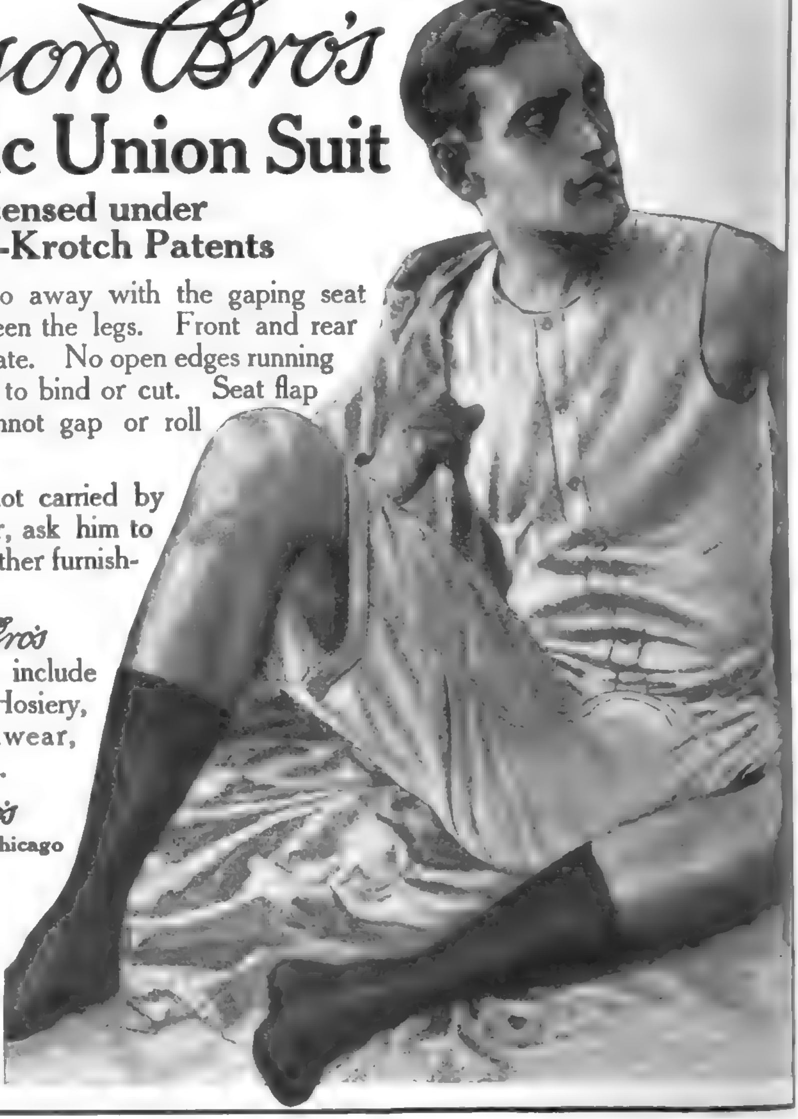
Send for Illustrated Catalog.

FOLMER & SCHWING
DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under Klosed-Krotch Patents



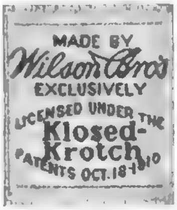
Made so as to do away with the gaping seat and opening between the legs. Front and rear openings are separate. No open edges running through the crotch to bind or cut. Seat flap buttoned so it cannot gap or roll up in folds.

$1 and up. If not carried by your regular dealer, ask him to secure from us. Other furnishings bearing the

Wilson Bro's

mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bro's
528-536 S. 5th Ave., Chicago


MADE BY
Wilson Bro's
EXCLUSIVELY
LICENSED UNDER THE
Klosed-Krotch
PATENTS OCT. 18 1910

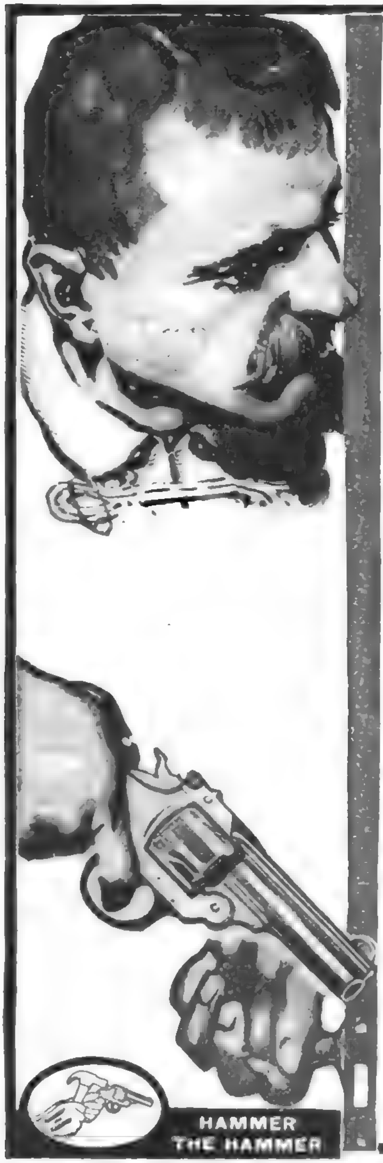
Look for this label.

Ask
Your
Dealer
for

PEBECO

TOOTH PASTE

Send for free 10-day trial tube and acid-test papers. Prove how Pebeco preserves your teeth from their greatest enemy, acid mouth. LEHN & FINK, 118 William St., New York



Night Courage

It isn't a question of whether or not you dare—the time will come when you have *got* to dare. There's something in you—some moral fibre bequeathed by generations of brave ancestors—which, in the crisis, makes you rise above fear and prove true to the final test of manhood.

The question is, will you face danger unarmed—a weakling, impotent—or will you face it doubly armed—armed with an efficient weapon and with the courage and steadiness which come from *knowing that you are armed?*

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Accidental discharge is rendered absolutely impossible by the famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety lifter. You can literally "Hammer the Hammer" with a loaded cartridge in the chamber under the firing pin. Equipped throughout with permanent-tension, unbreakable wire springs. Accurate, hard hitting and superbly finished.

Send for Catalog A

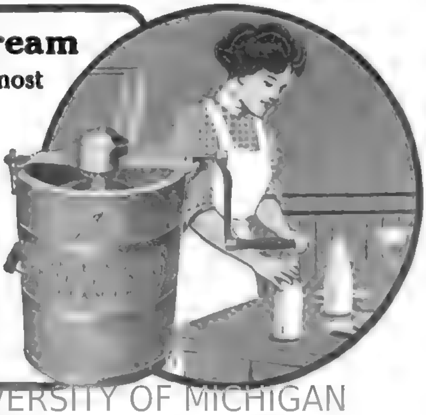
$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street
New York: 99 Chambers Street

The Sure Way to Get Pure Ice Cream

is to make it yourself. The easiest, quickest and most economical way is with a



Triple Motion
WHITE MOUNTAIN
Ice Cream Freezer

The three motions—can revolving while dashers work in opposite directions—reduce freezing time two-thirds, and make your ice cream deliciously smooth in texture. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Write for free booklet, "Frozen Dainties"

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., Dept. L, Nashua, N. H.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

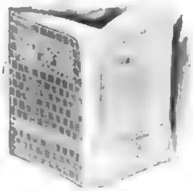
The Closet that Does Not Embarrass by Noisy Flushing

The installation of a Siwelclo Closet means freedom from the noisy flushing of the old-style closet, which reaches every part of your home and always seems loudest when guests are present. A Siwelclo is valued in every home of refinement, not only because of its noiselessness but for its thorough cleanliness.

A properly installed Siwelclo Closet is noiseless because we planned it to be noiseless, but it also fulfills every sanitary requirement—perfect flushing, security against sewer gas, etc.

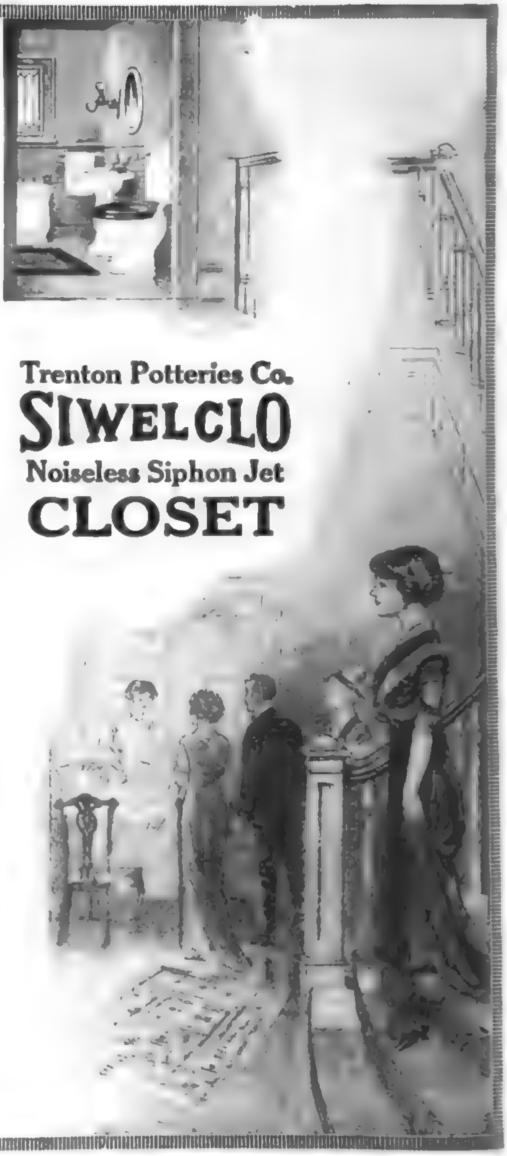
Siwelclo Closets are made of Vitreous China, glazed at a temperature 1000 degrees higher than is possible with any other material. This makes a surface that actually repels dirt, like a china plate. Demonstrate this dirt-resisting quality by first trying to mark on a china plate, then on a kitchen utensil of white enameled iron.

Trenton Potteries Co. Solid Porcelain and Vitreous China fixtures are unequaled for service or beauty. If you are building or remodeling you will do well to consult with your architect about their installation. Your plumber will install them for you if you are making your own plans.



Write for our free illustrated booklet S10, **"Bathrooms of Character,"** which will prove a valuable aid to you in your work

The Trenton Potteries Co.
Trenton, N. J., U. S. A.
The Largest Manufacturers of Sanitary Pottery in the U. S. A.



Trenton Potteries Co.
SIWELCLO
Noiseless Siphon Jet
CLOSET

This is the farm-house of the Long Island R.R. Agricultural Development Station, Medford, L. I., stained with

Cabot's Creosote Stains

and this is what the Director says about it:

> "Our farm homestead has a shingled roof stained with your stain . . . moss green, while the body of the house . . . is gray. This coloring has created no end of favorable comment and many have been pleased to find it Cabot's Stain."—H. B. Fullerton, Director.

You can rely on Cabot's Stains. The colors are soft, rich and beautiful, they wear as well as the best paint and the Creosote thoroughly preserves the wood.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for stained wood samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 4 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

With an ordinary lens you will generally have ordinary pictures— and ordinary failures

But with a better lens you can do the better work you have wanted to do – and save yourself the expense and disappointment of wasted films.

Bausch and Lomb-Zeiss
TESSAR LENS

is made to give you much greater opportunities for getting clear, sharp negatives even in weak light—when an ordinary lens would give you but a dim result. And its great rapidity enables you to catch, without the unwelcome blur, pictures of the most quickly moving objects. The Tessar is produced with the greatest scientific care—is absolutely accurate, and will make "all the difference in the world" in your work.

If you are interested in better results, send for literature.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
600 ST. PAUL ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

What if your house is lonely!

Get a dependable Smith & Wesson today, and stop worrying. Booklet on request.

Smith & Wesson
513 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

A Baby Life Flickers Out Every Other Second

Somewhere in the world a tiny child slips from its mother's arms into eternity with each two ticks of the clock.

Yet most of these babies could have stayed and grown into full manhood and womanhood if they had had right food.

The daily bath helps, the fresh air helps, and the right clothes help. But above all things, give your baby the right food.

Mother's milk is best.

Nestlé's Food

is next best, because so like mother's milk the youngest baby can digest it.

The doctors of France and England, Germany and America, have said over and over again that your baby cannot digest cows' milk. It's too heavy. Your baby struggles under its load as you would, if you ate lobster and mince pie and ice cream for dinner.

But the milk from healthy cows, purified, changed to suit baby's digestion, clean, delicate and nourishing, that is what your baby needs. And that is what you get in Nestlé's Food.

Send this coupon for 12 feedings and a book on baby's care and health. Both are free.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY,
93 Chambers Street, New York.

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Illustration from "Around the World in a Berry Wagon," beautifully illustrated in color by W. W. Denslow — free on request.

LIQUID GRANITE A
BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES DETROIT MICH.
BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

DON'T SAY *VARNISH,*—SAY

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

That may mean the difference between a perfect job and an unsatisfactory one.

For if you specify Berry Brothers', you *know*—we've been making quality varnishes for 55 years.

For the home, the office building, the public edifice—for exterior or interior finish—for every branch of varnishing—there's a Berry Brothers' product that long years of experience have made a hundred per cent right.

So no matter how small or how large the job, look for the Berry Brothers' trade-mark and name on the varnish you buy.

We have a number of interesting booklets on varnish problems. Just tell us where you're going to use the varnish and we'll send you the special one to fit your need. It's free.

BERRY BROTHERS

Established 1858

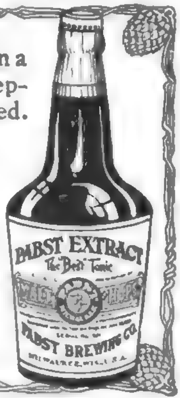
Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, England.

BERRY BROTHERS' CELEBRATED VARNISHES DETROIT

Health Waits On Appetite

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia—the seeds of weakness which will blossom into disease if unchecked.


PABST EXTRACT
The "Best" Tonic
PABST BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. U.S.A.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

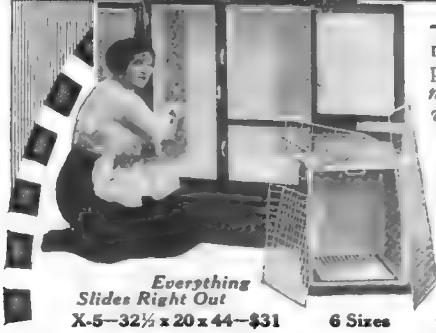
overcomes dyspepsia, creates a normal, healthy desire for food—aids digestion and relieves every form of stomach trouble. It is quick in action and positive and permanent in results.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist—Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"

FREE BOOKLET, "Health Darts," tells all uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it.

13 PABST EXTRACT CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wonderful New Refrigerator With X-Y-NO Stone Lining



Everything Slides Right Out

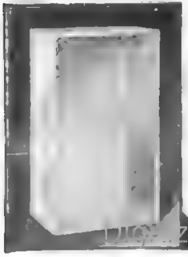
X-5—32½ x 20 x 44—$31 **6 Sizes**

—a lining that won't check, chip, crack nor discolor—a lining that is *blue-white*, with the polish of marble, the toughness of steel, the *lightness* of ebony—a lining that means an end of *hard work* and an end of *high costs.*

Cleanable
Odorless
Sanitary

RHINELANDER
ONE PIECE
X-Y-NO
STONE LINED
REFRIGERATOR

This refrigerator, because of its wonderful One-Piece *X-Y-NO Stone Lining*, has utterly changed men's ideas on refrigerator *value.*

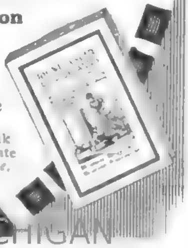


Made by a secret process, the lining shown herewith reduces *to a price that the average person can afford to pay*, the highest grade, most sanitary, most efficient and most economically operated refrigerator probably ever constructed.

See how easy it is to keep the *Rhinelander X-Y-NO* clean. Shelves, ice tank, drip-pan—everything, in fact, slides completely out of the lining. And the rounded corners, highly polished sides and absence of all hooks, ledges and cracks, all combine to abolish forever the accumulation of filth and the abiding places of polluting germs and microbes. Cloth wrung out in hot water!—a quick rub, and the "box" is *sweet-clean!* And that's an end of it. *More relief for tired women!*

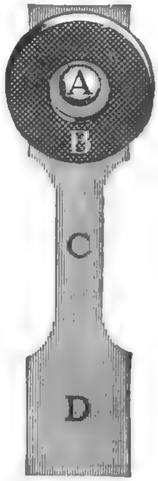
Remarkable Ice-Saving Circulation

Every cubic inch of space comes into the zone of moving air. This, with the scientific *insulation* and *construction*, stands for an economy of ice that, compared to other refrigerators of same capacity, is simply astonishing.



Sent on 10 Days' Approval. Don't think of buying *any* refrigerator until you investigate ours. Ask about big 10-day offer and *guarantee.* Freight allowed. Write for our new catalog. Please send name of your dealer. Address

Rhinelander Refrigerator Co., 106 Kemp Street, **Rhinelander, Wis.**



He Knows Corns

This Chemist Who Invented Blue-jay

He studied corns for a dozen years, then worked out this way to remove them.

It's a simple little plaster with a little drop of wax.

Apply it in a jiffy, and the corn pain stops at once. You forget the corn entirely.

In 48 hours the whole corn comes out—root, callous, everything. Not a whit of pain or soreness.

That ends the corn.

Why pare corns? Why daub them? Why use old-time pads and plasters? Those are archaic methods.

Blue-jay is so vastly better that folks use it on a million corns a month. Try it on one of yours.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

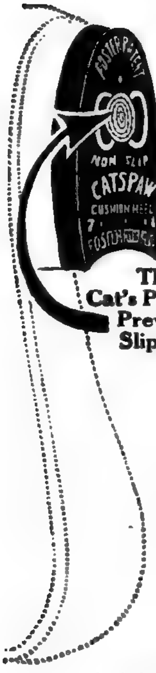
Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(301)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



That Cat's Paw Plug Prevents Slipping

Good Luck follows you when you wear

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50c. attached. All Dealers.

You are safeguarded against slipping on wet pavements, saved wear and tear on your nerves—and on your shoes.

The **Cat's Paw Friction Plug** is a safety tread that holds firm and wears long.

No holes to carry mud and dirt.

And **Cat's Paw Heels** cost no more than other kinds. Have them put on your heels today. 50c. attached.

The name is easy to remember.

TO THE RETAIL TRADE.

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY, 105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

The Heel With Nine Lives
Black or Tan

"I Love To 'EVINRUDE' "

AS ONE glides through the soft ripples of the river's shallows or across the moonlit bay in a rowboat propelled by a gently purring motor, one realizes that motor boating in a motor-driven rowboat by means of the

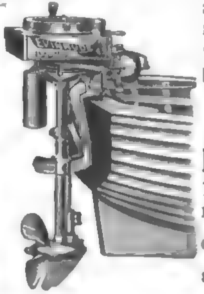
EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE
ROW-BOAT-MOTOR

is the acme of summer pleasures. This motor will attach to any rowboat, round or flat bottom, in one minute and will drive it eight miles an hour, is adjustable to rowboats of all sizes and angles of stern, is vibrationless and clean to handle, and so simple to operate that, with it, women and children may enjoy the pleasures of motor boating.

It Has Been Adopted by Five Governments and there are thousands in use. It is guaranteed by the largest sole manufacturers of portable rowboat motors in the world, and is built with the same care as the finest automobile engine. The propeller is weedless. It is not costly and offers new pleasures to those who visit any body of water.

Beautifully illustrated catalog will be mailed upon request.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
129 M Street Milwaukee, Wis.
NEW YORK CITY SHOW ROOMS: Hudson Terminal Bldg., 30 Church Street, N. Y.
CALIFORNIA SHOW ROOMS: 423 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
SEATTLE REPRESENTATIVES: Woodhouse Gasoline Engine Co., 62-64 Marion Street.



Do You Want A Trained Man's Position?

The *trained* man is the man in touch with the chief. He is also first in line for promotion.

You can be the man "in front." It is all a matter of having the *right knowledge* that will put you ahead of the other fellow.

"But it is too late," you say. "My age is against me; I have long hours. My schooling is limited; my income small."

You are the very man the International Correspondence Schools *can* help.

For over 21 years the I. C. S. has been training men for better positions.

No matter how old you are, how little time you have or what your education—the I. C. S. can train you in your own home to become an expert in some particular line of work.

Mark and mail the attached coupon NOW. It places you under no obligation and brings you all the information as to how the I. C. S. can make you a trained man.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Concrete Construction
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
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Mine Superintendent
Stationary Engineer
Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Gas Engines
Civil Service
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Lettering and Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
Commercial Law
Automobile Running
English Branches
Poultry Farming
Teacher
Agriculture
Chemist
Spanish
French
German

Name ______________________________

Present Occupation ______________________________

Street and No. ______________________________

City ______________ State ______________

HAMBURG-AMERICAN

Largest S. S. Co. in the World.

Over 400 Ships 1,306,819 Tons

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Imperator

Newest and largest steamship afloat
50,000 Tons, 919 ft. long, 98 ft. beam
OF THE

Hamburg-American Line

Now in Regular transatlantic service.

In addition to the well-known features of modern ocean steamers there is a great Ritz-Carlton a la carte Restaurant, Ball Room, Grill Room, Private Dining Rooms, Pompeiian Bath, a Swimming Pool and a Gymnasium.

Vacation Cruises

Special Summer Rates
May 1st to October 1st

Jamaica and the PANAMA CANAL

Cuba, Hayti, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua

Weekly Sailings

by the new, fast Twin-screw Steamships *Carl Schurz* and *Emil L. Boas* and the well-known "Prinz" steamers of our

ATLAS SERVICE

11 to 18 days	$ 75.
25 DAY CRUISES	115.
CUBA and JAMAICA, Round Trip	75.
PANAMA CANAL, Round Trip	110.

Delightful Summer Cruises to the

Land of the Midnight Sun

by the large Cruising Steamers *Victoria Luise, Fürst Bismarck* and *Meteor.* Leaving Hamburg during the months of June, July and August. Visiting Iceland, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Norway, Scotland, Orkney and Faroe Islands.

Duration 11 to 25 days.
Cost $56.25 and up.

Cruise Around the World AND Through the Panama Canal

By Twin-screw S. S. *Cleveland,* leaving New York January 27th, 1915.

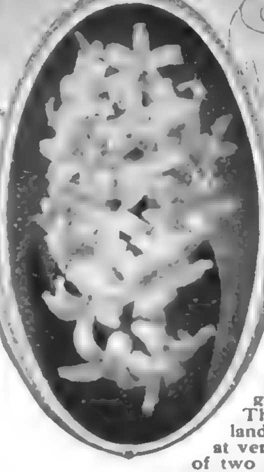
135 days—$900 and up.

Register your engagements now. Good rooms will soon be taken.

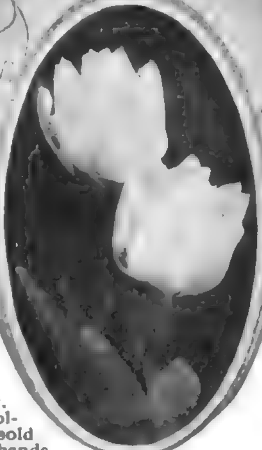
Write for beautifully illustrated books, stating cruise.

Hamburg-American Line
41-45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Boston, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, Chicago,
San Francisco,
St. Louis

Trade Mark



Bulbs



From Now Until JULY 1st NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America. By ordering **from us now** instead of waiting until fall, you make a large saving in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices,** we must have your order **not later than July 1st,** as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.) Our Import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES:

	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths . .	$3.20	$14.75
Fine Mixed Tulips . .	.70	3.25
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips .	.90	4.25

	Per 100	Per 500
Narcissus Poeticus	$ .70	$3.00
Double Daffodils	1.90	8.75
Narcissus Empress (Monster Bulbs)	2.70	12.50

	Per 100	Per 500
Narcissus Emperor (Monster Bulbs)	$2.75	$12.50
Narcissus Golden Spur . .	2.25	10.50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture	.45	1.75

ELLIOTT NURSERY, 346 4th Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Use Oxide of Zinc Paints

THE MICROBE can't stand Washing. Keep your walls free from microbes and your family free from disease by painting with Flat Washable Interior Finishes.

These finishes are made durable and sanitary with Oxide of Zinc.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York

We do not make paint. A list of paint manufacturers of Washable Wall Finishes free on request.

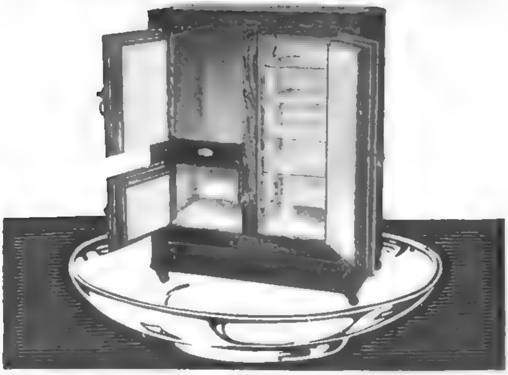
**The Jersey
for the
Suburban Home**

A Jersey cow will supply milk, cream and butter for a good-sized family. The difference between the former payments made for those foods and the cash cost of production would surprise you.

Besides, you'd be sure of *pure* milk, rich in the solids that nourish the system and replace worn-out tissues. For grown-ups or children there is no milk to equal that of the Jersey.

Gentle, healthy and easy to control, the Jersey is the ideal cow for the family with a limited land area. She represents not only the greatest efficiency, but the greatest economy as well. Send for Jersey Facts.

AMERICAN JERSEY CATTLE CLUB
324 W. 23d Street, New York



Like a clean china dish

Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless, dish-like lining, the genuine

LEONARD Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint or enamel. I will mail you—*free*—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. You *can't scratch it, even with a knife.* It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else.

50 Styles, $18 up—Freight Paid to Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of porcelain and I'll mail my booklet, "Care of Refrigerators." Every woman should have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. Leonard, President
GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
122 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)

Let a DAVEY Tree Expert examine Your Trees Now

Weak crotches in trees are the ones that split apart in the storms. Dead limbs are the ones that fall—a menace to life and property. Trees with cavities are the ones that the winds blow over. A fallen tree cannot be replaced in your lifetime.

The loss of trees is the price of neglect

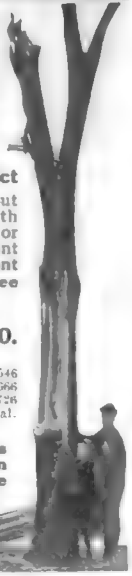
You may think that your trees are sound—but do not trust to guesswork—learn the truth through a Davey Tree Expert without cost or obligation. If your trees need no treatment you want to know it—if they do need treatment you ought to know it. **Let a Davey Tree Expert examine your trees now.**

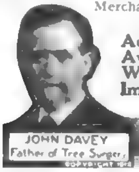
Write for Booklet "O."

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Kent, O.

BRANCH OFFICES: PHONE:
225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Madison Square 9546
Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Harrison 2666
New Birks Bldg., Montreal, Can. Up Town 6726
Merchant's Exch. Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Connection

Accredited Representatives Available Everywhere—Men Without Credentials Are Impostors.





JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery
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Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Experts in Comfort—

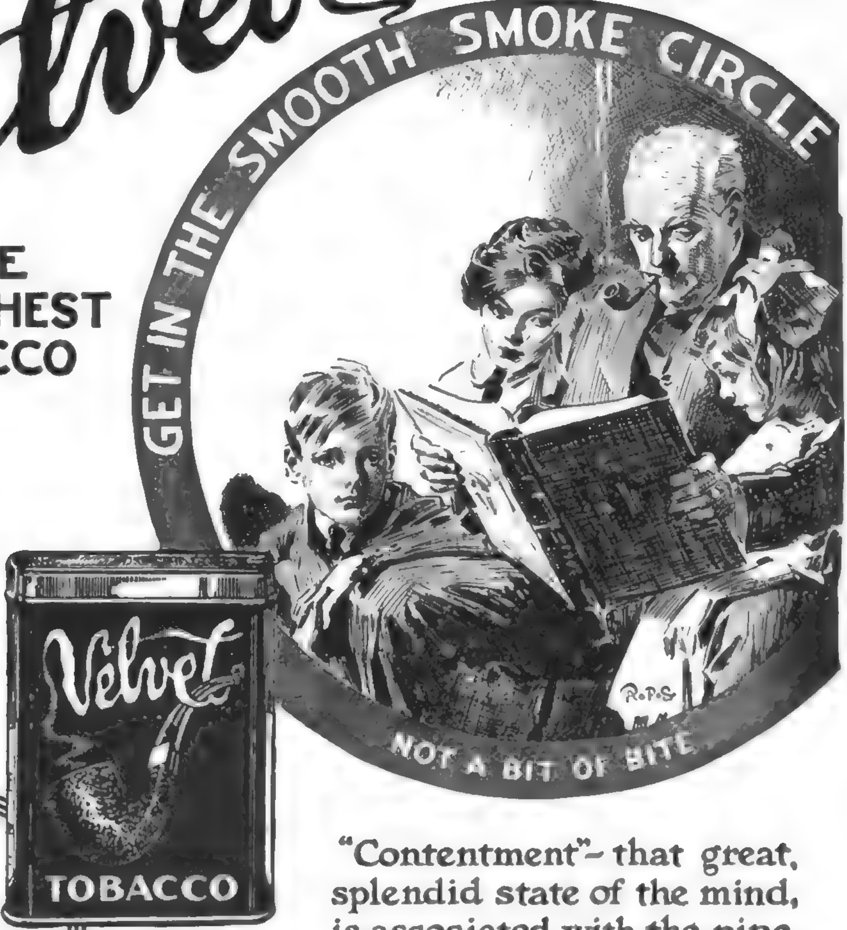
The Jackson heads the list of comfortable cars because it has always been comfortable; and because its builders' long experience makes them comfort experts.

"Olympic" Four $1500
"Majestic" Four 1975
"Sultanic" Six 2650

Jackson Automobile Co.
1312 E. Main St.,
Jackson, Mich.

Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO


GET IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE
NOT A BIT OF BITE
R.P.S.
Velvet
TOBACCO

10¢
TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
one pound glass
humidor jars

"Contentment"– that great, splendid state of the mind, is associated with the pipe that smokes "Velvet"!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FACTORY → SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE → BUYER

JOBBER → DEALER

SAVE THE "IN-BETWEEN" PROFITS!

Direct from Factory to Home

Hundreds of splendid designs in **Solid Quarter-Sawn White Oak**, all honestly made and beautifully finished in fumed oak or your choice of eight other finishes. Shipped **direct** from our factories in sections. You save half the freight, the double profits, and

A Few Minutes' Work Saves You 15% to 50%

No skill required to put the sections together—just a screwdriver. On some pieces you can actually save a dollar a minute. Is it worth while?

Summer Suggestions

For summer homes and out-of-door living rooms we offer a line of Portable UNIT Furniture at attractive prices — willow furniture, lighting fixtures and porch furniture. A card will bring the Catalog.

No. 385
$[illegible].25—54 in. Top.

A Year's Free Trial

Come-Packt Furniture is sold under an unconditional Guarantee. Live with it a year give it the test of hard service—**your money back any time you say.** That's fair to you.

Liberal Discount if You Finish Furniture

You can save still more money if you finish the furniture yourself—we give full instructions; no previous experience necessary; we guarantee satisfaction. No other furniture of so high a quality is offered at so low a price—but, disregard the saving and you would buy **COME-PACKT** on its merits alone.

A Beautiful Free Catalog

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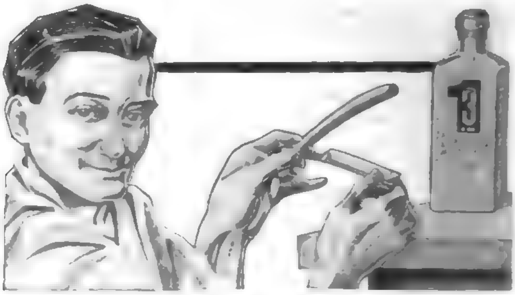

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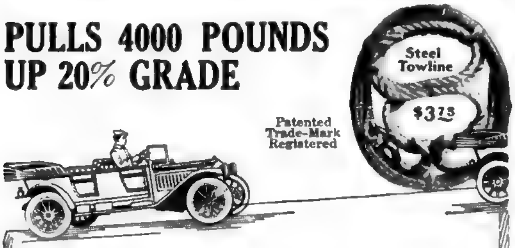

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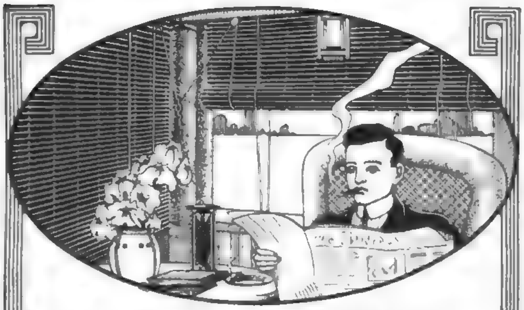

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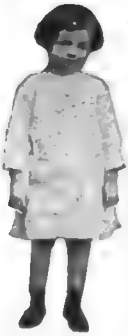

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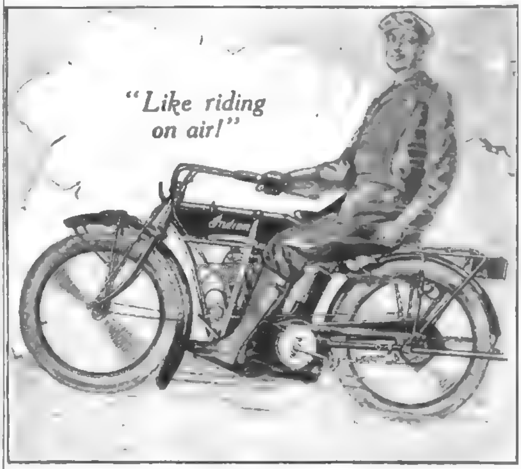
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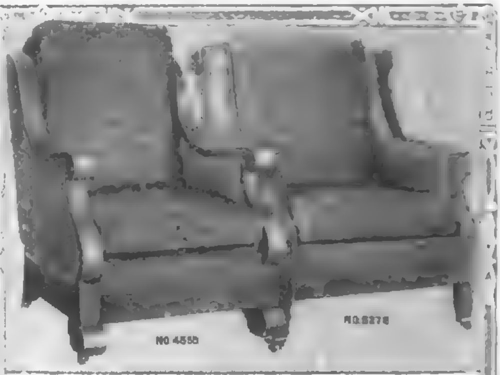

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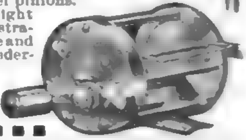

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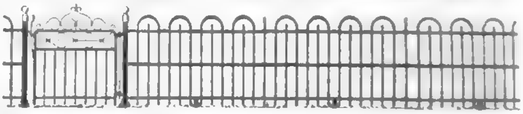

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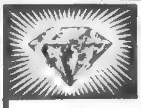

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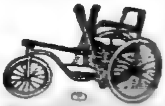
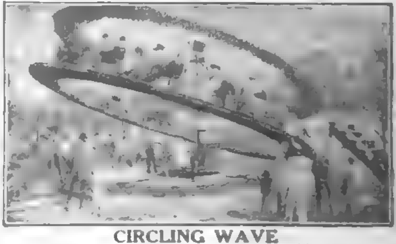


WORTHINGTON CO., 604 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Others Make $400 a Day, So Can You



CIRCLING WAVE

Booher Bros., Hagerstown, Ind., made $250.50 in six hours, next day at Crawfordsville $402; [illegible] It's novel—[illegible] ful of enjoyment. The excel[illegible] music draws [illegible] exciting ride keeps them. Bright, eye-catching appearance when in motion, durably constructed—safely made.

You're Busy All the Time

In winter and summer—only one assistant needed. Daily gasoline cost 5c. Let us send you detailed particulars about the Circling Wave, and its money-making power, if you be interested.

ARMITAGE & GUINN, 157 Mill Street, Springville, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

PERFECT SELF-DEVELOPMENT
WITHOUT A PHYSICAL EFFORT
Through a
New Process of Deep Breathing by Wearing
PROF. CHAS. MUNTER'S
Trade Mark **NULIFE** Patented
Just Pull the Belt and NULIFE Does the Rest
FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

STRAIGHTENS round shoulders, expands the chest and develops the lungs, fills out all the hollows in the neck and chest without massage or creams, and removes the surplus fatty tissues on neck and back. Reduces the abdomen, supports the entire body and prevents tired feeling. **SLIM** people developed, **STOUT** people reduced, **SHORT** people increased, without any effort, medicine or injury. Gives every **MAN** that erect military carriage, every **WOMAN** the perfect curved lines of beauty demanded by health and fashion. Makes **CHILDREN** grow strong and erect without attention, and prevents all child complaints and curvatures. Gives the same benefits to athlete or invalid, of either sex, old or young.

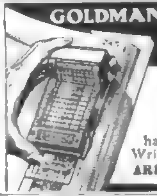
Special Offer to Readers of this Magazine. Send me $2.00 at once, with your height, weight, chest measurement and sex, and I will send you my latest and best model NULIFE, prepaid, and Guarantee You Instant Bodily Improvement. More than 8,000,000 people are already living testimonials of its wonderful benefits.

Address PROF. CHAS. MUNTER, Dept. 109 N. B., No. 141-143-145 West 36th St., New York City
My Illustrated book, "Self-Development Without Exercise," sent you Free upon request
Agents wanted in every town in the United States. No experience necessary

Make $20 a Day

with our wonderful **Champion Picture Machine.** Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. **No dark room.** *Experience unnecessary.* Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss.
Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc.

AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.
2214 Ogden Avenue, Dept. E 157, Chicago, Ill.



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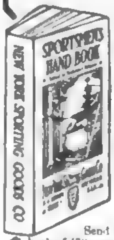
Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, COMPUTING MACHINE
Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.
Easily moved over page, fixed to desk, carried in hand or pocket. 5 in. x 2 1-2 in. x 1 in. Weight, 36 oz.
Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.
ARITHSTYLE CO., Suite 806 118 E. 28th St., N.Y.

DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY ON CREDIT
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
BRILLIANT JEWELRY COMPANY
704 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



MY BOOK IS FREE

My new Book will interest every lover of the Big Outdoors. It contains not only accurate description and low prices of Camp Outfits, Firearms, Fishing Tackle, and Athletic Goods, but many pages are devoted to

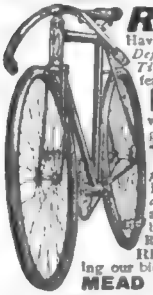
How, When and Where To Camp, Fish and Hunt

It tells of actual experiences when camping, with advice as to pitching a tent, paddling a canoe, choosing a rifle or shot gun, how to learn bait or fly-casting, what to take camping, selecting clothing and provisions, how to use a compass, preparing game and fish for mounting and other "kinks" in wildcraft.

Sportsmen's Handbook and Catalog

Send me your name and address in exchange for this profusely illustrated book of 472 pages. If you mention No. 257 I will give Everybody's credit for your inquiry.

Powhatan R. Robinson, President.
NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO.
15 and 17 Warren Street, near Broadway, New York



RANGER BICYCLES

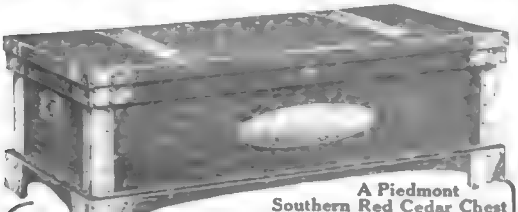
Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U.S., *without a cent in advance.* DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.* TIRES, Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries, *half usual prices.* Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-43, CHICAGO

Free Use in Your Home



A Piedmont
Southern Red Cedar Chest
protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Ideal wedding, birthday or graduation gift. Amazingly low factory prices. Special Spring offer. Freight prepaid.

15 Days Free Trial

BOOK FREE Write for finely illustrated 64-page catalog and book, "Story of Red Cedar." Postpaid, free. Write today.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. [illegible] Statesville, N.C.

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WOMEN—CONSPICUOUS

for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never lose their youthful attractiveness, that seem to be impervious to exposure, to sun and wind, are users of that great beautifier—**LABLACHE.** It prevents that oily, shiny appearance. It is cooling, refreshing, harmless.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

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French Perfumers, Dept. 58
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You will find in our new Summer Models that indescribable smart atmosphere of the "thoroughbred" without danger of the extreme or the cheap radical attempts.

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

Write for our new Summer Style Book, giving the correct 1913 styles and dress suggestions

L. ADLER BROS. & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. U. S. A.

TAKE FINISHED PICTURES IN 2 MINUTES! NO DARK ROOM—No Expensive Films or Plates

In order to make our new cameras known in every locality, we shall sell them at **half price,** for a short time only. Write at once for full information. Address

Gordon Camera Co., 1559 Stuyvesant Bldg., New York, N. Y.

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For Health, Strength and Endurance

My 64 page book, DEEP BREATHING, is the most comprehensive and interesting treatise ever published on this vital subject. Correct and Incorrect Breathing are clearly described by diagrams. Also contains special breathing exercises, and hundreds of other points of valuable information on Health and Exercise. 350,000 copies already sold. Send 10 cents (coin or stamps) for a copy.

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You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should Weigh

You can **I know** it, because I have **reduced** 25,000 women and have **built** up as many more—scientifically, naturally without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as **nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.**

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write today for my free booklet.

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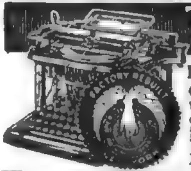
Dept. 20, 624 Michigan Boul., Chicago
Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self-Sufficiency"



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Remington No. 6—$25. Smith Premier No. 2—$22.

Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you $25 to $75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from $1,000.00 to $5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars, and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address (nearest office) Dept. 111.

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Rent a Few Months —Then It's Yours!

This Great Visible Writer
The Famous Oliver Model No. 3
Send your name and we will tell you about the greatest typewriter proposition in the world.
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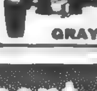
Rundown heels impossible with **HEEL-STRATES** inside your shoes. Save **$1.50** to **$2.00** a year reheeling, to men who walk much. Especially necessary for children's and ladies' high heel shoes—worn inside shoes—Fit all sizes. Satisfaction or money returned. Photos show shoes worn 4 months, one with, one without, **HEEL-STRATES, Pair, Postpaid 25c**

Representatives Wanted.

Without **O. J. V. ASCHENBACH, 185 Elmwood Ave., E. Orange, N. J** *With*

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS



Largest Builders of 2-cycle Motors in the World. Over 1000 responsible dealers.

3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install $55
ALSO 4½ TO 36 HP

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—*tells* and *shows* you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 638 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Magnificent Steel Launch $96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-23 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. The Safe Launch—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, $20.**

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SOLD IN PAINT, HARDWARE, DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORES
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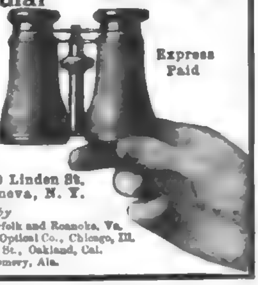
For automobiling, driving—canoeing—yachting—camping—at picnics, baseball, football, on the veranda, the steamer; in the den, the invalid's room, the hammock; for all these uses they are always en règle. As wedding presents or birthday gifts, they will be highly appreciated. Made of finest wool in beautiful colorings by one of the oldest manufacturers in New England.

$15. PREPAID TO YOUR DOOR

Money refunded if not satisfied. Send for Booklet "C" in colors
PEACE DALE CO-OPERATIVE STORES, Peace Dale, R. I.



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GENEVA $15.
Superior Binocular

Our handsome book "The Near Distance" sent FREE on request

Express Paid

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition are seldom equaled.

Sent for $15, express paid. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. We refund your money. Also at dealers'.

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Testify to the absolute superiority of
ROBERTS LIGHTNING MIXER

No other beater or mixer like it. Hundreds of women feel as this one writes:—"*Wouldn't keep house without it, don't know how I ever got along before. Mixes and blends liquids and semi-liquids in a jiffy and oh, so much better!*" You'll say so too, just as soon as you try it.

At your dealer's; or pint size 50c, quart size, 75c by prepaid Parcel Post. Descriptive circular free.

DORSEY MFG. CO., 78 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
Agents make fine profit selling it.

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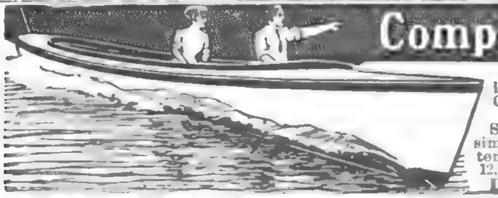
Quaint Cape Cod

Seashore, Woods and Country.
Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing. Cool breezes always.

Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free

Write ADVERTISING BUREAU,
Room 929, South Station, Boston, Mass.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R. R.



Complete Launch With Engine Ready to Run $94.50

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers.

A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS

Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog.

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16 Years in the Business

M&M PORTABLE READY-BUILT COTTAGES
Complete Ready To Set On The Foundation

Bungalows, Chapels, Schoolhouses, Garages, Studios, Playhouses, etc.

When shipped from our factory they are Ready-Built complete in every detail ready to set on the foundation. No carpenter, no sawing, no fitting, as every piece is finished and fitted. Our houses are constructed on the UNIT SYSTEM. Easily shipped and handled. ANY ONE CAN ERECT THEM. All parts are numbered. We send a floor plan giving the number and showing the location of every piece. WE PAY THE FREIGHT. Enclose 4c postage for FREE HANDSOME BOOK OF PLANS AND DESIGNS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. MERSHON & MORLEY [illegible] U. S. A.

THIS roof takes precedence over other materials for beauty, durability, fire protection and low cost. Rough-surfaced shingles of crushed slate or granite embedded in pure asphalt. Natural colors of garnet, red or gray-green, which never fade and never need painting.

Reynold's Asphalt Shingles

They have withstood the ravages of driving rain, pelting hail, hottest sun and heaviest snow. They lie perfectly flat—cannot warp, crack, split, curl, drop or blow off. They are as cheap as good wood shingles, yet are far more lasting, far handsomer, and cannot be set on fire by flying sparks. They save part of your insurance cost. Adaptable to every style of pitched roof, and make possible many unusual architectural effects.

Guaranteed for 10 Years

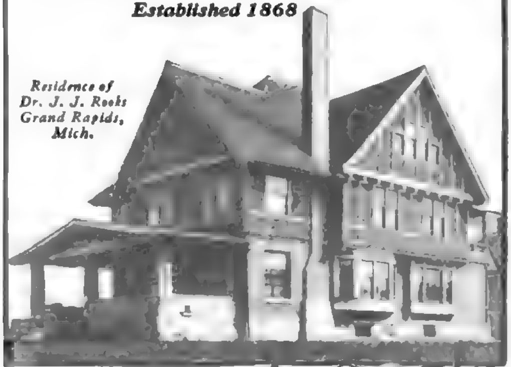
We are the ORIGINAL MAKERS of Flexible Asphalt Slate Shingles and tested our product for ten years before putting it on the general market. Right here, in Grand Rapids, where climatic changes are extreme, our shingles, after ten years' exposure to every kind of weather, look as good as the day they were nailed on. It surely will be unwise to waste your money in buying quick-rotting wood shingles, which catch fire from the first spark; and equally unwise to pay exorbitant prices for heavy slate or similar materials.

Uniform in size—8 in. x 12⅝ in.—and are laid 4 in. to the weather. Your building-supply or lumber dealer can secure these shingles for you.

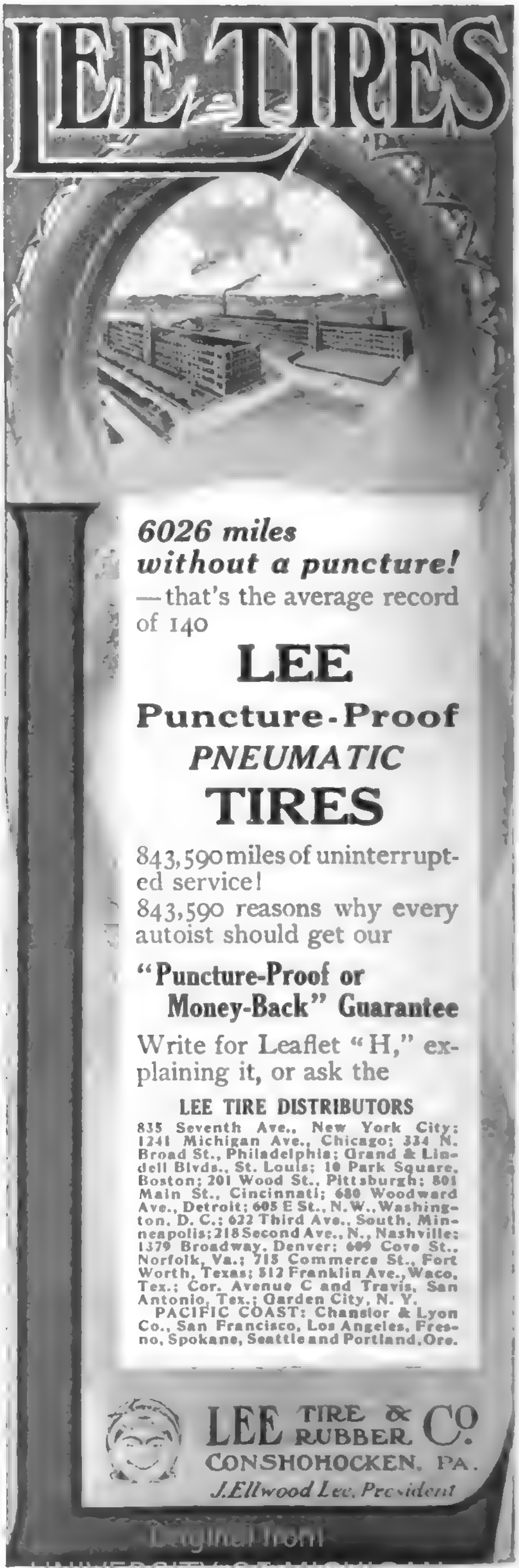
Let us send you a booklet showing photographs of modern houses roofed with Reynolds Asphalt Shingles—signed opinions of the owners are included. Also opinions of leading architects and builders. Write for a copy TODAY.

H. M. REYNOLDS ASPHALT SHINGLE CO.
163 Grant St., West, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Established 1868



Residence of Dr. J. J. Rooks Grand Rapids, Mich.



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843,590 miles of uninterrupted service!
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Alone!

THE burglar has *no earthly* show against the Savage Automatic—even in the hands of a lone, frightened woman.

Why? Because this pistol—the only ten-shot .32 automatic—aims as easily as pointing your finger, and shoots straight instinctively—even in the dark—one shot to each trigger pull, as fast or slowly as you please. Because an automatic indicator shows positively at a glance or a touch whether it is loaded. You can't say you "didn't know the SAVAGE was loaded."

SAVAGE
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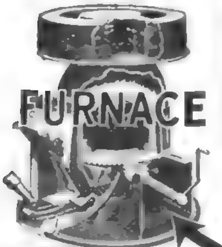
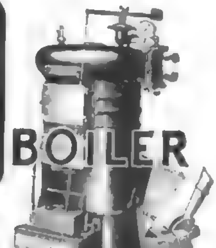
Send six cents in stamps for advice from detective and police authorities on how to handle burglars with the Savage. Savage Arms Co., makers of the famous Savage rifles, 436 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

10 Shots Quick



UNDERFEED

Cuts Your Coal Bill 1/2 to 2/3



WHILE the people are looking to Congress for legislation to reduce cost of food and clothing, the **Underfeed** has already solved for *all time* the problem of *lowering* heat costs. NOW you can enjoy *clean, even, genial* warmth at a saving of ½ to ⅔ of the amount you have been accustomed to pay for coal. Home Owners and Home Builders investigate! Our FREE BOOK tells most interestingly the *reasons why*. Ask **Underfeed** users *anywhere*.

Mr. C. P. Prescott, 115 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. an **Underfeed** Boiler user writes: **"Our coal bills have averaged for the last three years less than $50 a year, whereas we previously heated materially less space with what we believed the best Topfeed Boiler on the market at an annual cost of over $100 for fuel."**

Mr. Hans Peterson, 1816 Villa Street, Racine, Wis., writes:

"My UNDERFEED Warm Air Furnace has been in use seven winters and has paid for itself long ago – it saves more than half."

In the UNDERFEED inexpensive grades of either *hard or soft* coal, costing $2 or $3 less per ton, is *pumped up* into the fire-pot *underneath the fire*, and candle-like, burns from the top *down*. RESULT: perfect combustion and *more* heat from *no more* tons of *cheaper* coal.

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

Smoke and gases, wasted up Topfeed chimneys (40 to 50 cents of every dollar you pay for coal)—are forced by the draft to pass up through the flames, are consumed and make *more* and *cleaner* heat. No soot-covered, hard-to-clean, heat-retarding surfaces. The fire, always on top, is in close contact with clean, heat-responsive metal. No clinkers and few ashes. Send coupon for Free Book. Free Heating Plans and Estimate of Cost.

THE PECK—WILLIAMSON CO. 306 W. Fifth Ave. CINCINNATI, O.

Send me—FREE—

Underfeed Furnace Book______ Boiler Book______ (Indicate by X Book you desire)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________ Name of my dealer

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LOWEST FARES TO ALL P
DAILY STEAMERS

The Great Ship SEEANDBEE

The Largest and most Costly passenger steamer on inland waters of the world. In service July 1st—Length 500 feet; breadth 98 feet 6 inches, 510 Staterooms and Parlors accommodating 1500 passengers. Grand Saloon, Smoking Lounge, Observation Room. Dining Room and Buffet, all in highest type of decorative Art.

DAILY—BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND BUFFALO—FARE $2.50

Magnificent Steamers SEEANDBEE, City of Erie and City of Buffalo

Time Table—May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Buffalo (Eastern Time) **9 P. M.** **Leave Cleveland** (Central Time) **8 P. M.**
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Connections made at Cleveland for Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and South-west. At Buffalo with trains for all Eastern and Canadian Points.

Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line. Tickets reading via any rail line between Cleveland and Buffalo are accepted for transportation on C. & B. Line Steamers. Write for fares and information. A handsome booklet will be mailed upon receipt of 6 cents in stamps for postage. Address Department "E."

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WILBUR'S
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
BUDS

A Box Like This For a Quarter

—**Postpaid**—filled with daintily moulded forms of solid vanilla chocolate—deliciously flavored, exquisitely smooth and

Made to Melt in the Mouth

WILBURBUDS

The Only Genuine Chocolate Buds

For your protection each piece is stamped with the name "**WILBUR**," and wrapped in pure tin foil. You can buy them almost any place but if your confectioner or druggist is "all out" we will send you more-than-a-pound for a dollar or this large trial box for a quarter.

Reg. in U. S. Pat. Off.

Send for complete illustrated catalogue of chocolate specialties.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC., 235 North Third St. **PHILADELPHIA**

Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

YOUR doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept clean and wholesome, as you can *easily* keep the Monroe, is *always dangerous* to your family.

The Monroe is the *Only* Refrigerator with *Genuine* Solid Porcelain Food Compartments

The "Monroe" **Never Sold In Stores**

which can be kept free of breeding places for disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. NOT cheap porcelain-ENAMEL, but one piece of white unbreakable porcelain ware OVER AN INCH THICK—nothing to crack, chip, or absorb moisture—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner ROUNDED—not a single crack, joint or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay. Send at once for

Free Book About Refrigerators

which explains all this and tells you how to materially reduce the high cost of living—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

30 Days Trial Factory Price Cash or Credit

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee your money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied.

Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW—Letter or postal.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Sta. 15F, Lockland, Ohio

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

SPECIAL VALUES

Finest quality pure white Diamonds, full of brilliancy. Skilfully mounted in our famous Loftis Perfection 6-prong ring mounting, 14k solid gold.

Loftis Perfection Diamond Rings

640	$25
641	$50
642	$75
643	$100

Credit Terms: One-fifth down, balance in 8 equal monthly amounts.

The Rings here shown are the most popular, although we show all sizes and styles in our large, illustrated Catalog.

Each ring is cased in dark blue velvet ring box, with white satin lining. Sent prepaid.

Diamonds Win Hearts

Send for Free Catalog, telling all about our Easy Credit Plan. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., at bargain prices. Select anything desired, have it sent to your home or express office, all charges prepaid. If entirely satisfactory, send one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, and divide balance into 8 equal amounts, payable monthly. Bargains in Watches. *Write for Catalog today.*

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858
THE RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
Dept. A864, 108 N. State St. CHICAGO - ILLINOIS
Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

PREVENT SKIN BLEMISHES

By Using

CUTICURA SOAP

For daily use, assisted by occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment. No others do so much to keep the skin clear and healthy, free from blackheads, pimples and other distressing facial eruptions.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each, with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, McLean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

BUTTERICK FASHIONS
SUMMER 1913
INCLUDING ANY BUTTERICK PATTERN FREE!
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PRICE 25 CENTS

The Stunning Summer Issue of "Butterick Fashions" *Now Ready*

This number is a wonder. It displays every dainty, summery thing a woman can possibly need.

Draperies? Yes, lots and lots of them.

All the new draped effects are shown in profusion. Designs in hundreds for ladies, misses, girls and children.

Visit the nearest merchant who handles Butterick Patterns and Publications and ask about getting

Any Butterick Pattern FREE

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The Butterick Publishing Company
Butterick Building, New York

The Largest Piano Factory in the World

The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

A Personal Word From "The Man Behind The Name"

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort to secure the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the best methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the making of each **Steger & Sons** Piano and the Steger Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in workmanship, years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that our future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories." John V. Steger.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

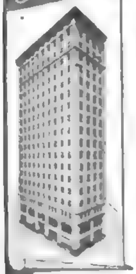
When you buy a **Steger & Sons** Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home-circle.

Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

The Steger Idea Approval Plan. Send for our catalog and other interesting literature, which explain it. Sent free on request.

Steger & Sons
PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois.



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For Embroidery, Braiding, etc.

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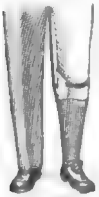
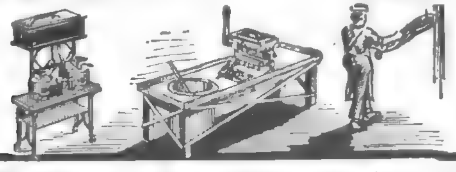
guarantees a happy vacation for every woman. 25c a copy, including any Butterick Transfer Free.



BOW LEGS UNSIGHTLY

Those afflicted with bow legs should wear the "Perfect Leg Form" and overcome this deformity. Trousers hang perfectly straight. Made of the highest grade aluminum. Light, sanitary, durable and inexpensive. Easy put on and are adjustable to any size. Highly recommended by tailors. Send for our booklet showing photos of men wearing our improved forms and as they appear without them.

"THE PERFECT" SALES CO., Dept. "K"
140 No. Franklin Ave. Austin, Chicago, Ill.



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We teach you the Business FREE!

Our Kettle-Popped Popcorn is seasoned while popping. GREAT BIG—LIGHT—FLUFFY KERNELS that melt in your mouth. 20% more bulk corn per pound than from any other machine. The best corn at the least cost. Makes CRISPETTES so far superior to others that there is no comparison. Enormous Profits. Our Improved Automatic Crispette Press is a Wonder—A WORLD BEATER. Write for catalog.

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If Your Feet Ache and Tire—

If you find walking painful, if standing causes aching in your instep, heels and limbs, then you know that the muscles of the feet that support the arches and carry the weight of the body need immediate help.

THE SCHOLL Foot-eazer
"EASES THE FEET"

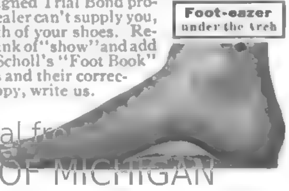
gives instant and permanent relief to tired, aching feet—corns and calluses—weak insteps—turning ankles—broken arch—flat-foot—bunions—cramped toes—bodily fatigue and general weariness.

The Scholl Foot-Eazer not only eases the feet, but soothes the nerves of the entire body. It brings instant relief by firmly holding up the arch, bridging and equalizing the body's weight, and thus instantly relieves all corns, bunions and calluses, weak ankles, broken arch, etc. Can be worn in your regular shoes and quickly changed from one pair to another.

Ten Days' Free Trial

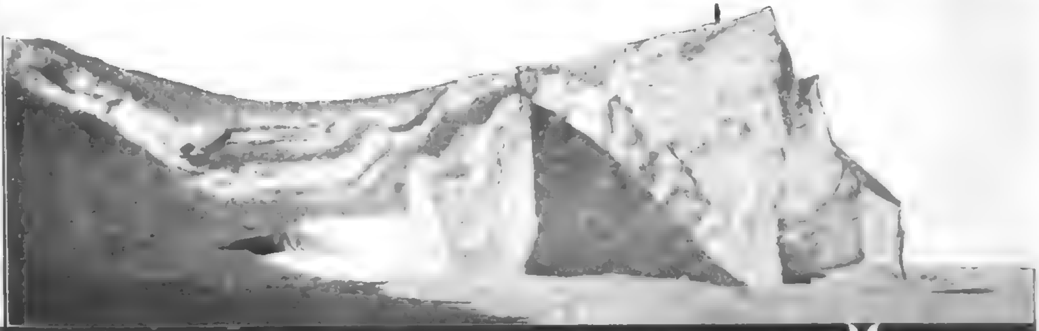
Your shoe dealer or druggist will let you wear a pair on trial. If you are not entirely satisfied after ten days' wear, **you can have your money back.** The signed Trial Bond protects you against loss. If your dealer can't supply you, send us $2, giving size and width of your shoes. Remember the name "Scholl"—think of "show" and add "ll." Ask your dealer for Dr. Scholl's "Foot Book" that tells all about foot troubles and their correction and care. If he hasn't a copy, write us.

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.,
80 F Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.
237 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
81 F King Street, Toronto, Can.
1-4 Giltspur St., London, England.



The July

The Diary of Captain



Looking down on the Antarctic Plateau where the Barrier and King Edward VII. Land join.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.

"The Championship"

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "Spread Eagle," etc.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Author of "The Championship"

THIS is really a Tennis Epic. You'll get the same kind of thrill reading it that quivers through you at a championship match. It has as many unexpected twists to it as Greenway's American service. The country lad's unexpected entry into the Newport tournament, the generous treatment of a certain famous pair of brothers and a delightful little lady who bets "her bottom dollar" combine to make a wonderfully charming and original story. The author modestly calls it a tale of ambition, but you'll soon see why it is far more than that. With the International Games very much in the public mind, "The Championship" is wonderfully timely. No tennis player should miss it.

"The Rivers of Paradise"

By L. J. Beeston

IN THE quiet seclusion of the convent garden, two gentle Sisters sit watching the setting sun. The hush of coming evening falls softly like a mantle. A row of stately poplars stands sentinel-like outside the time-stained walls. Peace, peace everywhere. Aloof from the din and harshness of the outer world, these devoted souls labor and pray. An almost impossible scene, you'd think, for grim and vivid adventure! And yet, like a bolt from the blue, action, clamor, and romance crash into that peaceful serenity. Don't miss this unusually tense little tale.

Everybody's

Scott

FIRST INSTALMENT

THE late Captain Scott's personal account of his ill-fated Antarctic expedition.

As long as courage, unselfishness and devotion to duty mean anything to the world, this awe-inspiring venture will live in the minds of men. Illustrated with Captain Scott's own unique photographs. Let your sons and daughters read of this sublimely successful failure.

Begins in the July issue.

The Late
CAPTAIN SCOTT
Hero of the Antarctic

"Her Name Was Normal"

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Third of the series, "The Sentimental Search of Roger Phillips"

MAKE a deliberate search for Adventure and it eludes you. Go about your daily affairs with your eyes and heart open and you'll find Adventure waiting for you with outstretched arms. That's what Roger Phillips found. Poor Roger, after six months of pampered indolence, gets an assignment from the *Star* that takes him to a Settlement. Rather bored, he enters. A most unexpected pair of blue eyes glance at him and then—and——then——oh! well, read what that one glance meant to so many, many people.

John Wolcott Adams
Illustrator of "The Constitution and the *Guerriere*"

"The Song of Courage"

By Mary Stewart Cutting

HERE we have a wonderfully realistic account of the inner life of a woman destined for a great musical career. She toils and studies and struggles for years. At last her hour of triumph arrives. The world is at her feet. To the amazement of her friends and admirers, she gives up everything at the eleventh hour without divulging her reason! Twenty years later she tells her life-secret. Would you have made the same sacrifice if you had been in her place?

MARY STEWART CUTTING
Author of "The Song of Courage"

IF YOU

appreciate an
opportunity to earn

$1.00 to $5.00 a Day

for about an hour's work each day
from now until June 16th, write
at once to

HELPMATES
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JE

The work—if you can call it that—can be done in your spare time, without interfering with your other duties. No experience is necessary. We will send you full particulars so that you can begin to earn the very day you hear from us.

Don't say it's too good to be true. The opportunity is here. Will you grasp it?

Why Be "Hard Up" When Money is So Easily Earned

This is "an idle dream" unless you act on the suggestion. Better fill out the coupon and make your dreams come true.

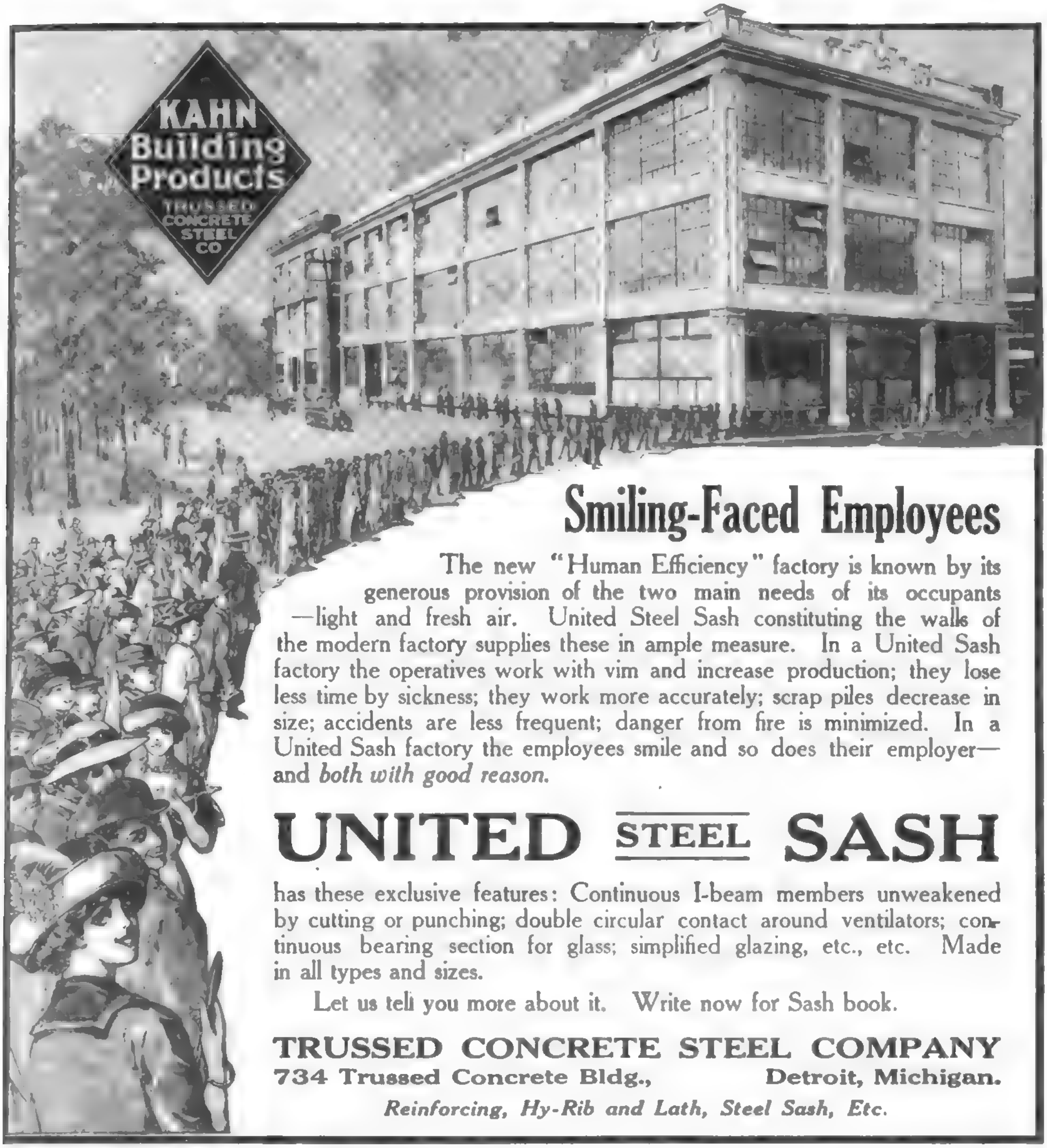
HELPMATES
Butterick Building New York

I want to know about the opportunity to make $1 to $5 a day from May 23rd to June 16th. I am willing to do a reasonable amount of work to earn such a reward.

Name..

Occupation..

Address..



Smiling-Faced Employees

The new "Human Efficiency" factory is known by its generous provision of the two main needs of its occupants—light and fresh air. United Steel Sash constituting the walls of the modern factory supplies these in ample measure. In a United Sash factory the operatives work with vim and increase production; they lose less time by sickness; they work more accurately; scrap piles decrease in size; accidents are less frequent; danger from fire is minimized. In a United Sash factory the employees smile and so does their employer—and *both with good reason.*

UNITED STEEL SASH

has these exclusive features: Continuous I-beam members unweakened by cutting or punching; double circular contact around ventilators; continuous bearing section for glass; simplified glazing, etc., etc. Made in all types and sizes.

Let us tell you more about it. Write now for Sash book.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
734 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.
Reinforcing, Hy-Rib and Lath, Steel Sash, Etc.

REPRUS
CALF
RUSSIA
REPAIRER
MADE BY GEO. J. KELLY CO. LYNN, MASS

Shabby Tan Shoes Are Unnecessary

When you see what REPRUS will do to old faded, scarred and stained tan shoes, you will be sure to use it.

REPRUS is a shoe repairer and shoe polish combined. Previously used in shoe factories only, but now placed on the market for the consumer.

Shoe repairers are charging 25c and 35c per pair for applying REPRUS to tan shoes, when you can apply it yourself at the small cost of 25c per bottle for fifty applications.

Shoe dealers have paid $1.00 per bottle for **REPRUS** before they knew the correct price and where to buy it direct.

Children usually spoil the toes of their tan shoes the first day they wear them. Their shoes can be kept looking well by the use of **REPRUS.**

It is made in so many different shades that any taste can be satisfied.

Will make old tan shoes look nearly as good as new.

Your dealer has it in stock or will get it for you. Insist on getting **REPRUS.**

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE

GEO. J. KELLY CO., 510 Washington St., LYNN, MASS.

Life's Struggle is Sufficient Without Struggling With The Effects of Wrong Foods

G. H. BRINKLER,
Food Expert.

During the past twenty years I have watched the effects on elderly people of eating vital, nerve-feeding foods (lean meat, poultry, game, fish, whites of eggs and curdled custard) with very little starchy or non-vital foods. In each case the result was increased activity in business or in the home. *The senses became more alert, the eyes strong and clear.*

Those eastern nations, peasants and poor people whose diet is largely of starchy, cereal foods are non-progressive. Leading nations and the ruling classes of both men and animals eat vital, digestible brain and nerve-nourishing foods.

How Meat-Eating Rats Beat the Vegetarians

Professor Slonaker of Stanford University has proved by careful experiment that meat-eating rats live twice as long as vegetarian rats, do seven times as much work, grow twice as big and retain youth longer, *and he believes the same is true of humans.* He put rats in rotary cages with speedometers attached and found that in 25 months the meat-eating rats ran more than 5,000 miles while the "vegetarians" ran less than 500. These facts corroborate the results I am daily securing for my consultants.

Carnivora are active, alert and long-lived.

Herbivora are sluggish, stupid and short-lived.

How to Judge a Man by the Food He Eats

No one who eats chiefly a starch diet *can* be mentally active for long. Brain workers *must* eat plenty of lean tender meat, fresh vegetables and jucy fruits, or their alertness decreases and they become dull and sluggish. Science has proved that sour milk is *not* conducive to longevity in brain workers. My booklet tells you exactly what effects various foods exert—how to select your diet to suit your needs and occupation.

Foods Must be Rightly Proportioned, Too

Even correct foods may produce bad results unless they are properly combined and proportioned. An excess of sweet elements clogs the liver, a deficiency causes unrest. In correct combinations they digest easily so that there is no desire to overfeed.

Underfeeding vital foods will cause loss of brain power and memory, lack of ability to concentrate, nerve-hunger or neurasthenia. I can tell you *exactly* what to eat to revitalize your nerve system, recreate body energy and restore brain activities. Whether you are well or sick, I can help you to greater activities, greater usefulness, a more active and more enjoyable life. My booklet has taught many how to help themselves by applying the principles of the Brainy Diet System.

Health is a DUTY

To be in good health is a duty you owe to yourself, your employer, your associates. I have proved absolutely that organic diseases are the result of wrong eating—*and can be corrected by a proper or Brainy Diet.* One dropsical consultant lost 18 pounds of overweight the first week and returned to business.

A thin man, out of work nearly a year, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. A change to energizing digestible foods effected this literal transformation. A chronic sufferer weighing 415 pounds reduced over 150 pounds (in public life under many witnesses) gained strength and firmer flesh and lost rheumatism. Catarrh sufferers are relieved by eliminating mucus-making foods from the diet.

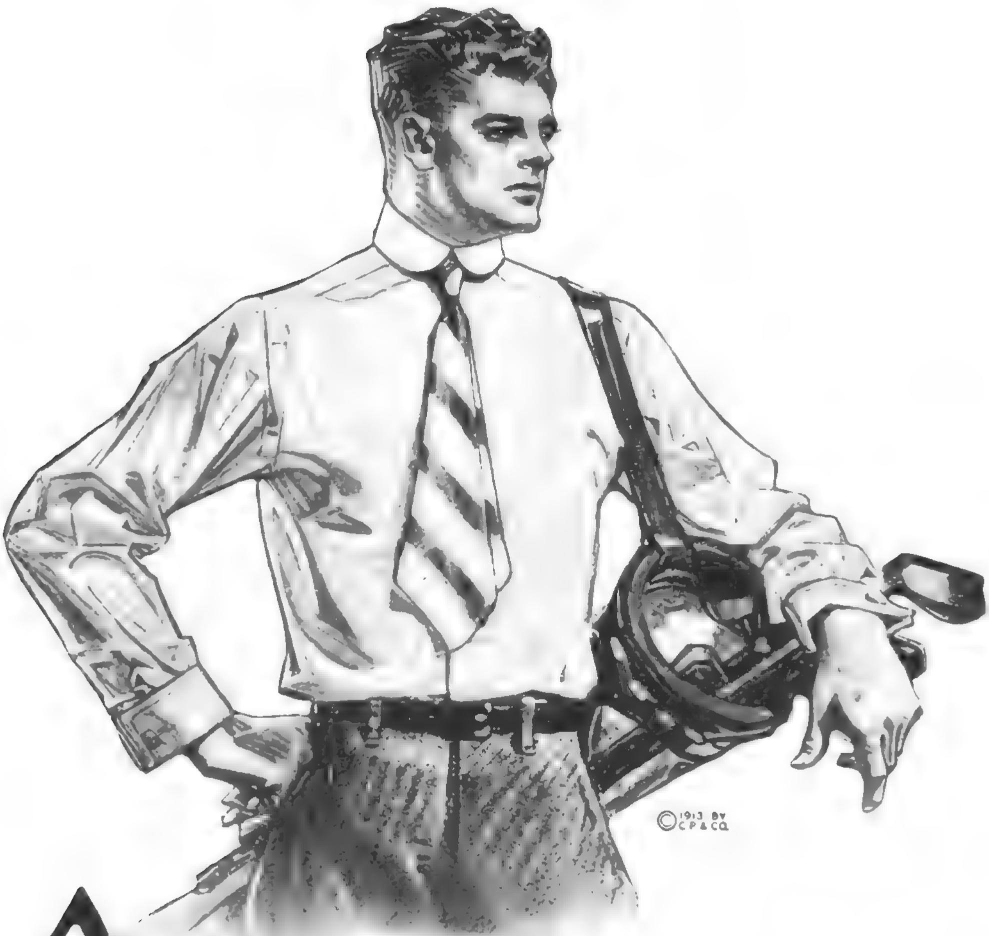
IMPORTANT—Over one hundred similar cases have been certified to by an Investigating Committee of prominent men.

Send only 10 cents for the Valuable, Instructive Booklet

THE NEW BRAINY DIET SYSTEM. Chapters on Diet vs. Drugs, Effects of Foods, Foods for Singers

This striking booklet shows precisely how I have succeeded in producing in myself the symptoms of nearly all the more common complaints—Rheumatism, Catarrh, Constipation, Kidney Troubles, Skin and Blood Disorders and the like—simply by eating wrong foods. It tells also how by changing to a brainy diet of ordinary foods I restored normal health and activities in a few days or weeks. I employ only daily foods such as you can obtain in any market. I have no foods or preparations of any kind to sell. I shall be glad to send you this booklet on receipt of 10 cents. Also send addresses of your sick friends or others who may be interested to

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 24-F, Washington, D. C.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ARROW
COLLARS & SHIRTS

The new "Norfolk" is both smart and omfortable. It has the graceful cut-way low front, ample cravat slipway nd sufficient height in the back to how a bit of white above the coat ollar. *2 for 25c.*

The newest Arrow Tunic Shirts for summer show the "Henley" cuffs, which, being reversible, double the life of the shirt, and greatly reduce the laundry bills. *$1.50 up.*

Send for the new style books.

LUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y., *Makers*

Dear Bill:

Whatever else you don't, don't miss the July issue of ADVENTURE. Never mind the other necessaries of life. Give 'em up gladly, but don't miss this July treat. If this isn't the corkingest number ever, call me a Julyre. There's the first instalment of a new serial by a chap named Maurice Drake. He has called his yarn "WO^2". That's mystic enough, Lord knows, but when you begin to read it, you'll get Scotch itch with impatience trying to Sherlock the outcome. It is a great yarn, and you'll thank me for the tip. "WO^2" will run through several issues, and you'll be sorry when it comes to an end.

Then, there's a complete novel called "Hookum Hai." When I tell you that it's an Indian Mutiny yarn and that it is by Talbot Mundy at his best, you won't want any further urging.

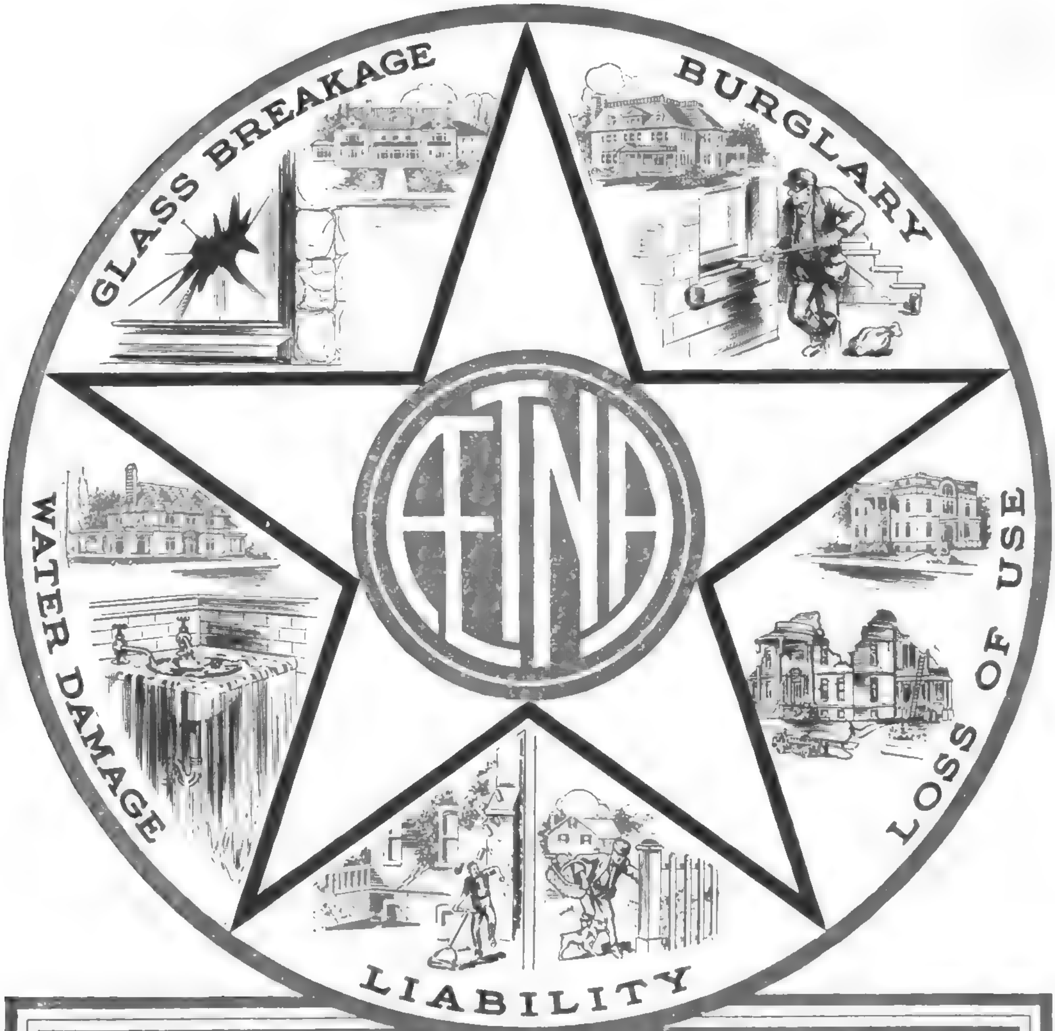
F. W. Wallace has got one of his amusing fisherman's tales called "Loot and Laundry." It shows, amongst other surprising things, how a "perfect lady" can take care of herself with a bar of soap. You'll wonder how the Dickens the Chinaman got mixed up with it. I did.

If you want to know how to cow a bull-fighter, read "Pesos of the President," by Ledward Rawlinson. It relates how a real bad man got turned into a gentle husband overnight, just because she had the right color eyes. Can you beat it?

So long, Bill. Starve if you have to, but get the July ADVENTURE.

Your old pal,

STEVE.



For the First Time in the History of Insurance

Owners and Occupants of Private Houses, Flats, or Apartments, can buy complete insurance for the home.

THE ÆTNA'S

Combination Residence Policy

(Sold in states where authorized)

Insures against Burglary and Theft, against Glass Breakage, against Damage by Leakage of Water or Explosion of Heating Boilers, against Loss of Use or Rent through Fire and other calamities, and against Liability for Injuries to servants or the public.

TO THE ÆTNA ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY CO., Hartford, Conn. *(Tear off)*

Everybody's **Please mail me full particulars of your Combination Residence Policy.**

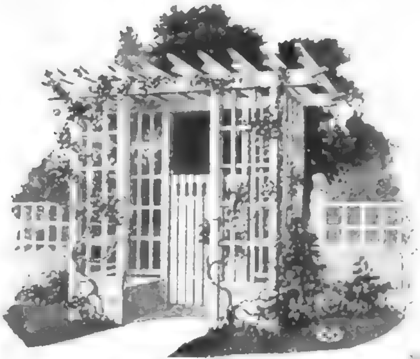
My Name and Address is ....

If you *must* wait awhile before building all anew—why not

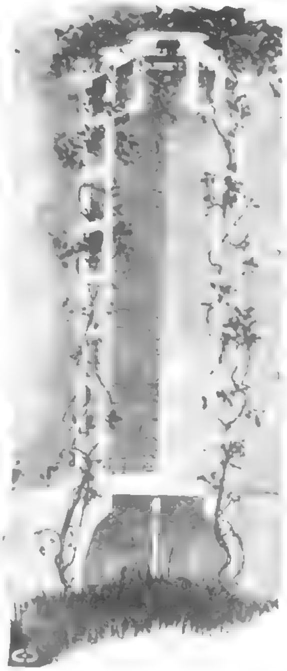
"LOVELIFY" the PRESENT HOME by ADDING A CYPRESS TRELLIS—& AN ARBOR—& A NOOK?

"Puttering Around" on Such Things Will Make This "The Happiest Summer Yet."

You can do it yourself,
& WE CAN HELP
by sending you at once that great big
VOLUME 28
with full Working Plans of
19 ORIGINAL DESIGNS
—complete Specifications and an extra Supplement on "What Vines & When"



You will enjoy the
27 PICTURES
and 2 valuable charts, and will not forget to specify and insist on
CYPRESS (of course)
—not to please us, but because it is "The Wood Eternal" and saves you the bother of repair bills.



Above are four of the 19—all special designs by well-known architects—not one can be bought—but all are yours FREE with our compliments—in VOLUME 28. The 3 articles and 2 planting charts on Vines are alone worth 50 times the stamp it costs to get this book.

OUT-OF-DOOR DAYS NOW—ALSO ASK FOR VOL. 35. CYPRESS SLEEPING PORCHES, &c—7 DESIGNS

When planning a Mansion, a Bungalow, a Farm, a Sleeping-Porch, or just a Fence, remember—*"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."*

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY*

ROAD COMFORT

THE mechanical reasons back of Packard performance are lost sight of in the restful enjoyment of the car. The Packard owner has a constant feeling of ample power under absolute control.

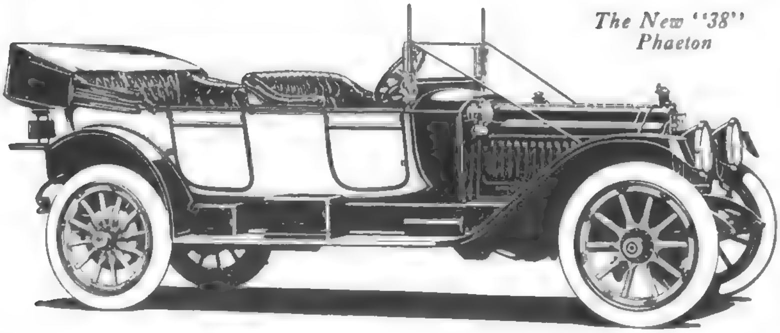
Every passenger values the bridge builder's factor of safety. He appreciates Packard poise. He feels the perfect balance which gives smooth riding, easy steering and assured control even at speed over rough roads.

The effect of Packard spring suspension is enhanced by pliant upholstery of luxurious depth. Detail refinements add to the riding comfort of the dominant Six.

The new Packard "38" and the new Packard "48" have left drive, electric self starter, electric lights, separate magneto ignition and centralized control. This is a standard of convenience enjoyed exclusively by owners of Packard carriages.

COLOR CATALOG ON REQUEST

Ask the man who owns one



The New "38" Phaeton

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

If you are going to build a New Home or remodel the old one—send for a copy of "Modern Bathrooms"—100 pages—illustrated in color.

NO room in the house is so important as the bathroom and too great care cannot be given to the selection of fixtures to make it sanitary and beautiful. That you may be able to select for yourself the equipment best suited to your home and your means, we have published "Modern Bathrooms," an elaborately illustrated book, showing many attractive model interiors and giving floor plans and costs of each fixture in detail. Modern kitchen and laundry interiors are featured—decorative ideas explained and accessories suggested.

It shows the artistic values of "Standard" Guaranteed Fixtures—and faithfully demonstrates their sanitary excellence and the economy of their use.

A study of "**Modern Bathrooms**"—the most complete and authoritative work on this important subject, will enable you to plan your own bathroom, kitchen and laundry to your complete satisfaction. *Sent free—on receipt of 6c postage.*

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. G. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Chicago
900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia
1215 Walnut St.
Toronto, Can.
59 Richmond St., E.
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106 Federal St.
St. Louis
100 N. 4th St.

Cincinnati, 633 Walnut St.
Nashville
315 Tenth Avenue, S.
New Orleans, Baronne
and St. Joseph Sts.
Boston
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Louisville
319-23 W. Main St.
Cleveland
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Montreal, Can.
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Hamilton, Can.
20-28 Jackson St., W.
Houston, Tex.
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Washington, D. C.
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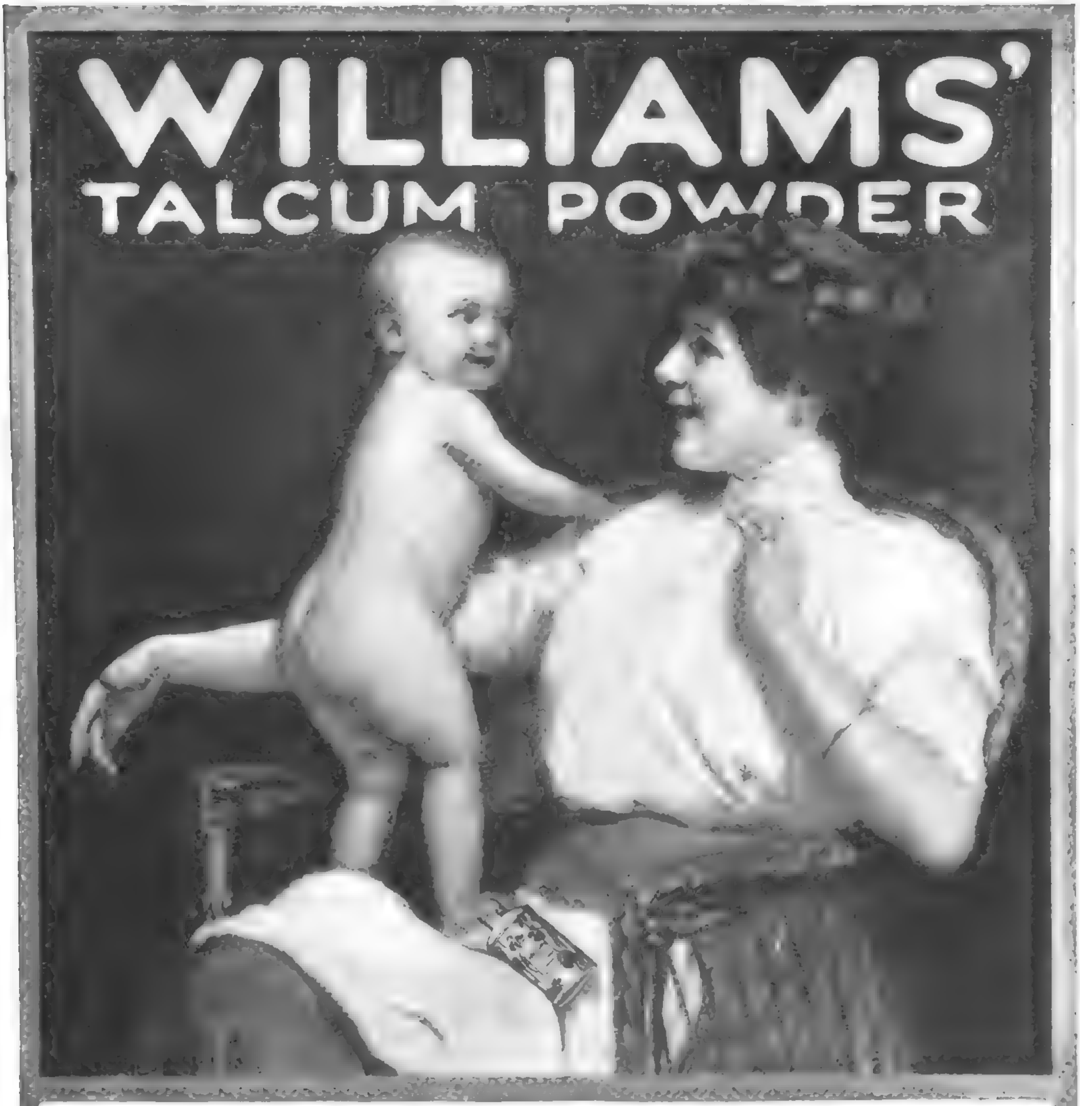
Toledo, O., 311-321 Erie St.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Front and Jones Sts.
London, 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.


WILLIAMS'
TALCUM POWDER

These three for 20 cents
Williams'
Dental Cream

After a warm bath, when a delicate skin is most easily irritated, there is nothing that soothes and safeguards quite so effectively as the free use of Williams' Talc Powder.

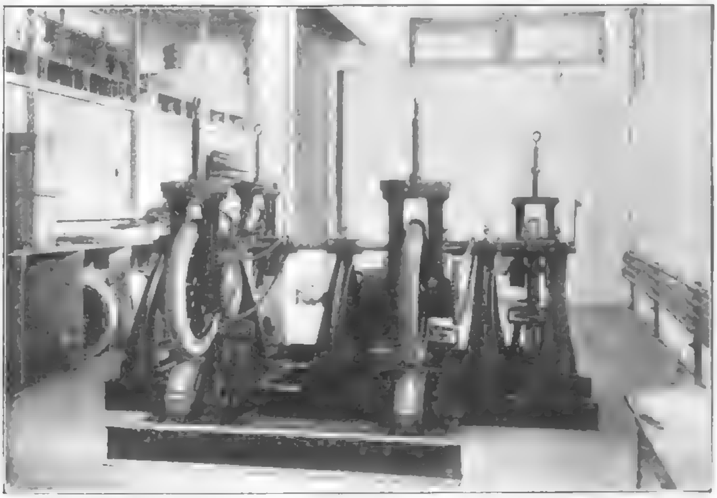
Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Karsi and Rose

AN ATTRACTIVE OFFER

For Users of Williams' Talc we have had manufactured a charming little Vanity Box, heavily silver-plated, containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror. We will gladly send it with a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size, on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, P. O. Drawer 130, Glastonbury, Conn.

No-Rim-Cut Tires



This Machine Tells Mileage

This is how we know that Goodyears show the lowest cost per mile.

This machine, running night and day, wears out four tires at a time under road conditions.

Meters record the mileage.

Here we compare fabrics and formulas, methods and processes. Here we compare rival tires with our own.

Goodyear tires, as made today, are the final result of these countless comparisons.

This is part of our department of research and experiment—a department which costs us $100,000 per year.

There scores of our experts spend their time in seeking ways to better tires.

But every new idea—every seeming improvement—has to meet this mileage test.

That's the main reason why Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others.

We proved them best on this machine—by actual metered mileage. Then the meters on countless cars told the same story this did.

And no other tire, while these methods are used, is likely to equal the Goodyear.

10% Oversize

Do You Know—by Meter—Any Equal Tire?

You who use our rivals' tires—have you ever proved them better?

Have you ever compared them, as we compare them, by actual metered mileage?

Or do you use them because your favorite dealer happens to sell those tires?

What Tests Did

Some 300,000 other motorists have actually proved the Goodyears. They have used two million of them.

They found immense economy. Savings so large, so convincing, that they told the facts to others.

This is how we know:

The demand for Goodyears has grown like a flood—doubled over and over—in the past few years.

Last year's sales by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

These tires, once in bottom place, now far outsell all others.

Doesn't that show clearly what the meters told about these premier tires?

New-Type Tires

No-Rim-Cut tires—which we control—opened the way to end rim-cutting.

And, by actual statistics, rim-cutting ruins 23 per cent. of all old-type tires.

Our 10 per cent. oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

Our tire making machine—controlled by our patents—gives every inch of every layer exactly equal tension.

Our double-cure process, which adds to our cost about one million dollars per year, adds further to the mileage.

These things together have won for Goodyears the topmost place in Tiredom.

Let Them Show

Let Goodyears show what these perfections mean.

Tires are too costly to be bought by guess. Make some comparisons, then get the tires your meter marks as best.

That has brought hundreds of thousands to Goodyears. It will this year bring hundreds of thousands more.

You have the same wants they have. The facts that won them will win you.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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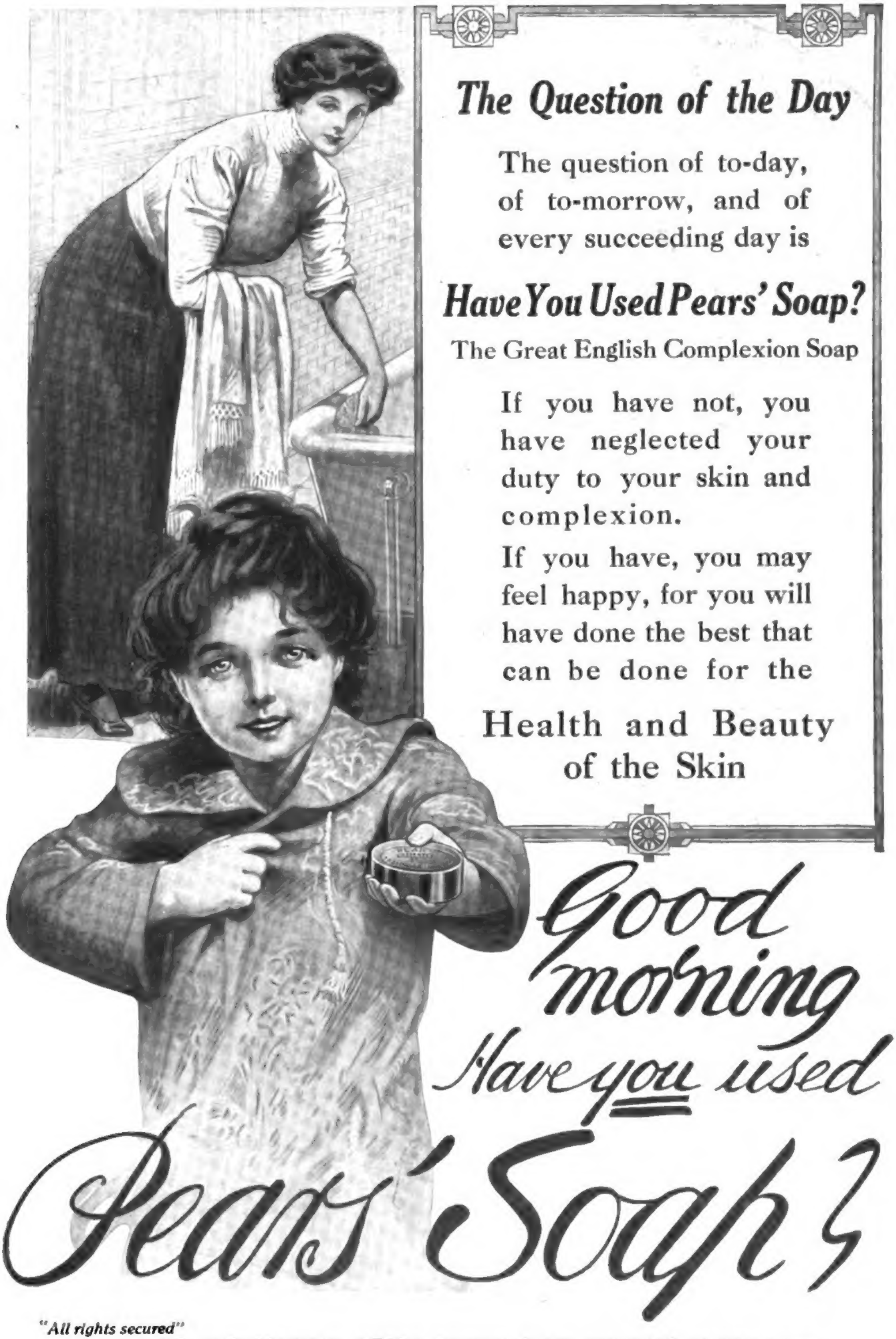

The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow, and of every succeeding day is

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The Great English Complexion Soap

If you have not, you have neglected your duty to your skin and complexion.

If you have, you may feel happy, for you will have done the best that can be done for the

Health and Beauty
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CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
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The minute-men of to-day are in the army of

Good Teeth— Good Health

Boys and girls—men and women—who wish to guard their health give their teeth a minute's car twice-a-day. These minute-men—and women—are ready to do thei best at work or play.

Enroll to-day—make the common-sense care of your teeth a pleasure by using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

There should be a tube for every member of your household—just as there is a tooth-brush for each. Get it at your dealer's or send 4c for a generous trial tube.

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